

A Freed Family History



Dorothy and Walter Freed, November 1971

This work is dedicated to the memory of

Walter Curtin Freed, Sr., 1885-1972
and

Dorothy Eulalie Youngman Freed, 1893-1972

with gratitude for their love and for the
cherished principles which they handed on from
their forefathers to their children and their
children's children.

A Freed Family History

Ancestors and Descendants of
WALTER CURTIN FREED
and
DOROTHY YOUNGMAN FREED
Of Williamsport, Penna.



BY
JOYCE WILCOX GRAFF
and
JUNE FREED WILCOX



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PREFACE

It is the intention of this work to preserve for their grandchildren the family heritage of Walter and Dorothy Freed. Much of the genealogical information found here was in their papers and effects, though quite a bit of research was necessary to verify and to complete most aspects of it. In addition we have tried to include a description of the personality and life of the person wherever that was possible, to give the "younger generations yet to be" an idea of what kind of people their ancestors were.

It is hoped that the organization of this work is satisfactory. We have tried to make it a readable work as well as one which is historically and genealogically correct. Therefore we have avoided that practice so often seen in purely genealogical works of citing wills and other documents verbatim. Quotations are given where they are of interest, but otherwise references are given so that interested persons may look them up.

As often as possible we have traced our ancestry back to the point of their immigration to America. Beyond that it is difficult, if not impossible, to go, given the factors described in the INTRODUCTION.

It should be remembered that uniformity in spelling is quite a modern concept. Those who have read literature or documents from the eighteenth century will remember that even a common word such as "work" can be found spelled both "work" and "worke". Likewise, family names were often spelled differently by people of the same family. This is further complicated by the fact that the majority of people were illiterate, and that most official records were written by English clerks who copied down their best determination of the spelling of a foreign name spoken to them.

The immigration records from the early years in America consist of ship lists and loyalty lists. The "ship list" was a roster of all the adult male passengers and crew. In addition, all the immigrant men over the age of 16 were required to sign and swear an oath of allegiance to the King of England before they

were allowed to debark in America. If a man could not write he made a mark and the clerk wrote in his name. These lists are referred to as "loyalty lists."

In each case, the immigrating men lined up and told their names to the clerk who wrote them down. A comparison of the two lists, consisting of the same people, will often show two spellings of the man's name: Jungman and Jungmann; Frid, Fried, and Freed, etc. The spelling used by the person in question has been used in this work whenever possible. However in any quote the spelling used by the writer has been copied exactly.



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Eleanor Young for sharing her research notes.

David Doeblen for sharing his wealth of research on the Doeblen family.

We are also grateful to the Freed Family Associates for financing the publication of this book.

This is the fruit of eight years of research covering thousands of miles, hundreds of interviews and letters, weeks spent reading musty books and microfilm. It has been a jigsaw puzzle of facts, assembled here for our family. We have enjoyed the research, and hope that you will enjoy our book.

Joyce Wilcox Graff,
Boston, Massachusetts
June Freed Wilcox,
Memphis, Tennessee

Winter 1980-81



INTRODUCTION

Most of the Pennsylvania Germans, from whom the greatest portion of this family is descended, came to America from the Palatinate, or Pfalz, a province of Bavaria west of the Rhine. This is an area of rich rolling hills which, throughout most of its history, was a prosperous farming area.

The Palatines are descendants of tribes called the Rhine Franken with an admixture of Alemanni. These peoples combined to form a group which was known throughout Germany as industrious, level-headed farmers and businessmen. They were characterized as being sensible, stalwart, hard-working folk. During the Middle Ages the Palatinate was among the most powerful and influential of the German states.

This prosperity was brought to a halt, however, by the Thirty Years War, 1618-1648. This protracted war was fought primarily over the issue of religious liberty. The victory of Gustavus Adolphus in Poland ushered in a time of regeneration in Germany which finally led to a firm religious liberty. The process, however, was horrifying.

In 1530 the Protestant princes of Germany, with the Saxon Elector at their head, met at Smalcade in Upper Saxony, to form a league for the defense of their liberties. For the next fourteen years Protestants were left in relative peace. In 1545 the Emperor Charles V determined to wage war to restore Catholicism to Germany by force. In those days, the religion of each territorial prince determined the faith of his people.

For the next seven years German Protestants and Catholics fought fiercely. The resultant agreement, the Peace of Religion, signed at Augsburg in 1555, stated that the Protestants should enjoy the free exercise of their religion, that the Catholics should be unmolested, and that members of both religions should be admitted to the Imperial Chamber.

The area remained undisturbed until the War for the Succession of Cleves, 1609-1627. There were several claimants, but the primary importance of this conflict was again the question of Catholicism versus Protestantism. Wolfgang, Duke of Cleves, one of few Catholic princes of Germany, talked the Holy Roman Emperor into calling Spanish forces into Germany to

support his claim. To meet this challenge the Protestant claimants called in Dutch forces to help them, with the result that two foreign armies came to fight over a domestic German dispute. Next the Bohemians renounced their allegiance to Ferdinand II (a Catholic) and conferred the crown of Bohemia on Frederick V, Elector Palatine, the leading Protestant prince in Germany. In all, this vicious war lasted nearly six years (1618-23) in western Germany. This is the war in which the house of Von Blume went down.[1]

By now Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists hated each other bitterly and were willing to take up arms against one another on the most trifling pretext. Each party tried to outdo the other in avarice and ferocity and the effect on the country was the same no matter which party held the power. "Frederick, the Protestant leader, was very weak and altogether incapable of managing the interests in his hands, while Ferdinand II, the Emperor, was skillful and able and had sworn the destruction of Protestantism. Maximilian, the King of Bavaria, was also an ardent Catholic and an able general and he too was determined on the destruction of the Protestants." [2] The Lutherans withheld their assistance from the Calvinists, who were unable to stand alone.

Frederick's army was cut in pieces before the walls of Prague. Frederick became a fugitive, his possessions were placed under a ban, and the Palatine was given to the King of Bavaria. Catholicism reigned triumphant. While the Imperial and Bavarian armies were overrunning Bohemia, the Spanish general Spinola led his Spanish army out of the Netherlands into the Lower Palatinate where they captured town after town and hunted out Protestants with their keen scent for heresy. When the Protestants had had the power, they had confiscated the property of Catholic ecclesiastics, and the Catholics were now similarly vengeful.[3]

During this period, one of the most destructive in history, both armies scourged the land and harrassed the people. Several of the armies received no pay but whatever booty they could carry off, with the result that they pillaged savagely. When the villagers heard

1. See below, Antes family section (III.F.)

2. Edwin MacMinn, A GERMAN HERO OF THE COLONIAL TIMES OF PENNSYLVANIA, OR THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY ANTES (Moorestown, New Jersey, 1886), p. 16.

3. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO pp. 13-16

an army approaching they would flee their homes and live in the woods or in caves until the soldiers had gone on, then return to their land and what was left of their property. The Palatinate "became a wilderness of uncultivated land, marked here and there by the blackened ruins which designated the site of former farms and villages." [4] The population of Germany decreased 20-50% in these years -- the population of Augsburg from 80,000 to 18,000; that of Wortemburg from 400,000 to 48,000.

After the war there followed a period of relative calm, during which time the Palatines endeavored to put their lives and their farms back together. It was painfully hard to begin from nothing, especially after having had so much and having been so very well established.

In 1685 Louis XIV decided to press a very weak claim to Alsace-Lorraine and to go to war with the Germans to get it. He wanted to prevent the Palatinate from becoming a granary for the German Armies, however, so he declared that the Palatinate should be literally burned. His men gave the Palatines three days to get out of the way -- in the middle of winter -- and set fire to homes, farms, everything. This wanton destruction wiped out the labor of forty years and brought the people even lower than they had been at the end of the Thirty Years War.

In addition to the physical destruction, Louis XIV also instituted measures of religious persecution, imposing Catholicism wherever he could and repressing Protestantism to the point of almost eradicating it.

When the war with France ended in 1697, the German Elector John William returned. Instead of being sympathetic with the plight of his people, however, he continued Louis' measures of religious persecution (though in more devious ways) and ruled despotically. The Swiss Mennonites, Walloons, and Huguenots fled to Holland and Switzerland. John William's rule was corrupt and heartless. In the face of the utter destitution of his people he built lavish palaces and squandered money extravagantly, rapidly widening the chasm between the classes.

4. Ralph Beaver Strassburger, THE STRASSBURGER FAMILY AND ALLIED FAMILIES OF PENNSYLVANIA (1922), p. 23.

Thus it can be seen that when William Penn came to the Palatinate in 1671 and 1677 to recruit Germans to settle Pennsylvania, many turned eagerly to the hope America promised. Although many of them had at one time been well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, the devastation of the Thirty Years War and the wanton destruction ordered by Louis XIV had reduced them to poverty. America seemed at least to offer freedom from the religious persecution and whimsical rule of the tyrants under whom they had lived -- a new land where they could rise or fall on their own merits, not at the hand of some petty lord or despot.

William Penn was a man of rare power -- eloquent and compelling. "He was an English gentleman, fond of dress, comfort, ease, and . . . luxury, an accomplished courtier, a thorough business man, and one of the shrewdest students and judges of character." [5]

In 1677 Penn and several other Quakers made an extensive preaching tour through Germany. There they met many Mennonites among whom they found kindred spirits. They were in agreement on the salient points of Christian life and duty. "Both laid the greatest stress on inward piety, and a godly, humble life, considered all strife and warfare as unchristian, scrupulously abstained from making oath, declared against a paid ministry, exercised through their meetings a strict discipline over their members, favored silent prayer, were opposed to infant baptism, and looked upon the established churches as unhallowed vessels of the divine wrath." [6] The Mennonites were persecuted in Germany much as the Quakers were in England. Both yearned for a refuge, perhaps in America.

Penn petitioned King Charles to grant him a tract of land in America for his "holy experiment" in religious freedom. His petition stated that this tract was desired "not only to provide a peaceful home for the persecuted members of the Society of Friends, but to afford an asylum for the good and oppressed of every nation on a basis of a practical application of the pure and peaceable principles of Christianity." [7] This was

5. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO p. 22.

6. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 23.

7. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 25.

at first strenuously opposed, but in 1681 the king signed the grant.

At this time Penn was 37 years old. He set out immediately to secure emigrants for his Pennsylvania, to sell tracts of land, and to prepare for his own departure. His tour of Germany five years before now bore fruit. Eight German Mennonites formed the Frankfort company and purchased 25,000 acres of land from Penn, resolving to go to Pennsylvania. They were soon joined by Francis Daniel Pastorius, a young man of 31, well educated in law and literature, and a fine administrator.

On June 11, 1683, the day after the Frankfort company sailed from London en route to America, Penn sold 1000 acres each to four men of Crefeld, giving the second impulse to German emigration to America. Most of those from Crefeld were weavers. They asked Pastorius to select land for them, which he did. It was this land which became Germanopolis or Germantown. So many of the people of Germantown were engaged in textile production that Pastorius, in devising a town seal when the borough was incorporated in 1684, selected a trefoil of clover, one leaf bearing a vine, one a stalk of flax, the third a weaver's spool, with the motto "Vinum, Linum, et Textrinum."

The emigrants had a difficult journey between their homeland and America. First they had to travel down the Rhine to Rotterdam or another Dutch power, thence to Cowes in the Isle of Wight, and from there across the Atlantic. Most of the ships began the trans-Atlantic voyage in late winter or autumn. Whatever property they were able to gather together was usually used up in their expenses on the trip or was stolen on the way. The ships were so overcrowded that the captain usually left the passengers' chests behind or sent them on another vessel bound for another port. "This was one of the greatest hardships these migrating people had to endure, as they depended upon their chests into which they had put such provisions as they were used to and had been able to gather together for the journey, such as dried apples, pears, plums, mustard, medicines, vinegar, brandy, butter, clothing, shirts and other necessary linens, money and whatever they brought with them." [8] When their chests were left behind they were entirely dependent upon the shipmaster for food and water and usually got very little.

Some families arrived with the family Bible, which gives a record of births and deaths, but most families arrived with no records at all of their German ancestry. We have thus begun this study with the immigration of these families to America and their new lives in this land.

When they arrived the Germans lived in primitive housing, including caves or homes dug in the ground to protect them from the harsh winter. In this way they survived the first winter well, without the awful hardships experienced by most other immigrants. Next they built small cabins to make do until the town was planned, and then real homes were built with one chimney in the center of the building, which was different from the architecture of other early buildings. The Henry Antes home is an example of this design. They used large porcelain stoves like they had had in Germany until Christopher Sauer, the Germantown printer, invented the ten-plated stove. Soon they prided themselves "on the abundance of clothing they owned and on the heartiness with which they ate their food." [9]

In 1688 Pastorius, Opden Graeff, and Gerhardt Hendricks sent to the Friends' Meeting House the first public protest ever made on this continent against the holding of slaves. They were uncompromising in their protest against "the traffic of Men's body," likening it to slavery under Turkish pirates. "Have these Negroes not as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them as slaves?" [10] they asked, and demanded to know how Christians could rationalize the keeping of slaves. The Quakers were embarrassed and passed it up through "channels," but in the end it did nothing.

The early settlers of Germantown were also distinguished for their love of learning. They quickly set up a printing press and with characteristic religious zeal specialized in religious publications. One of their early triumphs was the printing of the Bible.

Those who remained in the Palatinate continued to be subjected to the political machinations of petty tyrants and to religious upheavals. The Treaty of Rhyswick in 1697 which returned John William as Elector, decreed that all churches should be open to members of all three faiths -- Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed.

9. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 34.

10. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 35.

Protestants had to surrender buildings, but the Catholics did not. The chasm widened further between the classes and among the religious sects. Corruption, tyranny, and repression reigned. Protestants fled to America where relatives and friends awaited them, with the promise of freedom and opportunity.

Now German immigration to America was heavy (averaging 2000 a year) and the English people feared being out-voted in control of the province. To allay their fears, they required that immigrants from Germany sign an oath of allegiance to Britain and her king. These "loyalty lists" have become an important source of information on immigration.

In 1730 the Pennsylvania Assembly voted to lay a duty of 40 shillings per head on immigrant aliens. This was probably done to increase revenues. "In justice to the Germans, it should be told that this law was enacted in the face of a report of a committee of the house containing satisfactory evidence of their good conduct. The Palatines who had been imported directly into the Province had purchased and honestly paid for their lands, had conducted themselves respectably towards the government, paid their taxes readily, and were a sober and honest people in their religious and civil duties. Yet some who had come by way of New York, and elsewhere, had seated themselves on lands of the proprietaries and others, and refused to yield obedience to the government." [11]

With the increasing number of immigrants, there was also an increase in the number of unscrupulous people who took advantage of the immigrants' plight. John George Jungman wrote an account of his 1732 crossing in his autobiography. He and his family embarked on the ship LOVE AND UNITY with 156 passengers.

Supplied with provisions for twelve weeks, we sailed to Falmouth, England, where we stayed three weeks and where we loaded up many necessary things. Twelve days after our departure from this place the captain assured us that we had covered half our journey, which revived our courage. After that we had a calm followed by a severe storm which raged exceedingly. After having traveled eight weeks, water and bread were curtailed and during the last six weeks we received no bread and nothing else from the captain but a daily

11. Gordon, as quoted in MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 39.

pint of water for myself, my father and sister. From this one can infer how we lived. Every sensitive heart will shudder when I say that rats and mice and the above mentioned water were our only food. A rat was sold for 1 1/2 shillings and a mouse for six-pence. The captain thought that all the passengers had many valuables with them; hence he did not want to land us but left us to starve to death, in which we had a large measure of success, for of the 156 souls, only 48 reached the American shore and hardly a single person would have survived if the remaining passengers had not revolted and seized the captain. Whereupon, after three days in the week before Christmas we landed not far from Rhode Island after having spent twenty-five weeks of this journey. I was in such a miserable condition that I could not stand erect but almost crawled on hands and feet.[12]

Naturally the voyage Jungman relates was not typical, but it does demonstrate how totally the emigrants were at the mercy of the ship's captain.

Once in America there was the problem of paying for the voyage. Those who were unable to pay had to sell themselves into servitude, usually for seven years, in order to pay the captain. Many families were broken up in this way. Fortunately, our ancestors were able to gather together enough money in Germany to bring with them that they were able not only to pay for the crossing but also to buy land in America.



12. John George Jungman, as quoted in the PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY, PROCEEDINGS, XL (1934), p. 58.

A FEW WORDS FOR MATTHEW, MY SEVENTH GRANDCHILD

Matthew, there are those I knew
Whom you will never know,
Who lived and talked and had their day
Not many years ago.

And there are those that you will meet
Whom I have never met,
Who have their day to move and talk
And live within as yet.

And there are countless others who
Have been or who will be
With no least thought or consciousness
Of either you or me.

Yet each of us and each of them
By how we singly live
Affect all lives and, Matthew, that
Is what you have to give.[13]



13. Walter Weir, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, September 1967. Found copied in Dorothy Y. Freed's handwriting.

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PART IA

THE FREED FAMILY

William Walton Freed 1850-1928	m. Amelia Jane Doeblor 1850-1939
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Abraham Freed 1817-1865	m. Mary Singer 1827-1893
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The family name Freed (or Fried or Frid) is found throughout the records of early Pennsylvania. Numerous people of that name lived in or near Halifax, Pennsylvania, about the time of the birth of Abraham Freed. However, records of his birth could not be located, and a connection to a specific line could not be determined. Therefore our account of the Freed family must necessarily begin with Abraham Freed. It is safe to assume, however, that the Freeds were simple farming folk who most likely immigrated in the first half of the eighteenth century.

The three immigrants to Philadelphia who are most likely the direct ancestor of Abraham Freed are the following:

Christian Fried, arrived 1750 on the ship
THREE BROTHERS from Rotterdam by way of
Coves.

Hans Gerg Fried, arrived 1737 on the ship
VIRTUOUS GRACE from Rotterdam by way of
Coves.

Jacob Frid, arrived 1752 on the ship EDINBURGH
from Rotterdam by way of Coves.

The Reverend Abraham Freed was a respected minister of the Methodist Church. The best account of his life is to be found in an elegeic entry in the Minutes of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Church in 1865. Because of flood destruction in Bridgville, official records of his death, which might have given clues as to his parentage, were also unavailable. The following is quoted in its entirety.

Rev. Abraham Freed, by the will of God, closed his labors, and his life, on the 28th day of February, 1865, at Bridgville, Delaware, aged 48 years.

He was born near Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on the 8th day of January, 1817, and from his earliest youth, was remarkable for more than ordinary seriousness and gravity of character, induced, no doubt, by convictions of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the necessity of spiritual regeneration; and by his habitually devout deportment, was marked as one that feared God.

Throughout the period of his youth, and of his early manhood, the early inclinations of his heart grew with his growth, and matured with his strength -- prompted him to humble prayer for help and grace to work out his own salvation. Contending with his usual doubts and difficulties, it was not until the year 1840 that he obtained from God indubitable evidence that he was born from above. This event occurred during his residence in Marietta, Pennsylvania.

An early life of such sincere seriousness, followed by a new spiritual life of zeal and devotion, combined with his peculiar amiability, commended him to the confidence of the church, and soon brought him successively into the positions of class leader, exhorter, and local preacher.

In 1843 he was admitted on trial to the Philadelphia Annual Conference, as a travelling preacher. He loved the Itinerancy, and was never known to crave any particular appointment, or to complain of any direction the church may have given to his labors.

His first Circuit was Kent, Md.; 1844 Nottingham; 1845 Cecil; 1846 Denton; 1847 Stoddartsville; 1848 Tremont; 1849 Lehman's Chapel; 1850-51 Attleborough; 1852-53 Springfield; 1854-55 Pottstown; 1856-57 Anamessex; 1858-59 Church Creek; 1860-62 Lewes; 1862-63 Anamessex again; and in 1864, Seaford -- where, owing to exposure to the severity of the weather, he was taken sick, and in a few days, just before the session of the present Conference, breathed his last in great peace. A devoted wife and six children,

bereaved of the care and counsel of a pious husband and father, mourn his removal. His fellow laborers, and the people, wherever he was known, feel a sense of keen sorrow, as they think of him as no more among the living.

As a preacher, brother Freed was earnest, deep, and powerful. He studied assiduously to "show himself approved before God and man, and rightly divining the word of truth." He had a systematic mind, well stored with varied information. His congregations were interested, and savingly edified, by his expositions, and close application of the word to the heart and conscience. He was a faithful pastor; following the directions of the book of discipline, and fulfilling in every point the round of duties it enjoins.

In our National troubles [the Civil War] he never failed to show his loyalty to the Government, and his love for the Union. This cost him friends, and support; but life itself could not have induced him to compromise with wrong.

He was led to hope his illness would be but temporary, that his work would not terminate so soon; but God saw best, and took him home.

In weariness and pain he talked much of the sufficiency of Christ, and the preciousness of his sustaining grace. Blameless in life and conversation, pure in heart, he had no fear, no doubt. He "walked with God." Among the last expressions that fell from his lips, were the strains of the familiar stanzas:

My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.[1]

Rev. Freed served as President of the Philadelphia Conference of Methodist Ministers and was still in that office at the time of his death.

Finding herself widowed and with six children, Mary Singer Freed returned to Pennsylvania and took up

1. Minutes of the Philadelphia Conference of Methodist Ministers, 1865, pp. 35-36.

residence in Williamsport at 132 Washington Boulevard, a log cabin on what is now part of the land belonging to Lycoming College. Her son William was in charge of the family, and providing for so many was not easy. For more information about William Walton Freed, see Section V.

Mary Singer Freed, the daughter of a preacher, was herself a respected member of the Methodist Church, as evidence by her own obituary:

At the age of 13 at a camp meeting she gave her heart to God, and in her father's tent while praying alone one night she was happily converted. This experience was a reality to her, and she loved to speak of it to her children and friends. . . . [With Abraham Freed] she shared the blessings and labors of the itinerancy for nearly twenty years. To them were born six children, five sons and one daughter. . . .

Sister Freed, at the time of her death, had been a Christian for 51 years and a widow for 28 years. She was a devoted Christian and faithful in attending God's house. Her love for Zion was deep and constant and genuine. Often she went to the sanctuary against the protests of her children, they thinking she was not well enough to attend. She was really interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of Christ's cause and did all in her power to advance his kingdom. Her almost dying request was that her children give \$5 for her to the Missionary Society.

She was a devoted wife and mother. Her children loved her tenderly, and now rise to call her blessed. She was the kindest of neighbors and the most faithful of friends. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for another's comfort, and she never seemed more delighted than when doing something to make others happy. She had been more or less afflicted for years, but bore her sufferings uncomplainingly. As she approached the end she seemed impressed she would soon depart. She made all arrangements concerning her effects and her funeral, bade her children and friends good-bye, gave unmistakable testimony of her implicit and satisfactory hope in Jesus, and then went to sleep.

Her funeral services were held in the Mulberry Street M. E. Church, November 11, 1893.[2]

The Christian fervor of this dedicated couple was transmitted to their children. Four of the five sons preached, William only off and on. Alpheus adopted the ministry as his profession and went to Kansas to preach.

James Benson Freed and Summerfield Freed were preachers who, according to family tradition, contracted typhoid at a camp meeting and died. In fact, they died five years apart and the details concerning their deaths are not confirmed.

Milton and Laura, the twins, never married. Milton kept some jottings in a notebook, which include his first automobile ride "with cousin John Bastin and Mr. Brown 94 years old" August 12, 1906. That same year, Alpheus moved with his family to Kansas, the street in front of their house was paved for the first time, and the house was painted.

Other clues as to relations which appear in his notebook include a visit to "Aunt Mary Shirk, Jan. the 5 on Tuesday 1904, left March 5, Saturday, 1904. . . . Shirk Barn built in 1798. It was one hundred and six year when we visited Aunt Mary in 1904." [3] We were unable to find the connection, and leave this to further scholars.

What is most important to remember from the lives of Mary and Abraham Freed is the intensity -- nay, severity -- of their religious fervor. Their lives were almost totally dedicated to evangelical Methodism. Only two of the six children married, and they passed along to their children their parents' dicta of spiritual and temporal piety and propriety.



2. Newspaper clipping from the WILLIAMSPORT SUN, November 12, 1893, found in William Walton Freed's scrap book.

3. Notebook of Milton Freed, in the possession of June Freed Wilcox.

ABRAHAM FREED

BORN 8 January 1817 at Pottstown, Pennsylvania. Died 28 February 1865 at Bridgville, Delaware. Buried at Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, 2nd lot north of 2nd intersecting road north of the round Civil War soldiers' lot.

MARRIED Mary Singer 9 November 1845

Mary Singer was born 23 November 1827 at Halifax (?) Pennsylvania. She died 9 November 1893 at Williamsport. She is buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

CHILDREN:

William Walton, born 5 November 1850. For further information, see Part V.

Alpheus, born 30 July 1849 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In his youth, he worked in the printer's trade. He attended college in Philadelphia and became a Methodist preacher in Kansas. He was district superintendent of the Independence, Kansas, district for six years. He owned a home in Coffeyville to which he retired.[4] Died 1 November 1918 leaving an "invalid wife," at Coffeyville, Kansas, where he is buried.

Eldorado (Mrs. George Reish), Coffeyville, Kansas.
Died 1972.

Esther (Mrs. Davies), Coffeyville, Kansas. Died 1972.

Jane Helen Davies, a teacher in Coffeyville, Kansas

John Davies, twin of Jane.

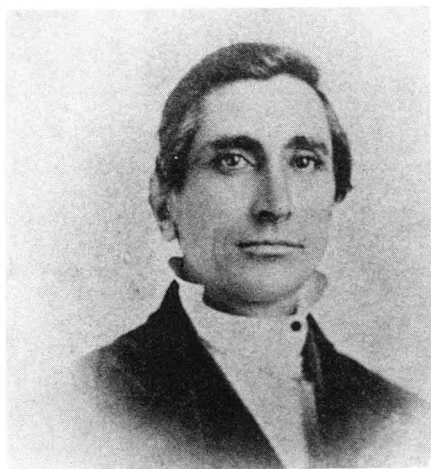
Laura E., born 1853, died 1932 at Williamsport. Did not marry.

Milton, born 1853 (twin of Laura). Died 16 March 1919 at Williamsport. Did not marry.

4. Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas Conference 1919, pp. 323-324.

Rev. James Benson, born August 24, 1856, died 8 November 1887. A local preacher of the Methodist Church. Died of typhoid contracted at a camp meeting.

Rev. Wesley Summerfield, born 10 January 1858. A local preacher of the Methodist church. Died 1 April 1882, apparently of tuberculosis.



The Reverend Abraham Freed
(1817-1865)



Mary Singer Freed
(1827-1893)

PART IB

THE SINGER FAMILY

William Walton Freed 1850-1928	m. Amelia Jane Doeblor 1850-1939
Abraham Freed 1817-1865	m. Mary Singer 1827-1893
Abraham Singer 1789-1859	m. Sarah Singer 1800-1840

Little is clearly known about the Singer family from whom Mary came, other than that they were farmers around Halifax. A reference to "Aunt Mary Shirk's barn"[5] may have indicated a connection with the Singer family, but we were unable to tie this up.

A reference in Mary Singer's obituary to her conversion "in her father's tent"[6] implies that he was a preacher, and this was in fact confirmed by her grand-daughter: "My father's mother, Mary Singer, was raised in Halifax, Pennsylvania. She lived on the first farm below Halifax toward Harrisburg. Her father was married five times. My grandmother was the daughter of his third wife."[7]

Evidence from the cemetery in Halifax and from the 1840 census indicates that Mary Singer's father was probably Abraham Singer of Halifax.

5. Notebooks of Milton Freed, in possession of June Freed Wilcox.

6. WILLIAMSPORT SUN, November 12, 1893.

7. Notes from the papers of Ella Freed Storck, in the possession of June Freed Wilcox.

ABRAHAM SINGER

BORN 5 April 1789, died 10 April 1859, in Halifax, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED five times. Mary Singer was the daughter of his third wife. The mother of Mary is presumed to be Sarah Singer.

Sarah Singer was born in 1800 and died 18 March 1840.

CHILDREN:

Mary Singer, born 23 November 1829. Married Abraham Freed. See Section I.A.

Numerous other children, among whom a son named Solomon and a daughter named Rebecca who married a Geiger.

This is unconfirmed information, as the records do not show a clear connection. The 1840 census lists Abraham Singer as heading a household which consisted of seven children at home, including

- one male age 20-30
- one female 15-20
- one male 15-20
- one female 10-15 (Mary)
- one female 5-10
- one boy and one girl under five years



PART IIA

THE DOEBLER FAMILY

William Walton Freed 1850-1928	m. Amelia Jane Doeblor 1850-1939
Henry Doeblor 1809-1892	m. Mary Amelia Starr 1813-1880
Henry Anthony Doeblor 1782-1853	m. Catherine Lebkicher
John Nicholas Doeblor d. about 1810	m. Catharine ____ 1757-1834

The name Doeblor (or Döbler) and even Henry Doeblor are so very common in central Pennsylvania that it was impossible to make a firm connection with a specific line. However, through conjecture and inference, and with bits and pieces of information, we have been able to put together a plausible lineage.

Catharine Doeblor, mother of the first male Doeblers to whom we can reliably trace our ancestry, spent her early married and child-rearing years in Philadelphia. There is a John Nicholas Doeblor listed in the 1790 census of Northern Liberties Township, Philadelphia County, really a part of the city. In 1790, he and his wife list 2 sons and 1 daughter. In the census of 1800, there is a John Nicholas Doeblor listed in Long Swamp Township, Berks County, also with a wife and two sons and a daughter. Since ages are not listed it cannot be determined for sure, but the children listed in 1800 are not necessarily the same children as those listed in 1790. Nearby lived the Dreibelbiss family, and one of Catharine's children, her daughter Catharine, married Isaac Dreibelbiss in 1809. It is therefore not unlikely that John Nicholas Doeblor is the husband of Catharine Doeblor and father of Henry Anthony Doeblor.

John Nicholas arrived in Philadelphia from Rotterdam on the MINERVA 13 October 1769. He served in the Revolutionary War from Northampton County.

The Doeblers were Huguenots from Alsace-Lorraine. The Huguenots were descendants of the first Protestants in Europe, existing for 200 years during times when it was a criminal offense to be Protestant. They were upper-class people dissatisfied with the political marriage of church and state, who wanted the concept of direct communion with God. Exiled from France, they were ready to be completely assimilated into any new society, and it is a matter of record that they discontinued the practice of handing down family history. It is therefore difficult to trace the lineage of any Huguenot family.

"During the sixteenth century there were at least two essentials if one were to become a Protestant: an enquiring type of mind and exceptional courage. The individual must be desirous of living by new ideas and also be brave enough to sacrifice friends, position, and even life itself in order to maintain them." [1] Humanism was not enough, nor could he turn to the Roman Catholic Church because not only did it lack reality, it disgusted him with its practices. He turned then to the Bible, and found peace of mind through direct contact with God.

Some time between 1811 and 1816, after her husband's death and when her children were thirty years of age, Catharine Doebler and most of her grown children moved to Central Pennsylvania, to the valley of the Susquehanna River.

There is a family tradition that the Doeblers are directly descended from Anthony Wayne. General Anthony Wayne earned fame in the American Revolution. British warfare at the time had become almost ritualistic -- complete with red uniforms, drums and bugles, and accepted patterns of alignment and attack. Wayne violated all the "rules," and won battles through his creative genius for surprise tactics. Knowing well the British ways of warfare and using that knowledge against them, he consistently won battles with a small number of Americans against large, better armed troops of redcoats. For this he was lovingly dubbed "Mad Anthony Wayne."

He was in command of a Fort at Ticonderoga, New York, and afterward at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. His most brilliant

1. John Joseph Stoudt, THE TRAIL OF THE HUGUENOTS, p. 67.

achievement was his victory at Stony Point, where he took the Fortress by storm without firing a shot. After the surrender at Yorktown, at which he was present, he served in Georgia and South Carolina. In 1791 and 1792 he represented Georgia in Congress.

There is a remote possibility that there is some connection to the Wayne family through Ann Jaudon, his grand-daughter. Anthony Wayne's genealogy is very closely traced except in this one branch, and this is conjecture, not verifiable.[2] I think it more likely that the first Anthony Wayne Doebler (whose older brother was Benjamin Franklin Doebler and whose youngest brother was George Washington Doebler) was named in veneration of a great man rather than in recollection of a relative.

One of the memorable bits of oral history which has been preserved is that at one time "a Doebler married a Deibler."

Henry's sister Catharine Doebler first married Jacob Deibler of Lykens County and was widowed after two years of marriage. They had one child, a daughter Catharine. In 1808/9, Isaac Dreibelbiss posted a \$4000 Surety Bond to guarantee the welfare of the child Catharine Deibler, daughter of Catharine Doebler and Jacob Deibler.

Catharine Doebler Deibler then married Isaac Dreibelbiss, a wealthy son of the Jewish family of Abraham Dreibelbiss, Fleetwood, Berks County, Pennsylvania. In 1750 two Dreibelbiss brothers were pioneer plantation farmers in Berks County. They had slaves and farmed large estates located just east of Fleetwood, Berks County. In 1759 John Jacob Dreibelbiss, Isaac's grandfather, was the largest taxpayer in Richmond township, paying a federal tax of £30.

Isaac Dreibelbiss, a grandson, inherited wealth and was in turn a pioneer settler in Lower Mahoney Township, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. His several large farms were located in Stone Valley near Dalmatia, Pennsylvania. For many years, he operated one of the largest tanneries in Northumberland County.

2. If you are interested in pursuing this conjecture, see David A. Doebler, family history report, February 7, 1976. David A. Doebler, 1281 Hathaway Lane, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55432.

Isaac was tall and of dark complexion, with black eyes and hair. He was very strong. He was a farmer as well as a tanner. The old tannery which he continued to run until shortly before his death stood between the two houses on what is now the Benjamin Phillips farm. The ruins were still visible in 1911. His family had immigrated to America from Hannesthal, southeastern Switzerland, on the ship MARY out of London, landing at Philadelphia 26 October 1732.

It is probable, and there is some evidence, that Isaac Dreibelbiss financially assisted some of the brothers of his wife Catharine, especially with loans to help them start their various business activities.

Jacob Doeblor (1779-1859), older brother of Anthony Doeblor (1782-1853), relocated to Northumberland County in 1816, and purchased a farm on Delaware Run, near Watsontown and Dewart. He provided the land for the historic Delaware Run Church. "The land for the church was six acres provided from the farm of Jacob Doeblor. This was the first German Lutheran Church in the area and was erected by the German population in a spirited competition with the Irish-English congregation of the earlier and more historic Warrior Run Church." [3]

In conjunction with farming, it is apparent that Jacob Doeblor operated a retail anthracite coal business in the Delaware and Turbot township areas of Northumberland County. This business was increased through the opening of the Pennsylvania Canal in 1835 and the coming of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad in 1853. He erected a tipple, a device for emptying the contents of a railroad car.

Jacob Doeblor died at the age of 80 in 1859, leaving his tipple and business to his son Jacob. His son Henry J. had earlier relocated to Illinois. Other sons were involved in the mining of anthracite coal with the sons of Isaac Dreibelbiss.

Charles H. Doeblor (1798-1871) was the youngest brother. He probably amassed the largest estate of any of the early Doeblers. He also relates the Doeblers of Mifflinburg and New Berlin to the Doeblers of Williamsport. For ten years he operated a tobacco store

3. BELL'S HISTORY OF NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, as quoted by David A. Doeblor in his family history reports, 1977.

and tavern in a red brick house on the north end of the main street of Selinsgrove, "where the old bridge crossed Penn's Creek." His location served the river traffic on the Susquehanna, the east-west highways, and the north-south highways. He was also there at the opening of the Pennsylvania Canal. His mother, Catharine Doeblor, lived with his family for the last fifteen years of her life.

About 1836, Charles sold his property in Selinsgrove and followed Abraham Dreibelbiss, his cousin, and others to the Catawissa and Bloomsburg area. About 1842 he and his wife Mary purchased a large commercial hotel in Bloomsburg. This hotel operated several taverns, housed two tobacco shops, barber shops, drug stores, and several doctor's and dentists's offices. The census records show that there were more than a dozen permanent residents in addition to the family of Charles and Mary Doeblor. Using the hotel as a base, they were extremely successful in buying and selling real estate 1850-1870. In the Columbia County Courthouse records, the INDEX to their purchase and sale of property covers two full pages.

Henry Anthony Doeblor served in the War of 1812 as part of the last march to Baltimore to defend the home territory. Another Henry Anthony Doeblor, probably a cousin, served as a captain in the war.[4]

Henry left his young family in New Berlin with his wife's family. The maternal grandfather, Michael Lepkicher, wove carpets and took his grandson John Henry as a helper.

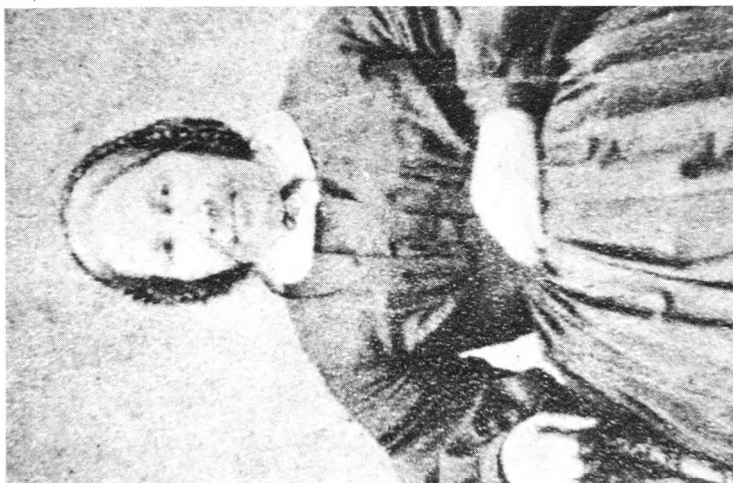
Young John Henry Doeblor, from whom this family is descended, was a farmer and cobbler or blacksmith. He traded services with neighbors or performed blacksmithing for pay. In 1832 he married Mary Amelia Starr. She had grown up in the country in Snyder County. Together they had twelve children.

Mary Amelia was knowledgeable in folk medicine and was an authority in the community for all kinds of ailments. She also served other women as midwife, and helped to lay out the dead.

4. Henry Doeblor - Capt. - Kennedy's 1 Mil. Regt, Penna. This Henry Doeblor was from Lebanon. Names in the two families are so very similar that they may well have been closely related.



Henry Doebler (1809-1892)



Mary Amelia Starr Doebler
(1813-1880)

NEW BERLIN

[illegible]

They lived most of their lives in New Berlin, where they had a house with a large property running down to the shore of Penns Creek. The house was on the south side of Water Street, the fourth property west of Vine Street.

Henry was one of the finest gunsmiths of the day. Rifles signed "H. Doeblner" were some of the most prized firearms in the country. He is listed as a gunsmith in New Berlin in the censuses of 1840 and 1880.

In 1865, with the introduction of the Colt repeating rifle, the demand for hand-made rifles dropped radically. Although Henry is listed as a gunsmith as late as 1883, he also worked as a blacksmith and farmer to support his large family. After Mary Amelia's death in 1880, J. Henry moved to Williamsport, where he is listed as a gunsmith in 1883.[5]

One of their daughters married Fred Albert who made a rocking chair, known in the family as the "Starr rocker", now in the possession of Dale Freed. It was used at 1507 Scott Street on the back porch where the Grandparents Freed (William Walton Freed and Amelia Jane Doeblner Freed) prepared vegetables for cooking. Ella May Hinkal Youngman bought it and had it restored. Errol Doeblner also has two fine oil paintings signed by R. L. Albert in 1922, which were given to his father.

Some of the oral history handed down in the family includes mention of the Doeblner "Homeing Bump." From European times many members of the family have had a bump at the base of the skull which is supposed to be unique with the Doeblner family. Great grandmothers advanced the theory that the enlarged bump signified a son who would later possess great respect and pride for his home and family. Walter Curtin Freed had such a bump, as do Dale Youngman Freed, Errol Doeblner and his daughter Barbara, and Barbara's oldest son.

Also important to note is that the Doeblner family is very unusually healthy throughout its history in America. In times when it was the norm for several children to die before the age of twenty and when the average life expectancy was in the forties, a remarkable number of Doeblers lived well into their eighties and beyond. We frequently see Doeblner families of twelve children where all of the children grow to maturity, and most live to see their grandchildren if not great-grandchildren. Walter Freed referred to this as the "longevity germ."

5. Quitclaim deed, Deed Book DD, pp. 329-331, Union County, Pennsylvania, 1886.

JOHN NICHOLAS DOEBLER

BORN 1750/60; died about 1800/08, probably in Long Swamp Township, Berks County.

MARRIED Catharine, born 2 May 1757. Died 15 September 1834, Penns township, Union County. Lived last 15 years with her son Charles and family. Buried in Selinsgrove.

CHILDREN:

Jacob (1779-1859). Lived near Watsontown. Moved to Northumberland County in 1816 and purchased a farm. Provided land for the Delaware Run Church. Also owned a retail anthracite coal business. His son:

Henry J. Doeblor, a prosperous farmer from Oregon, Ogle County, Illinois. Wrote a history of his family beginning in 1824: DABLER FAMILY OF ILLINOIS (Newberry Library, Chicago, 1890).

H. Anthony (1782-1853), lived in Mifflinburg. See next page.

Lewis, lived in Middleburg-Paxtonville. Married Margaret Ulsh in 1820.

Solomon

Catharine married Jacob Deibler of Lykens Valley in 1807. Jacob died 2 years later. In 1809 Catharine married Isaac Dreibelbiss, a rich tannery owner. He is buried at Zion's (Stone Valley) Church, with which he had been identified as a member of the Reformed congregation.

Abraham

Isaac, who died in Kansas where his son Joseph owned a large store.

Jacob, who was a saddler by trade

Catharine, married George Wert

Mary or Polly born in 1817, died in 1885, was the wife of Elias Boyer (1815-1891)

another daughter married to David Hain

Harriet married Joseph Licht

Sally, who married Joseph Shreffler, 100 years old in 1911, well preserved, living with her sons-in-law, Joseph Diehl and Henry Hendricks, at Deibler's Station between Danville and Sunbury.

Charles H. (1798-1871). Born in Philadelphia. Married Mary. Lived in Selinsgrove-Bloomsburg area. Owned a tobacco store and tavern at Selinsgrove 1826-36. Moved to Bloomsburg area. In 1842 he purchased a large commercial hotel in Bloomsburg. Bought and sold much real estate 1850-70 at a great profit. His children:

Valentine S. born 10 April 1824 in Philadelphia, died 17 October 1866. Married Elizabeth Hepburn of Williamsport. Tobacconist at Williamsport, Milton, and Bloomsburg. His children:

Mary Caroline Doebler, born May 1854.

Maggie Biggs Doebler, born 7 January 1855.

Marcy Anna Doebler, born 8 December 1857.

Charles Hay Doebler, born March 17, 1860.

John Hepburn Doebler, born 22 November 1861.

Elizabeth Lyons Doebler, born 30 December 1863.

Valentine Sherman Doebler, born 1 December 1865.



HENRY ANTHONY DOEBLER

BORN 11 April 1782. Died 8 April 1853. Buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED Catherine Lebkicher in 1807/8.

Catherine Lebkicher was born 11 November 1791 and died 13 October 1853. She was the daughter of Michael Lebkicher. See Section II.C. She is buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Mifflinburg.

CHILDREN:

John Henry, born 1809. Gunsmith. See next page.

Michael. Moved west between 1840 and 1860. Married E.P. In 1883,[6] listed as a farmer, Upper Sandusky, Wyandot County, Ohio.

George. Moved west between 1840 and 1860. Married Julia A. In 1883, a farmer, Rossville, Vermillion County, Illinois.

William. Married Julia Ann Adams. In 1883, a shoemaker, Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. Inherited his parents' homestead, where he was living in 1868.

Daniel. Moved west between 1840 and 1860. Married Nancy. In 1883, a farmer, Rossville, Vermillion County, Illinois.

Catharine Susannah (Susan). Married Samuel Blair, a coachmaker, Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. He later became a doctor in Lewisburg.

David. Moved west between 1840 and 1860. Married Catherine Hummel. In 1883, a farmer, Vermont, Fulton County, Illinois.

Samuel M. Moved west between 1840 and 1860. Married Elizabeth. In 1883, a farmer, Vermont, Fulton County, Illinois.

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JOHN HENRY DOEBLER

BORN 1809 at Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. Died 1892. Buried at New Berlin, Pennsylvania. From Market Street go west to the Lutheran Church, then north on Walnut. Look for stone of Edward and Anna Sanders Smith. The Doeblers are five stones to the east.

MARRIED Mary Amelia Starr in 1832 at New Berlin, Pennsylvania.

Mary Amelia Starr was born in 1813 at New Berlin, Pennsylvania, and died there in 1880. She is buried in the New Berlin cemetery.

6. Quit Claim Deed, Deed Book DD, pp. 329-331, Union County, Pennsylvania, 1886. The seven brothers and one sister prepared a Quit Claim Deed from their various locations throughout the country in favor of Susan Doeblor Blair, for the property which was her residence in Mifflinburg.

CHILDREN:

B. Franklin, born 1832 in Mifflinburg. Married Sarah. Worked as a coachmaker in Mifflinburg. Buried in New Berlin. His children:

George W. Doebler, born 1859.

Charles Luther Doebler, born 1872.

A grandson of B. Franklin Doebler:

Charles Doebler, Sunbury, Pennsylvania

Anthony Wayne, born in Mifflinburg in 1834. Lived in Rebersburg, PA. Married Harriet Lotz, born 1838, the daughter of Christine Shroyer, granddaughter of Barbara Shroyer, and great-granddaughter of Jacob Schroyer (Shreyer), all pioneer settlers in Brush Valley, Pennsylvania. Her grandfather, husband of Barbara Shroyer, was the son of a prominent Central Pennsylvania Indian Chief who left his son with the Schroyers when he went to join the Revolutionary War as a scout. The son was baptised and married Barbara. Harriet Lotz Doebler died and was buried in Swissdale, Pennsylvania. Anthony Wayne died in 1924 and is buried in Swissdale. Their nine children:

Barbara Ellen

William

Mary, born 1862. Married Patrick Dolan.

George (twin of Alvin). Born 1866.

Alvin David Doebler (twin of George), born 1866. Married Mary Myrtle Wertz. Alvin died in 1904. Their children:

Anna Doebler Battorf, born 1874.

Lillian Doebler Battorf, born 1876.

Phoebe

Beatrice (died when two weeks old)

David Alvin

Josephine

Gene

Taylor Anthony

Della

Charles

Herbert

Catherine Tanner, born 1837 in New Berlin. Married Frederick Albert March 9, 1985.

Mary Ella, born 1839 in New Berlin. Her daughter:

Mrs. Sarah Long Bates, (D.A.R. 151279), wife of John P. Bates. Born in Catawissa, Pennsylvania.

Sarah A., born 1842 in New Berlin

Michael, born 1844 in New Berlin

Louisa, born 1846. Married Shiffler, Williamsport.

Jacob, born 1848

Amelia Jane (10th child), born 16 February 1850. Married William Walton Freed. For further information, see Part V.

Susannah, born 1852

Henry Austin (Harry) born 1854, New Berlin. (11th child). Married Alice Barbara Weber (1856-1942, born at Rebersberg, Pennsylvania) in April 1878. Both are buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport. They had one child:

Errol Weber Doebler, born 1892. Cornell University 1915. Worked on engineering projects and served in the army. Taught on the Swarthmore College faculty 1922-27. In 1927 he returned to become associated with the Long Island Lighting Company, from which he retired as Chief Executive Officer in 1960 and as Chairman of the Board in 1968. He married (1) Mildred Maidment (1892-1960) in Sea Cliff, New York, in 1918. Mildred was born in Sea Cliff and died November 1960. She is buried in Southold, New York. They had three children. After her death, Errol married (2) Muriel Walmsley (1910-) born in Washington, D.C. They were married in Southold in December 1965.[7] Children of Errol and Mildred:

Barbara Doeblor Burd (1921-) married Richard Burd in Garden City, New York. They have 2 sons and 1 daughter.

Carol Doeblor Foehr (1923-) married John B. Foehr in Garden City, New York. They have 2 sons and 1 daughter.

Henry Maidment Doeblor (1934-) married Joyce Forsman in Rhinebeck, New York. They have 3 daughters and 1 son named Errol.

George Washington (12th child), born 20 January 1855 at New Berlin, died 3 January 1912 at Kerwin, Phillips County, Kansas[8]

Married (1) Alta Lindsey (1880-12 December 1887)

Olivia Daisy

Lola Dora (Mrs. Steel)

Married (2) Nellie E. Ayers of Colorado Springs, 1 August 1889.

Nina (Mrs. John Lennerd), Granada Hills, California

Amelia

Mildred



Blacksmith

7. Letter Errol W. Doeblor to David A. Doeblor, 27 November 1975. Reprinted in David Doeblor's family history reports.

8. THE KERWIN KANSAN, 10 January 1912.

PART IIB

THE STARR FAMILY

William Walton Freed 1850-1928	m. Amelia Jane Doeblor 1850-1939
Henry Doeblor 1809-1892	m. Mary Amelia Starr 1813-1880
Dr. John Jacob Starr d. 1815/6	m. Catherine Doeblor b. 177?

Amelia Starr (1813-1880) was born in New Berlin, Pennsylvania, and raised in Union County. She was baptised October 27 by the Rev. Fried and given the name Amalia in German. She came from a large family. Her twin sister, Katherine, was sent to be raised by her Aunt Sarah in Leavenworth, Kansas, because Aunt Sarah was unable to have children herself.

Amelia's mother, Catherine Doeblor Starr (or Starn) is listed in the census of 1830 as "the Widow Starr" and in the 1820 census as Catherine Starn. The exact connection with other Doeblor in the family has not been established.

Dr. John Jacob Starr, the father of Mary Amelia Starr, was killed in a buggy accident prior to 1820, having been thrown out of his surrey. According to family tradition he was (or was the son of) an English lord who came to the United States to escape prosecution by the crown. He was fearful of being sent back to England, and before arriving in this country he changed his name from Starn to Starr. The area of England, north of Liverpool, between Wales and Scotland, is the home of both the Starr and Starn families. Starn and Starr are both English names taken from the old German "sterre" meaning "from the sign of the stars." Starn differs from Starr, in that it adds the meaning "an austere person." In New Berlin, there was always the story that a large sum of money was available in England, through a Will left by an ancestor Starn.[9]

9. David A. Doeblor, family history report, 11 October 1975, citing verbal information from Anthony Wayne Doeblor, 1925.

DR. JOHN JACOB STARR

DIED 1815/6. Buried probably near New Berlin.

MARRIED Catherine Doeblor, probably about 1812.

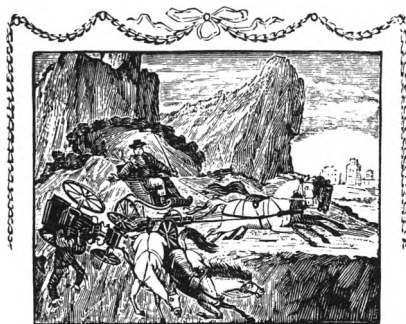
CHILDREN:

twin girls, born 1814:

Mary Amelia, who married Henry Doeblor. See
Section II.A.

Katherine

a son



PART IIC

THE LEBKICHER FAMILY

William Walton Freed 1850-1928	m. Amelia Jane Doeblor 1850-1939
John Henry Doeblor 1809-1892	m. Mary Amelia Starr 1813-1880
Henry Anthony Doeblor 1782-1853	m. Catherine Lebkicher
Michael Lepkicher 1759-1848	m. Susannah ____

Michael Lebkicher was a veteran of the Revolutionary War. His name was formerly Lepkicher, and he is listed as living in Harrisburg in the first census of 1790, as Michael Lepkighler, which is an old German family name meaning "The Sign of the Leopard." His son Michael is listed as a veteran of the War of 1812 from Dauphin County.

Michael Lebkicher lived in Centre Township, Snyder County, 1800-1810, where he was a weaver.

Michael and Susannah Lebkicher are listed in Mifflinburg in the census of 1820. In 1841, when Michael was 81 years old, he was listed in the Census of Pensioners for the Revolution as living in Liverpool, Perry County, Pennsylvania. He and his wife lived to a ripe old age, and are buried in Mifflinburg.



MICHAEL LEBKICHER

BORN 9 March 1759, Died at the age of 89, 28 January 1848. Buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Mifflinburg.

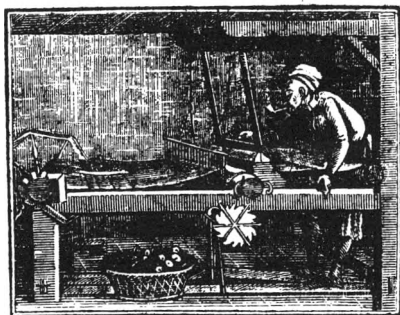
MARRIED Susannah ____.

CHILDREN:

Five children listed in the 1790 census, among whom:

Michael

Catherine, married H. Anthony Doeblen.



Weaver

PART IIIA

THE YOUNGMAN FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m. Amelia Antes 1795-1854
George Youngman 1763-1843	m. Elizabeth Pontius 1763-1851
Elias Jungman 1738-1817	m. Catherine Nagle 1745-1822
Johann Ditrich Jungman d. 1745	m. Maria Elizabeth ____

The name Youngman in America comes from one of two sources -- England or Germany. The English Youngmans settled mostly in New England, while the German Jungmans settled in Pennsylvania.

Johann Ditrich Jungman came from Germany in 1732 on the ship THREE BROTHERS from Crefeld, Germany, by way of Liverpool, with his wife and children. Part of the family remained in England. According to his will his first wife died in Germany and his second wife at sea. Maria Elizabeth was his third wife.

The account of the crossing of the LOVE AND UNITY quoted in the introduction was written by John George Jungman who stated that he crossed on that ship with his father and sister. In many accounts of the Jungman family in Pennsylvania it is assumed that this John George and Elias Jungman of Mifflinburg were brothers. This would, however, seem very unlikely because of the difference in the name of the ship on which each came from Germany, and the fact that each crossed with his father.

John George Jungman came to America in 1731 and settled at Oley, Berks County, Pennsylvania. He joined the Moravians in 1742 and moved to Bethlehem, which was then the seat of the Moravians in America, and was employed as a missionary among the Mohegans in Connecticut and the Delawares on the Susquehanna. He married Margaret Büttner 24 August 1745, and died in Bethlehem 17 July 1808.[1]

Johann Ditrich Jungman landed at Boston and proceeded shortly to Pennsylvania where he settled in Berks county. He had at least eleven children. Elias, a son of his third wife, was born at Reading in 1783.

As a boy, Elias studied surveying at Reading. He held several juridical posts including grand juror, Northumberland County, 1777. In 1783 he was one of three judges re-elected in the Augusta or Sunbury district.[2]

Soon after the Revolution Elias obtained a patent for land in a beautiful valley on the West side of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. Because of Indian disturbances in the area at the time he delayed moving west until 1782 when he set out with nine families from the Reading area to settle this land. He personally supervised the surveying, laying the land out in lots. The village was called Youngman's town. It lay on the south side of Buffalo Creek in Buffalo Valley, five miles northwest of New Berlin, and eight miles from Lewisburg. Lots were set aside for a church and a graveyard, and here Elias Church was erected in 1806. Both the Reformed and Lutheran congregations worshipped there for half a century.[3] This town later joined nearby Greenville and incorporated under the name Mifflinburg in 1827 to honor the first governor of Pennsylvania.

Elias and his wife Catherine Nagel lived together for fifty-four years. They had two sons and a daughter. George and Thomas were both store-keepers. Thomas was a colonel in the War of 1812.

1. David Youngman, M.D., GENEALOGY AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE YOUNGMAN FAMILY (Boston, 1882), pp. 4-5.

2. He served at least two terms. Records are incomplete, but he was re-elected in 1783.

3. Elias Church is now a double house at Quarry Road and Fifth Street, Mifflinburg.

George Youngman, the eldest son of Elias and Catherine, was one of the first store-keepers at Youngman's town. In 1796 he was commissioned Justice of the Peace. In 1798, the year the post office was established in Youngmanstown, he was appointed postmaster.

George married Elizabeth Pontius, daughter of John Henry Pontius. They had three children, of whom only one, Elias Pontius Youngman, survived them.[4]

After serving in the War of 1812, Elias Pontius Youngman married Amelia Antes, daughter of John Henry Antes, Jr., and grand-daughter of Col. John Henry Antes. They moved to Nippenose township, her family home, and in 1831 Elias P. took charge of the grist mill and farm of Colonel Antes there. In 1835 they moved again to the farm and fulling mill, one of the early woolen mills in Western Pennsylvania, later the Nippenose Woolen Mills, on Antes Creek.[5]

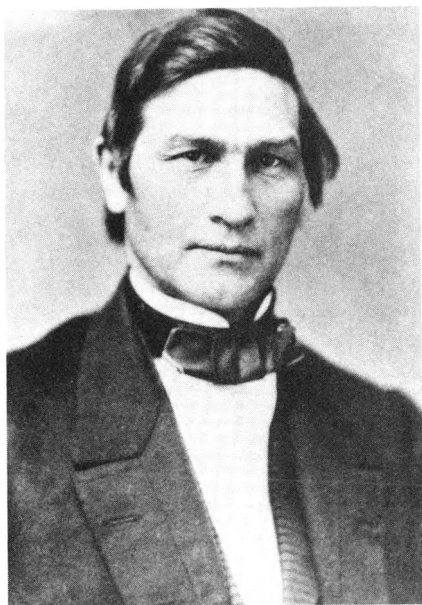
In 1839 he was appointed by Governor David R. Porter Registrar of Wills and Recorder of Deeds for Lycoming County and was later reappointed to the same office for three years. He appointed his son, George Washington Youngman, Deputy Recorder. In 1845 he became a Justice of the Peace. He and his wife died and were buried at Antes Fort.

George Washington Youngman was the eldest of thirteen children. He worked on Colonel Antes' farm when his parents were there and continued to take an interest in his father's work. He was educated in public schools and at Mifflinburg's private academy.[6] While serving as Deputy Recorder for his father he attended the Latin School kept by the Reverend J. P. Hudson, a Presbyterian minister. He read law with the Honorable Anson V. Parsons (later Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania 1843-44 and Superintendent of Public Instruction). He was admitted to the bar in August 1842, and practiced law until his retirement in

4. UNION COUNTY JOURNAL, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, 22 July 1963.

5. Antes Fort, Pennsylvania, near Jersey Shore. The buildings have been destroyed. Pine Creek was at one time the western boundary of the colony of Pennsylvania. "Western" means west of the boundary.

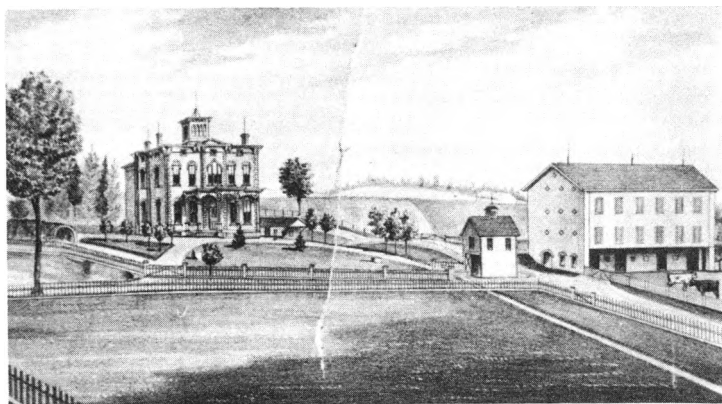
6. Meginnis, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY (Chicago, 1892), p. 298; WILLIAMSPORT GAZETTE AND BULLETIN, 18 July 1895.



George Washington
Youngman (1819-1895)



Anna Eliza Ludwig
Youngman (1818-1894)



Residence of G. W. Youngman, built
ca. 1850. Now #2 Round Hill Road,
Williamsport.

1882. One biographer says, "His experience in the Orphans' Court and in the search of land titles together with his knowledge of the German language brought him at once a lucrative business." [7]

He married Anna Eliza Ludwig 26 March 1844, and purchased property at 326-342 Pine Street in Williamsport, known for some time as "Youngman's block". He continued a successful law practice and in addition invested in real estate endeavors.

In 1857 he built a mansion on his farm west of Lycoming Creek. He removed the frame building on the Pine Street lot (4th Street to Court Street, east side) and built a "splendid block containing stores, offices, and a public hall." [8] That same year, during a money panic, he purchased a 200-acre farm west of Lycoming Creek and laid out about 40 acres into town lots, which became "Youngman's addition to the seventh ward, Williamsport.

He gives as his experience of the panic of that year that he never could have built cheaper and never had less trouble to meet engagements. He was offered thousands of dollars by clients and particularly farmer friends without any interest and no security but a due bill or a note of hand. [9]

He was a shrewd businessman and had his capital in the kind of investments which withstood the Panic with little problem.

After the death of his father in 1864 he purchased the shares of his brothers and sisters in the homestead property on Antes Creek and built a sawmill there and organized and built the Nippenose Woolen Mills with himself as the president and principal stockholder. After the corporation dissolved in the Panic of 1873, he purchased the entire property and leased it to Youngman, Caswell, and Company.

His political opinions have always been bold and fearless. Bred a Democrat, he led the party to espouse the cause of the

7. D. J. Stewart, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY (1876), p. 116.

8. Stewart, HISTORY, p. 116.

9. Stewart, HISTORY, P. 117. Meginnis, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, p. 757.

abolition of slavery and of protection to American industry. He is at present (1876) nominally a Republican but expects to vote hereafter independently. He is a staunch supporter of the greenback currency and the interconvertible bond monetary system and, believing these to be the most vital issues before the people, will stand by the party upholding them, regardless of name....Honest, active, energetic, and farsighted in business, frugal in his habits and unassuming in his manners, he had justly earned the competence he has acquired and the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. He is preeminently an example of a self-made man.[10]

The celebration of his fiftieth wedding anniversary 26 March 1894 was recorded in Meginness' HISTORICAL JOURNAL.[11] His family gathered often for reunions and special occasions. One favorite was the Fourth of July. The members came by train and horse and buggy to be together for the holiday at the house at Antes Fort. They always included a large fireworks display and political speeches by the men were the order of the day. On one occasion a cigar butt set off the whole dishpan full of fireworks at one time, frightening the children.

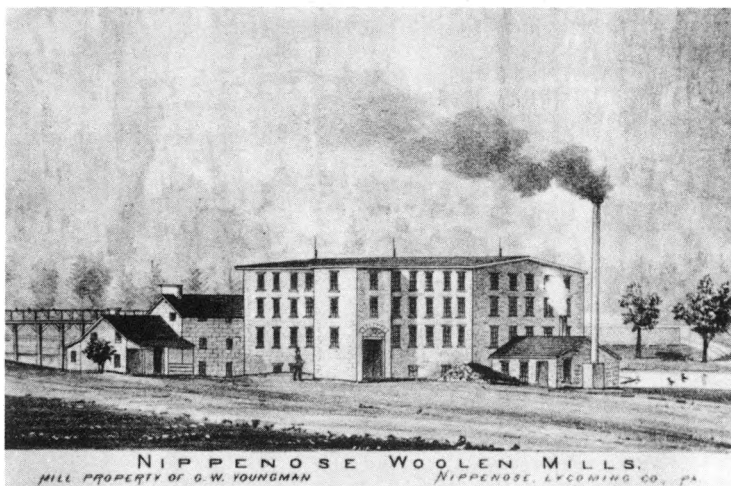
Even after the death of George Washington Youngman, his son Alonzo had glorious family birthday parties where the whole family was invited and filled every room of their home on Dewey Avenue north of Memorial Avenue. This house was a large home with two parlors, a library, a dining room, a large kitchen, an out-kitchen, and three porches. There were at least 6 bedrooms on the second floor. There was a full basement and a third floor as well. After World War II Samuel A. Youngman renovated and decorated the first floor in the period of the house with portraits of the original owners and some pieces of family furniture. The upper floors became apartments. The large brick barn and carriage house were sold.

George and William, sons of George Washington Youngman, lived on the property at Antes Fort until it was destroyed and much of both their families were lost in the flood 1889.

10. Stewart, HISTORY, p. 117; Meginnis, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, p. 757.

11. John F. Meginness. THE HISTORICAL JOURNAL, 2 vols. (Williamsport, 1888) cf. Youngman. See also WILLIAMSPORT GAZETTE AND BULLETIN, 18 July 1895.

James Moore Youngman, fifth son of George Washington Youngman, was the father of Dorothy Freed. He will be discussed at length in Part VI.



Nippenose Woolen Mills



Family of G. W. Youngman, ca. 1892. G. W. seated with cane in the love seat, lower left; his wife Anna, seated in middle.

JOHANN DITRICH JUNGMAN

Buried in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

MARRIED Maria Elizabeth __[12]

CHILDREN:

Era Apolona, married Peter Schneider.

Jorge Jungman

Johann, born 19 April 1720, died 17 July 1808 in
Bethlehem

Thomas, married Catherine __

Mary Elizabeth, married Peter Knab of Oley

Catherine (unmarried)

Joseph (unmarried)

Elias, born 15 August 1738, died 1816. He was the son
of Maria Elizabeth. See below.

Susanna, married Conrad Shoemaker

Phillippina, married Michael Platner

Margaret, married Peter Ludwig.



ELIAS JUNGMAN

BORN 15 August 1738 at Reading. Died 17 April 1817 in
Union County, Pennsylvania. Buried in the Jungman
cemetery, Elias Church (Youngmanstown),
Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. His lot is half way up
the hill, above the First Presbyterian Church. His
and his wife's stones have a single base.

MARRIED Catherine Nagle 11 January 1763

12. Maria Elizabeth was the third wife of Johann.
His first wife died in Germany, the second during
the trans-Atlantic voyage. Names of these other
wives have been lost.

Catherine Nagle was born 4 April 1745 (1743?) in Kefferoth, Germany, the daughter of Joachim Nagle. See Section III.D. She died 25 January 1822 at Youngmanstown and is buried in the Jungman cemetery.

CHILDREN:

George, born 16 December 1763. See below.

Thomas, married Amelia Forster (d. 15 September 1812). He died 12 January 1812. They too are buried in the Jungman cemetery. They had two sons and two daughters:

George Nagle Youngman (born 10 May 1804, died 1881), married Keziah Chambers. He was Justice of the Peace 1839-1874.

a daughter, married Withington.

Hannah, married George Lehman, a school teacher and town clerk at Mifflinburg for many years

John, a businessman of Winfield, died 1885.

Catherine, born 24 October 1766. Married John Driesbach (born 25 September 1762) October 1788. Catherine died 28 May 1852. Her children:

Samuel


John

Thomas

Elias

Catherine

George



GEORGE YOUNGMAN

BORN 16 December 1763 at Reading, died 6 May 1843 at Mifflinburg.

MARRIED Elizabeth Pontius

Elizabeth Pontius was the daughter of John Henry Pontius, who served as a Private in the Company of Captain Peter Grubb, Jr., Lancaster County, in the Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment commanded by Col.

Samuel Miles. (PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, Fifth Series, II, 399.) Elizabeth was born 30 August 1763 and died 28 September 1851.

CHILDREN:

Elias Pontius, born 3 May 1794/5

Thomas, who shot himself

a daughter



ELIAS PONTIUS YOUNGMAN

BORN 3 May 1794/5, died 30 August 1864, at his residence in Nippenose township. Buried at Antes Fort.

MARRIED Amelia Antes 11 June 1816 (1818?)

Amelia Antes was born 20 October 1795 and died 26 May 1854. She was the daughter of John Henry Antes, Jr., See Section III.E. She is also buried at Antes Fort.

CHILDREN:

George Washington Youngman, born 30 June 1819

Carolyn, married John M. MacMinn

Louisa, married Sheadle, New Rochelle, Illinois

Josephine, married Canfield, Necadah, Wisconsin

Henry Antes, Grand Junction, Iowa

Priscilla, married Reichenbach

Martha. She was cited and provided for in the will of George Washington Youngman in 1885 as "my invalid sister Martha."

Elmira L., married Jordan, Necadah, Wisconsin

William T.

Elizabeth



GEORGE WASHINGTON YOUNGMAN

BORN 30 June 1819 at Youngmanstown (Mifflinburg), Pennsylvania. Died 13 July 1895, buried at Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

MARRIED Anna Eliza Ludwig, 26 March 1844, at the home of her brother-in-law, Col. James Moore, near Lewisburg, by the Rev. Isaac Grier.

Anna Eliza Ludwig was born 18 August 1818. She was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Ludwig. See Section III.B. She died 24 September 1894 and is buried at Wildwood Cemetery.

CHILDREN:

Alonzo Pontius, born 9 March 1845. He was a farmer at the homestead near Newberry. Married Jennie H. (1851-1927). He served in the Civil War as a Private in Company G, 131 Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry. He enlisted 5 August 1862 saying he was 18. He was captured at Chancellorsville May 5, paroled and returned May 15 and reported to Camp Parole, Maryland, 17 May 1863. He remained in the army after the close of the war. He was wounded while fighting the Indians in Oregon. He died 26 January 1928 and is buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport. Their children:

Harriet E. (Hattie) 1879-1960 (did not marry).

Victoria, married Dr. George B. Knight. Their children:

Ogden, Camden, New Jersey

Silsby H., Merchantville, New York

Anna, married Bobbsey, Philadelphia

Irene, born 14 August 1892, died 24 November 1954. Married David W. Penman (1888-1960). Buried in Twin Hills Cemetery, Williamsport. Their children:

Jane P, married Willard Schell

David Youngman Penman, a school principal near Montoursville

William L. Penman

Silsby Hayes Youngman, born 1886. Married Edna Tomson (born 1891). Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Louella (married Wilbert C. Chambers) Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania. They had three daughters:

Natalie

Rosanna

Maxine

Samuel Ludwig, born 24 August 1846. Educated at Dickinson Seminary and Philadelphia Community College. Studied law with his father, admitted to the bar 22 April 1868. An Attorney at Williamsport. He served in the Civil War. Married Margaret Louisa Rishel, daughter of Henry Rishel. They had five children. Samuel died in 1915. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery.

William Sterling, 1872-1934. Married Helen Yerxa (1879-1950). Served two terms as State Treasurer, Massachusetts. Harvard 1895, Harvard Law 1898. Taught American history and government in college. Directed state construction work several years. Member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, 1918. Member of the Massachusetts Senate 1923-24. Veteran of the Spanish and First World Wars. Two terms as Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, 1928-1934. Children:

William Sterling, Jr., born 1907, lawyer and International Insurance business. East Hebron, New Hampshire. His children:

William Sterling Youngman III, married Jessie Scott Pollock, Brattleboro, Vermont, 3 July 1965.

Elsie Forbes Youngman

Robert Youngman

Dr. Sally Youngman, Brookline, Massachusetts

Mary V., married Gerwig. 1873-1935. California

Julia Ross, a physician in California. Married Walter S. Johnson. Her children:

Dr. Warren Johnson

Elizabeth, Mrs. Thomas McWilliams

Louise, Mrs. Cameron L. Thom

Amanda Louise

Samuel Antes, 1887-1947. Harvard University, Pennsylvania State University, degrees in dairy husbandry, etc. Food production work during World War II, in charge of War Gardens in Boston. He is credited with having raised \$75,000 worth of foodstuffs in areas normally used as parks. Member of the Williamsport Draft Board from 1943 until it was disbanded. Two terms as President of Lycoming Historical Society. Milk Sanitarian of Williamsport 1921-1947. Known throughout Pennsylvania as an authority on milk and dairy problems. Married Amelia Dittmar, and lived at 2 Round Hill Road, the home of George Washington Youngman, which has since been made into apartments. Their children:

Samuel A., Jr., M.D. University of Pennsylvania. Served in the navy in World War II.

Helen, married Strain. Served in the navy in World War II.

George Washington, Jr., born 1848. A manufacturer in Newberry. Fought in the Civil War as a Private in Company A, 194 Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry. He joined 18 July 1864 without parental consent, saying that he was 18. His brother Charles tried to hold him back from boarding the train, but he kicked Charles out of the way and left on the train from the Market Street Station. He reenlisted at Baltimore 5 September 1864. Was sent to Camp Bradford. Married Tillie Mahaffey who with five of her children ages 6 weeks to 17 years and their governess died in the flood of June 1889. She was 38 years old. The children who died were Mary, age 17; Ralph T., age 9; Phoebe, age 6; Charles J., age 3; and a six-week-old infant. (WILLIAMSPORT GRIT, 22 July 1934.) The only surviving son:

Gardner Youngman, lived in Washington D.C. He died without descendants.

James Moore, born 2 September 1852. An attorney at Williamsport. See Part VI.

William Ludwig, born 1853. Married Margaret Reed. His wife, age 35, and two children, Walter R., age 9, and Emily, age 4, died in the flood of June 1889. (WILLIAMSPORT GRIT, 22 July 1934.) He then became a merchant in New York. He married Julia Miller. They had one child:

Eleanor, married Kinsey (D.A.R. number 95202)

Mary "Mame" L., born 1854. Married James L. Mahaffey. Died 1917, 18 months after their marriage. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery.

Anna, born 1 August 1856, died 2 May 1868. Killed in a runaway horse accident.

Dr. Charles Worman, born 17 September 1858. Jefferson Medical College 1883, post-graduate work at Philadelphia Polyclinic. Very active in all activities at the Williamsport Hospital. President of the Lycoming County Medical Society 1892, member of the Board of Directors. During World War I he served as Chief of the draft board of Lycoming County. Chief of Pennsylvania Tuberculosis Clinics. Died 5 March 1935, buried at Wildwood. Married Margaret Porter, daughter of John F. and Rachel Hays Porter, 4 June 1891. Margaret Porter was born 17 February 1864 and died 13 June 1948. They had five children:

Elizabeth L., 17 September 1858 to 5 March 1935.
Died at the age of 14.

Rachel H, 21 March 1892 to 5 April 1905. Died at the age of 13.

Sarah Porter, born 1896. Married Dr. Cassius Jackson Keyser, head of the Mathematics Department, Columbia University, New York. Dr. Keyser died in 1947. Sarah was a graduate of Wilson College and a trustee, awarded honorary doctor of humanities degree. Lived at 50 Morningside Drive, New York City. They had no children.

Charles Ludwig, M.D., County Coroner, Member of the Williamsport School Board. Married Elizabeth Ruppert, who died in 1969. Lived at 6th and Rural Avenues, Williamsport, in "Linck Castle". They had two children:

Charles L., Jr., Charlottesville, Virginia.
His children:

Dolores E. Rohland

Barbara E. Neff

Valentine Ruppert Youngman, named for his maternal grandfather, died while of high school age.

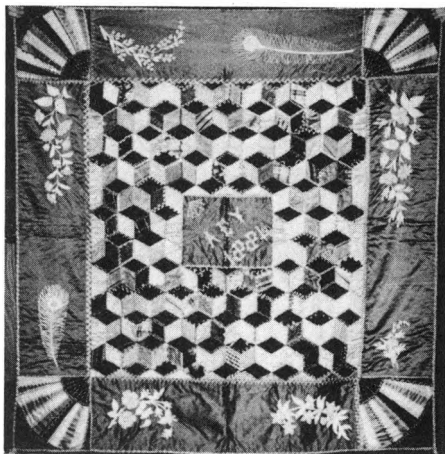
John Crawford, University of Pennsylvania 1924, Harvard Law 1927. District attorney of Lycoming County 1932. Married Ruth Young Allen (Wellesley 1928) of Williamsport, 7 February 1933. They lived at 54 Roderick Road, Williamsport. He was instrumental in the construction of the dikes at Williamsport. "On 8 February 1940 Col. H. L. Robb of the Army Corps of Engineers told Youngman that he 'did not believe that the communities of Williamsport and South Williamsport could be aroused to take the needed action in time to get the dikes' because the federal government was 'losing patience with Williamsport' and had threatened to kill any chance of federal dollars to build dikes. JCY, knowing the great destruction and death which flooding could so easily bring and remembering all too well the deaths of the families of two of his uncles, pushed for the dikes and saw them constructed." [13] His children:

John C. Youngman, Jr., married Judith Cole

Van Patten Youngman, married Marian Moltz

Margaret Allen Youngman, married John Holmes

Ella V., born 12 November 1860, died 31 July 1863.



Lap quilt by Anna Eliza Ludwig Youngman. In possession of the Lycoming County Historical Association, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

13. Quotes from the Williamsport Community Trade Association, FLOOD CONTROL MANUAL (ca. 1940), as quoted in the WILLIAMSPORT SUN-GAZETTE, 10 January 1973.

PART IIIB

THE LUDWIG FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Dr. Samuel Ludwig 1778-1828	m. Susanna Worman 1788-1837
Michael Ludwig 1745-1806	m. Susanna Lutz 1740-1818
Michael Ludwig 1707-1784	m. Eva Rosanna Bechtel

Michael Ludwig[14] was a private in Captain Edward Graham's Company, Fifth Battalion, Cumberland County Militia, in the Revolutionary War.

His son, Dr. Samuel Ludwig, married Susanna Worman in 1805. Dr. and Mrs. Ludwig lived first in Philadelphia and later in New Columbia, Pennsylvania, near Milton, Union County, where he practiced medicine. Their wedding portraits were painted in water color in Reading in 1805. The originals are in the possession of John C. Youngman, Williamsport. Copies made by a friend of Florence A. Youngman are in the possession of June Freed Wilcox, Memphis, Tennessee.



MICHAEL LUDWIG, SR.

BORN 3 August 1707, DIED 24 December 1784

MARRIED Eva Rosanna Bechtel

14. His name is listed as Lewis, the English transcription of Ludwig, in 1780. See PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, 5th Series, VI, 351.

CHILDREN:

Michael Ludwig, Jr., born 7 February 1745, died 17 April 1806. See below.



MICHAEL LUDWIG, JR.

BORN 7 February 1745. Died 15 March 1806. Buried at Amityville, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED Susanna Lutz.

Susanna Lutz was born about 1750. She died 5 July 1818.

CHILDREN:

Dr. Samuel Ludwig, born 2 November 1778. See below.



DR. SAMUEL LUDWIG

BORN 2 November 1778 in Berks County, died 22 December 1828. Buried in the Old Harmony Cemetery, Milton, Pennsylvania, on the right side near the gate -- large square stones

MARRIED Susanna Worman in 1805.

Susanna Worman was born 20 June 1788 in Berks County. Her baptismal certificate, printed in German in Philadelphia, is in the possession of John C. Youngman. She died 14 August 1837. She too is buried in the Old Harmony Cemetery, Milton.

CHILDREN:

Anna Eliza, born 18 August 1818. Married George Washington Youngman. For further information, see Section III.E.

Dr. William Haga Ludwig, born 20 October 1808. He practiced medicine in Lewisburg. He died November 1848. He was married to Rebecca Van Dyke Moore, sister of James Moore who married his sister Mary Anna. See below. Rebecca (1809-1886) is buried in Rollo, Missouri. William is buried in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. They had four children:

James

William L. H. ("Willie"), died 19 February 1844 at the age of one year, 2 months, 20 days.

Anna S., died March 1844 at the age of one year nine days

Sarah, died 24 March 1853 at the age of one year,
nine months.

Samuel W. Ludwig, born 18 February 1810, died 2 October
1860.

Dr. Charles August Ludwig, born 6 November 1814, died 20
January 1865. He graduated from the University of
Pennsylvania, and practiced medicine in White Deer,
Pennsylvania.

Mary Anna, born 1817, married James Moore, one of the
founders of Bucknell. She died 1 October 1868 in
Washington County, Missouri. After her death Moore
(1807-1882) married Elizabeth M. Hayes (1820-1905).

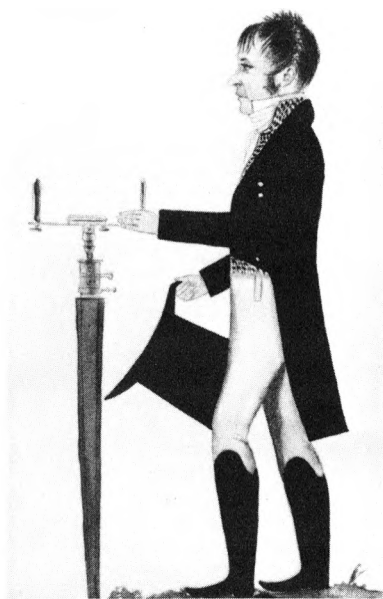
Mrs. W. H. Rankin. Her children:

Mrs. Calkins

Dr. James Rankin



Susanna Worman Ludwig
(1788-1837) ca. 1805



Samuel Ludwig
(1775-1828) ca. 1805

PART III C

THE WORMAN FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Dr. Samuel Ludwig 1778-1828	m. Susanna Worman 1788-1837
Ludwig Worman 1762-1823	m. Hannah Elgin (Eckle) 1767-1848

Dr. Ludwig Worman was a private in the Revolutionary War.[15] He resided near Amityville, Berks County. According to family tradition he is believed to have been a member of Congress about 1790. However, we have been unable to verify this as of this writing.



LUDWIG (LODEWICK) WORMAN

BORN 1762, died 1823, probably in Earl Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED Hannah Elgin (Eckle)

Hannah Elgin was born in 1767 and died in 1848.

CHILDREN:

Susanna, born 20 July 1788. Married Dr. Samuel Ludwig in 1805. For further information, see Section III.B.

15. Lodewick Wormman appears as a private on "A Return of the Four First Classes that is to march in Captain William Erwin's Comp'y", Bucks County Militia, Battalion and Battalion Commander not stated. See PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, Fifth Series, V, 445.

PART IIID

THE NAGLE FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m. Amelia Antes 1795-1854
George Youngman 1763-1843	m. Elizabeth Pontius 1763-1851
Elias Jungman 1738-1817	m. Catherine Nagle 1745-1822
Joachim Nagle d. 1795	m. _____

Joachim (George) Nagle was born in Isenberg, near Coblentz, southern Prussia, and came to Pennsylvania on the ship TWO BROTHERS on 16 September 1751. He was a miller by trade and settled at Douglassville, where he built a mill. He was known for his patriotism during the Revolutionary War.[16] He died 26 July 1795. His tombstone reads:

My life rests in God's hands,
The land Isenberg is my fatherland.
There was I born.
Christ is my choice.[17]

His daughter Catherine, born in Kefferoth Germany in 1743, married Elias Youngman. For further information see Section III.A.

16. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 472.

17. As quoted in the UNION COUNTY JOURNAL, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, 22 July 1963.

JOACHIM NAGLE

BORN in Isenberg, southern Prussia. Died 26 July 1795.

MARRIED _____

CHILDREN:

George, fought in the Revolution, eventually as Colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania Line. Married Rebecca Lincoln, the daughter of Mordecai Lincoln. She was the sister of the great-grandfather of President Abraham Lincoln.

Peter, Captain in the Second Company of the 4th batallion, Pennsylvania Line. After the war he was appointed a Justice and remained in that office until his death. He was an intimate friend of General Washington and gave a reception for Washington at his home in Reading. One of his daughters was the grandmother of William Buehler of the U. S. Navy; another granddaughter was the first wife of Senator J. Donald Cameron.

Catherine, married Elias Jungman. For further information, see Section III.A.



PART III E

THE ANTES FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m. Amelia Antes 1795-1854
John Henry Antes 1757-1834	m. Ann Elizabeth Shoemaker 1775-1853
John Henry Antes 1736-1820	m. Anna Maria Paullin 1737-1767
John Henry Antes 1701-1755	m. Christina Elizabetha Deweese d. 1782
Phillipp F. Antes 1670-1746	m. Anna Catherine _____

Henry, Baron Von Blume (born about 1600) entered the monastic life at an early age. He fell in love with his cousin, a Baroness, then a superior at a convent at Mayence. They ran away, became Protestants, and married.

They were among those persecuted in the awful religious and political convulsions of 1618-23 and hid themselves, changing their name from the German Von Blume to the corresponding Greek, Anthos (flower). At the end of this war over the Bohemian succession, in which the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists fought with bitter hatred against one another, the house of Von Blume went down along with many others.[18] Catholicism triumphed and the Baron Von Blume, a noble and

18. See INTRODUCTION.

ecclesiastic who had renounced Catholicism for Calvinism, had nothing left of castle or fortune but became the victim of the deepest vengeance.[19] The connection between this Henry Anthos and the Henry Antes 1701-1755 is unclear but certain.[20]

Phillipp Frederick Antes (Anttos) came to America from Freinsheim, a town of 200 in Rhenish Bavaria some time before 1722. He lived at first at Germantown but later settled in New Hanover township in 1723,[21] in the wilderness at Falckner swamp. He was an elder of the Reformed Church there and a highly respected citizen.

His son Henry had been known in Germany as the "sweet singer of Freinsheim." [22] Henry loved the wilderness and thrived on the rough land which demanded that a man learn all the trades. He became an accomplished mechanic, hunter, farmer, and guide. His writing talents were such that he was called upon to compose legal documents for most of his neighbors. His advice on farming was sought and respected. He was respected by the Indians for his knowledge of the wilderness and of hunting as well as for his character. His devotion to religion and to religious principles gained him the steadfast respect of his neighbors and he soon became the leading citizen of the community.

He fell in love with Christina Dewees while his family lived in Germantown. After they moved west, Henry often traveled the forty miles back to Germantown to visit her and at last married her in 1726.

19. Rev. Edwin McMin, A GERMAN HERO OF THE COLONIAL TIMES OF PENNSYLVANIA, OR THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY ANTES (1701-1755) (Moorestown, New Jersey, 1886), pp. 13-16.

20. Henry S. Dotterer, "Henry Antes, A Man of Mark in the Provincial Times," SCHWENKSVILLE ITEM, Schwenksville, Pennsylvania, 19 May 1882, p. 215.

21. Frederick Anttos of Germantown, Pennsylvania, purchased land from Henerick Van Bebber in Montgomery county in 1722/3.

22. Joseph H. McMin, SOUVENIR, 4TH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE DESCENDANTS OF LT. COL. JOHN HENRY ANTES, 4 September 1911, p. 4.

Henry joined his father-in-law William Dewees in setting up a flour and paper mill on the Wissahickon River known as Crefeld mills in honor of DeWees' home town in Germany. This is now known as St. Joseph's Academy. Here he lived for three years, but eventually decided to return to the wilderness where there was even greater opportunity to make a fortune, and infinitely greater excitement.

In 1735 he purchased 175 acres of land near the branches of the Perkiomen (Perkeawming) in Frederick township. He resided in that vicinity the rest of his life except for brief trips.

The following year, he and a friend, George Hübner, purchased 28 acres of land adjoining Henry's property where they ran the first grist mill in that region. They ran the mill as partners for eleven years, when they dissolved the partnership. Hübner took the land, and £150 Pennsylvania money; Henry took the mill, 2 pair of stones, and water rights to dam to 8 ft. 4 in. a water fall in Swamp Creek.[23]

In 1736 he met Bishop Spangenberg, founder of the Moravian Church in this country, and the friendship between the two lasted for the remainder of their lives. Antes, a member of the Reformed Church, became convinced that the 30-40 thousand Germans of Pennsylvania should be united at last in religion.

In 1741 he was appointed to head a movement to form a union of the several evangelical denominations in the area, including the Lutherans, German Reformed, Mennonites, Dunkards, Schwenkfelders, Seventh-Day Adventists, Separatists, Hermits, and Moravians. The idea was premature. After numerous meetings that year, the groups began to drop out until only the Moravians remained. That year he gave money, advice, and labor to build the Gemeinhaus in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the first large Moravian meeting house there. With his help, the Moravians built a number of grist and sawmills in Bethlehem, Friendensthal, and Gnadenhütten.[24]

Little by little, he found himself personally leaning toward the Moravian faith. He assisted the Moravians in their plans for the church organization by

23. Dotterer, "Henry Antes," p. 192.

24. Hiram H. and Esther Shenk, eds., *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PENNSYLVANIA* (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1932), p. 16.

gathering his neighbors together for the purpose of worship. His house was the center of the Moravian efforts. On 23 April 1740 George Whitefield, the great revivalist, preached from the porch to some 2000 people.[25]

In 1743 Henry Antes sent his children to school: Ann Margaret to England with Count Zinzendorf, Ann Catherine to Nazareth as one of the caretakers in the Moravian nursery school, and John Henry to nursery school there.[26]

In 1745 he offered the use of part of his land and mill buildings as a school for boys. It opened in June of that year with 34 pupils, including one Negro. It later included more Negroes as well as Indians. The mill was operated for the benefit of the school, the first boys' boarding school in America.[27]

In 1745 and in 1752 Henry was appointed Justice of the Peace for Bucks County. The following year he was sent as Deputy from Bethlehem at the demand of the government regarding an accusation that the Moravians had 3000 guns in store for the use of the Indians to join the French in making inroads into Pennsylvania.

After the hearing, not only were the Moravians exonerated, but the accuser was heavily fined. "The fine was remitted on the urgent solicitation and exertion of the Deputy." [28]

Throughout Pennsylvania the records of the Moravian Church of the period cite Henry Antes -- in Philadelphia as trustee of their property, in Bethlehem as business manager and legal adviser.

Until April 1750, Henry Antes was an influential member of the Moravian Church. In that year the members of the church at Bethlehem introduced the wearing of a white surplice by the minister at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Antes objected so strongly that he withdrew from the communion. However his sentiments remained faithful to the Moravians. In 1752 he accompanied Spangenberg to North Carolina to survey a

25. McMinn, SOUVENIR, p. 5.

26. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 31.

27. McMinn, SOUVENIR, p. 3.

28. Dotterer, "Henry Antes," p. 192.

tract of land the Moravians had bought for the purpose of settling a colony there. He assisted the London Society in its efforts to introduce English schools among the German settlers in 1754 in hopes that the elimination of the language barrier would improve relations between the two elements of the Pennsylvania population.

Antes died July 20, 1755. The Moravian service was read at his funeral and the address was delivered by Bishop Spangenberg. On his tombstone is the following inscription:

Hier ruhet Heinrich Antes:
Ein Kleinod dieses Landes;
Ein hedlich kühner handhaber der Gerechtigkeit
Und treuer diener Vor Welt
Und Gottes-Leut.[29]

Henry Antes was said to be a man of precedence and integrity, of decided conviction and sincere piety. He was a frontiersman, an earnest and hard-working millwright, and a stalwart member of the religious community. He was lauded by clergymen of his time as "sainted Brother Antes."

Although but a layman, he undertook to instruct his fellow countrymen in the province of the way of life, calling them together in their houses for singing, for prayer, for reading the scriptures, and for exhortation. . . . He was very anxious to unite . . . souls out of the different religious denominations who sought their salvation through Jesus Christ, through the bonds of Christian love.[30]

The Reverend J. H. Dubbs of Lancaster composed the following poem in reflection on the "Grave of Henry Antes."

29. "Here rest Henry Antes: An Ornament of this land; an upright, fearless Administrator of Justice and a faithful servant, before the World's and God's people." As quoted and translated in MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, p. 207.

30. Dotterer, "Henry Antes," pp. 192-193.

A little spot on the hillside
Is all that is now his own
A little mound in a thicket,
And a worn sepulchral stone;
For a century has departed,
Since they gently laid him down
In the grave he himself had chosen,
On his farm in Frederickstown.

His land is held by a stranger,
And so is the ancient mill,
But the name of Henry Antes
May be read on the tombstone still;
And 'tis writ on the Lamb's blest volume--
As the angels know full well--
For he sought a home in the regions
Where the saints and angels dwell.

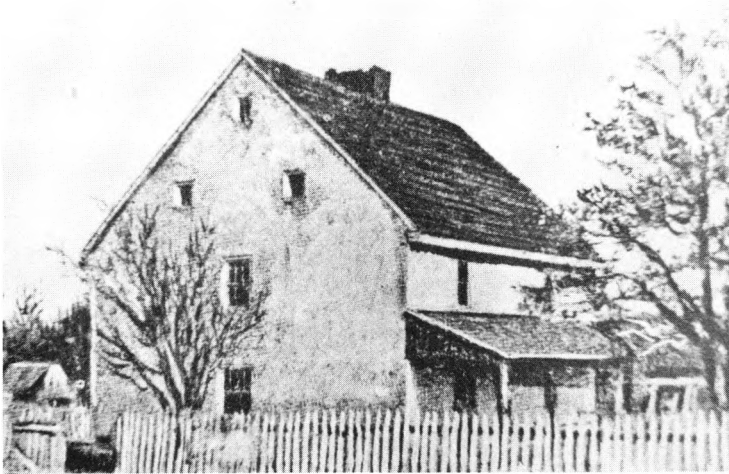
He loved the church of his fathers,
And over the stormy sea
He had borne as a precious trasure,
Their faith to the land of the free;
But the flock was without a shepherd,
And many had gone to sleep,
So he lifted his voice like a trumpet,
To gather the scattered sheep.

He greeted the mild Moravians,
As the servants of the Lord;
And with Zinzendorf and Boehler
He labored in sweet accord;
For they sought to unite the churches
In a brotherhood of love,
By a "union in the Spirit,"
Like that of the Church above.

He stood by the side of Whitefield,
And prayed in the German tongue,
When the clarion voice of the preacher
O'er the hills of Frederick rung.
They knew not each other's language,
Nor did they need it then;
For the one cried "Hallelujah!"
And the other said, Amen!

When his heart was almost broken,
And he felt that the end was nigh,
To his farm in Frederick township,
Henry Antes returned to die;
And when his spirit departed
To dwell in the land of the blest,
Ten loving Bethlehem Brethren
Bore his corpse to its final rest.

I feel as I stand by his tombstone
 That he did not live in vain;
 I am moved by his noble example
 To labor with might and main;
 For though our labors may vanish,
 Like clouds in the Summer sky,
 The souls that are true to their Savior
 Shall reign with the saints on high.[31]



Home of Henry Antes (1701-1755) in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

In 1970 the Antes Home received official recognition as an important historical site and restoration was begun. The photograph was made about 1880 and shows the central chimney, now missing. The house was electrified between 1920-1930. In the late 40's and 50's a Washington sign hung on the porch and the small shed at the rear was replaced by a larger structure.[32] In this area also, in the Whitefield

31. MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, pp. 208-209. For a detailed account of the very interesting and full life of Henry Antes, see MacMinn, GERMAN HERO, as well as Edwin MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER WITH COLONEL ANTES (Camden, New Jersey, 1900), pp. 19-35.

32. From Boyerstown take Route 73 south about 5 miles to Frederick, a suburb of New Hanover. Turn right on Colonial Road. The Henry Antes home is .9 miles down on the left on the property of Camp Laughing Water, Girl Scouts of America.

Museum in Nazareth, is housed the John Antes violin, reputed to be the first violin made in America.[33]

"Fifth of October 1736. A son was born to me this morning at three o'clock. I named him John Henry. The Savior preserve him to eternal life. He was baptized by John Philip Boehm. I myself stood as sponsor at the baptism." [34] Young Henry grew up in a household where his father and the great men of the community and those passing through it debated points of religion and law. After his father's death he lived in Frederick township and had an inn on the Bethlehem-Philadelphia route which was very popular among the Germans. His wife was the daughter of a respected innkeeper of Hanover. Soon, however, he became restless for the frontier life which his father had loved so well. MacMinn hypothesizes that Henry was tired of the drunkenness of his guests as well. [35] Whatever the combination of motivations, one of them was surely the promise of the beautiful virgin land recently opened up on the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

33. If you are interested, contact: The Central Pennsylvania Antes Family Organization, Antes House Restoration, the Goshenhoppen Historians, Inc., Vernfield, Pennsylvania, 18973. In terms of their system of reckoning lineage from Henry Antes, Dorothy Youngman Freed is 1614153, which means:

Henry Antes
| John Henry Antes
| | John Henry Antes Jr.
| | | Amelia Antes Youngman
| | | | George Washington Youngman
| | | | | James Moore Youngman
| | | | | | Dorothy Youngman Freed
| | | | | | | 1 6 1 4 1 5 3

The number indicates which child of that parent: DYF was the third child of JMY, who was the fifth child of GWY, etc. You can determine your own number by continuing the sequence. Thus I am 161415311, adding 1 for June Freed Wilcox and 1 for myself, both of us first children.

34. Entry in the Family Bible in the handwriting of Henry Antes, as quoted by MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER WITH COLONEL ANTES OR THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY OF THE RED AND WHITE RACES IN PENNSYLVANIA (Camden, New Jersey, 1900), p. 22.

Here Antes ran one of the earliest devices for making flour -- a large iron coffee mill brought from his inn which was run entirely by man-power. It operated day and night to meet the needs of the community. The flour was quite coarse and was then put through a hair sieve to remove the bran.[36] The mill served farmers for 50 miles around and was an important social gathering spot as well. It was destroyed by Indians in June or July 1778, but was rebuilt by Antes in 1792.[37]

Shortly after Antes and his neighbors settled there, there was a disagreement with the Indians as to the boundary of the new land purchase.

It was declared in 1773 that all settlers on the north side of the river should vacate that territory. They decided not to leave, however, and banded together to form their own government, electing annually a tribunal of three Fair Play men to govern the community. When any person refused to comply with the code of fair play, he was placed in a canoe, rowed down to the mouth of the Lycoming Creek, the boundary of civilization, and there set adrift.[38]

On November 20, 1775, the reign of the Penn family was ended in Pennsylvania and the Fair Play men became loyal to the Revolutionary cause. Henry Antes served as a Justice of the Quarter Sessions in 1775.

In the universal burst of patriotism that swept through the valley there was no one more thoroughly alive to the spirit of the hour than Henry Antes. Yet no one saw more clearly that there was as much patriotism in remaining at home to meet the Indians if they should rise in anger against the whites, as there was in going to Boston to help the colony of

35. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 247. For a thorough treatment of the Fair Play Settlers, see George D. Wolf, THE FAIR PLAY SETTLERS OF THE WEST BRANCH VALLEY, 1769-1784: A STUDY OF FRONTIER ETHNOGRAPHY (Harrisburg, 1969).

36. This mill was preserved as a relic until 1865 when it was destroyed by a flood. See A PICTURE OF LYCOMING COUNTY, p. 64.

37. Meginnes, BIOGRAPHICAL ANNALS, 1889, p. 256.

38. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 252.

Massachusetts in her struggle against the wrongs thrust upon her, and, through her, upon all the colonies.[39]

His skills were needed at home as well. He was a wheelwright, which included everything from making spinning wheels to a grist mill which he erected in 1785.

In 1775 when John Henry Antes went to receive his appointment from the Lieutenant Governor as a Justice of the Commonwealth,

Antes was dressed in a suit of hometanned deer skin, trimmed with bear's teeth, and wearing a fur cap, on which was the bristling tail of a fox. He wore a belt made of rattlesnake skin and carried a rifle that was the inevitable complement to the attire of a backwoodsman. He was a large man, both in stature and in breadth of shoulders, and attracted attention wherever he passed from the dignity and majesty of his appearance.[40]

July 4, 1776, the Fair Play men signed a Declaration of Independence from the King of England under the Tiadaughton Elm south of Route 220, west of Larry's Creek. Seeing that the people of the area were in real danger from the uncertain peace with the Indians and the paucity of able-bodied men to defend the settlers (most of the men were off in the Revolution), Antes built a long fort on the bluff overlooking the mouth of the Nippenose Creek, now named Antes Creek, a tributary of the west branch of the Susquehanna. Antes Fort was intended to protect settlers for miles around from Indian attacks. It was a picketed enclosure, defended by a garrison of militia, of which John Henry was the commander. He was captain, later Colonel, of the militia, which also served during the Revolutionary War.[41]

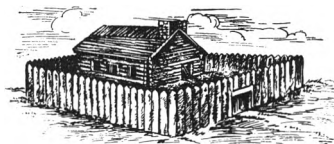
39. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 324.

40. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 12.

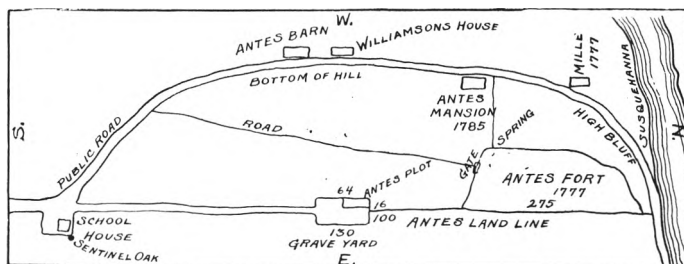
41. Lt. Col. of Second Battalion of Northumberland Associators and Commander of Antes Fort, Lycoming County. See PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, 5th series, IV, 357. It is through this most prominent Revolutionary War ancestor that Florence Antes Youngman joined the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her D.A.R. numbers are 165023 and 163438.

John Henry's brother Frederick was a Colonel of the Philadelphia County Associators and fought so valiantly that the British General Howe set a bounty of £200 on his head. As the Tories gained power around Philadelphia Frederick fled to Northumberland. Col. William Antes worked to convert the estates of the Tories into funds for the use of the State.

There was a long series of Indian raids and massacres in the area of Antes' Fort throughout 1777 and 1778. Finally all the settlers above Muncy were ordered by Col. Samuel Hunter to evacuate and come to Fort Augusta, which they did. But the order created a real panic among the settlers. After some further massacres, Col. Hunter appealed to the government of Pennsylvania to send men and provisions to reinforce the small group of soldiers defending the frontier. When they ventured back into the abandoned territory they found their homes burned to the ground but Antes Fort still standing.



A PIONEER FORT



TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE SITE OF ANTES FORT

Antes Fort. McMinn, SOUVENIR, p. 12.

In 1779 the settlers finally decided that the only way to stop the Indian troubles was to wage offensive war against them. Antes took part in the expedition of General John Sullivan which went up into the Genessee country of New York and destroyed the Indian villages and their crops, thus finally conquering the Indians and ending the violence.

After the war Antes served as Sheriff 1782-1786 and was best known in later life as Sheriff Antes. He served with honor in this post and was just and fair to all.

Henry is undoubtedly the single most outstanding leader in the entire Fair Play country. Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions, sheriff, justice of the peace, Fair Play spokesman, captain (later colonel) of Associators and commander of Fort Antes, miller and property owner, personal friend of John Dickinson and other Provincial leaders, Henry Antes was the top figure in civic, economic military and social affairs along the West Branch. Influential within and without the Fair Play territory, Henry Antes was truly the major leader in the valley.[42]

The following elegaic poem was written by George Washington Youngman, great-grandson of Henry Antes, in 1882. With apologies for GWY's Victorian effusiveness, we reprint it here in full.

ANTES FORT
As viewed by a descendant of
Col. John Henry Antes, 1882.

From the Centre to circumference, in grandeur, arise
The mountains and hilltops encircling the skies;
The primeval forests, enclosing the streams,
Awaked the explorer to Utopian dreams.

As family after family inhabited this vale
A Union was formed destined never to fail,
To secure for each other freedom of speech,
Protecting forever the dwellings of each.
With varied success they toiled and they strove,
For many long years, in this beautiful grove.
But Time, with its sickle, has mown them all down,
And covered in oblivion all their renown;
Gathered with their fathers, to rest with the dead,
Sleeping in silence with those they have led.

The woodman and warrior together are laid,
Awaiting the promise the Gospel has made,
Sympathizing, kind friends most fondly recall
The deeds of the actors, the great and the small.

A view of this landscape recalls the sad day
When unbroken forests hedged up all the way
The meandering streams sparkle brightly in view;--
Here is 'ANTES CREEK,' with its speckled trout, too.

42. Wolf, FAIR PLAY SETTLERS, p. 78.

Where the bounding elk roved over the hills
 Is where HENRY ANTES erected his mills.
 Not a hut then was built where the stranger could
 stay
 Or shelter himself, as he chanced by the way;
 The savage marauder inhabited the wood
 Where, lovely and friendless, the white man stood,
 Hoping and praying that the day he might see
 When this his home should be "the land of the free."
 But alas! war soon came: with it the desire
 To kill and destroy, with tomahawk and fire;
 With Indians lurking by night and by day,
 All sure to be murdered if caught by the way;
 And many a settler to the dust was laid,
 An innocent victim to the ambushade.

One century has passed! How loud it was cheered,
 Though with it the hunter and game disappeared;
 Great railroads pass over the Indians' path;
 The steamboat replaces the gliding canoe;
 The telephone gathers the sounds all anew.
 With our National progress in science and art
 Let us ever remember the glorious part
 Enacted by those here silently sleeping,
 Insensible to us, our cares, or our weeping.
 They live in our memories, buoyant as Youth--
 Embalmed in our hearts, emblematic of Truth![43]

John Henry Antes, Jr., was born in 1757. He served as a Private in Robinson's Rangers in the American Revolution.[44] He is often confused with his father in the historical genealogies, probably because of the third repetition of the name John Henry Antes and their eagerness to be related to the famous Colonel Antes.

John Henry Antes, Jr., worked alongside his father in the family milling business. In 1809 he and his father erected a fulling and carding mill near the mouth of Morgan's run, which "was a great institution in its day. There the farmers carried their wool to be carded into rolls, when it was taken home and spun into yarn by their wives and daughters; then wove into a coarse cloth and returned to the mill to be fulled, dressed,

43. Printed in the SCHWENKSVILLE ITEM, 19 May 1882.

44. See PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, 5th Series, IV, 357-369.

The log mansion built by Col. Antes in 1785, later occupied by his son Henry until 1830, and at one time called "Nippenose Inn," and kept by Elias P. Youngman, Esq., his son-in-law, is still in use, and stands at the foot of the hill a few rods to the right of the house of Mr. Williamson, seen through the fence. The grist mill, now in operation, is the fourth erected on the same site as the original mill of 1777, and stands a few rods to the right of the "Mansion."

The upper dagger marks the site of the final home of Col. John Henry Antes—1810-1820. It is nearly opposite the mouth of Pine Creek, and near the outlet of "Major (Jacob) Antes Gap."

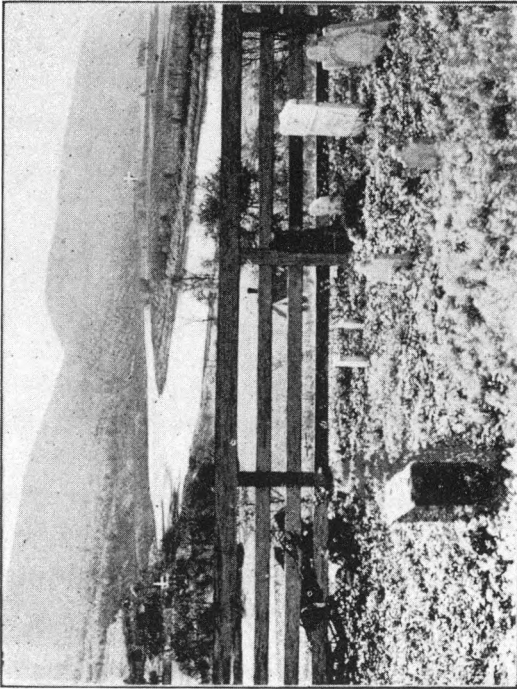
The lower dagger marks the mansion of J. Henry Antes, oldest son of Col. Antes, where he lived and died. 1829-1834.

The vast estate extending from (Henry) "Antes' Gap" to "Major (Jacob) Antes' Gap" and from the river to and including Antes Creek in Nippenose Valley, has entirely passed out of the possession and the name of Antes.

The tomahawk and scalping knife of the stealthy aborigines, and the equally stealthy Indian hunters—Antes, Covenhoven, Pence, and Grove—have all passed away.

The crude but effective "Fair Play" laws have been superseded by regularly constituted courts, and the Pine Creek Declaration of Independence is only a faint memory, a fading vision of 136 years ago.

The view from this bold promontory is one of sublime grandeur. The deep notch of Antes Gap, the densely wooded mountain slope, with the great plateau known as Nippenose Bottom, bordered by the winding Susquehanna, and beyond, the great plains of Pine Creek, the towering spires of Jersey Shore and smoking chimneys of Avis shops against the mottled hills, charm the eye and excite the mind to musing over the historic events that lay between the primeval forests, peopled by the mysterious Red Men, and the fruitful fields, palatial dwellings and objects of the mechanical skill of our Anglo-Saxon civilization.



ANTES BURYING GROUND, ANTES FORT.

THE ANTES LOT IN THE ANTES FORT GRAVEYARD

(One mile from Antes Fort Station, Philadelphia & Erie Railroad)

On left foreground: Grave of Lieut.-Col. John Henry Antes.

On extreme right: Grave of John Henry Antes, his oldest son.

Site of Antes Fort, a few rods to the right of the graveyard, on the brow of the hill.

and dyed some single color to suit the taste of the owner." [45]

Amelia, daughter of John Henry Antes, Jr., married Elias P. Youngman of the Nippenose Township. See Youngman family section (III.A.) for additional information. The Antes family mill was later run by Elias P. Youngman. About 1835 he added machinery for a clover mill, evidently for the preparation of clover seed.

A mill of that kind was regarded as a great improvement in those days, as it was a convenience of the utmost consequence to the farmers. As an incident illustrative of the value of clover seed at that day, it may be mentioned that Mr. G. W. Youngman, President of the manufacturing company Nippenose Woolen Mills, remembers selling a bushel of seed to the Honorable Anson V. Parsons for twenty-four dollars. Our farmers of the present day would consider such a price oppressive. But the improvements in machinery have long since obviated those high prices. [46]



COL. J. H. A. PHILLIPP FREDERICK ANTES

BORN 1670 in Germany, died autumn 1746 in New Hanover township, Pennsylvania, and is buried in Falckner Swamp, Frederick township.

MARRIED (1) Anna Catherine _____
(2) Elizabeth Catherina Nayman, 9 April 1742.

CHILDREN: (by first wife) [47]

John Henry, born 11 July 1701 in Germany. Baptised 17 July. Married Christina Dewees. See below.

Johann Jacob, born 17 October 1703

Johann Sebastian, born 14 September 1706.

Konrad Antes, born 25 August 1709.

45. Meginness, BIOGRAPHICAL ANNALS, p. 256.

46. Stewart, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, 1876. At that time the old fulling mill was still standing. It was cited as an historical curiosity, especially as contrasted with "the present elegant structure" of the Nippenose Woolen Mills.

Marie Elisabeth, born 29 March 1711 Married John Eschbach of Oley, a prominent man among the settlers.

Johannes Antes, born 1716.



JOHN HENRY ANTES

BORN 11 July 1701 in Bavaria, died 20 July 1755. Buried on his farm at Falckner Swamp, Frederick Township, New Hanover, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED Christina Elizabetha Dewees 2 February 1726 at Whitemarsh, near Falckner Swamp, by the Rev. John Philip B8hm of the Whitemarch Reformed Church.

Christina Dewees was born in America, daughter of William Dewees. See Section III.H. She died 5 October 1782, after her remarriage to Bernard Totterer (1757). Totterer died in 1758. Christina is buried in Northumberland County.

CHILDREN:

Anna Catherina, born 8 November 1726. Married:

- (1) John Martin Kalberlahn, 29 July 1758
- (2) Gottlieb Reuter
- (3) Rev. John Casper Heinzman
- (4) Rev. John Jacob Ernst.

She served as Superintendent of Single Sisters and Girls at Nazareth and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and later at the Moravian settlement in Salem, North Carolina. She was a resident of Bethapara, North Carolina in 1809. Her cottage there has been restored. She is buried in "God's Acre" in Old Salem, North Carolina.

Anna Margaretta, born 9 September 1728. Married Rev. Benjamin Latrobe (born 19 April 1728) in Dublin in 1756. Latrobe was a Moravian missionary. She had met him while attending school of the United Brethren in London. Their Children:

47. Records in Reform Church, Freinsheim, Germany.

Rev. Christian Ignatius Latrobe. He was a leading Moravian composer of sacred music, [48] and was a friend of Haydn. He also wrote a journal of his visit to South Africa, printed in London in 1818 (400pp.)

Benjamin Henry Latrobe. Served in the Prussian army. Later became an architect. Surveyor of Public Offices and Architect and engineer of London, 1789. Architect at Baltimore, 1796. His works include: State Penitentiary, Richmond, Virginia; Bank of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Centre Square Engine building and water works, Philadelphia; Survey of the Susquehanna; Capital at Washington to 1817; Navy yard at Washington when first established; Baltimore Exchange; Bank of the United States, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, now the Custom House; Cathedral in Baltimore; first Chesapeake and Delaware Canal; Old Philadelphia Bank; St. John's Church, Washington; many private homes. Died 3 September 1820 at New Orleans while erecting works for supplying the city with water.

John Frederick Latrobe. Took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Jena and established himself at Dorpat in Livonia, Russia. Composed excellent church music.

daughter, married Foster.

Philip Frederick (Fridrich), born 2 July 1730. Married Barbara Tyson 1 May 1755. He and William inherited land in Frederick township (175 acres) from their father, as well as 76 acres of woodland in Limerick township. Barbara died 6 February 1775. Frederick married Catherine Schuler 17 August 1775. Col. Frederick Antes lived in Frederick township until about 1780 when he moved to Northumberland county. He was an ardent patriot in the Revolutionary War and an excellent officer. When Washington's troops

48. A Number of his musical works have been published by Boosey and Hawkes, Inc., Oceanside, NY 11592; Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville, TN 37202; and Brodt Music Company, P.O. Box 1207, Charlotte, NC 28201. His oratorio "Dawn of Glory" was performed during the opening week of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington D.C., September 12, 1971.

were camped near Pottstown, Montgomery County, Washington had his headquarters on the farm of Col. Frederick Antes. He lost his fortune in the war. He later held judicial offices in Northumberland county including Justice of the Quarter Session and at times presiding judge. He was twice a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and was one of the twelve Pennsylvania Germans in the 62 member Assembly, all of whom voted to ratify the Constitution of the United States. He was also at one time President of the State Council. He and a Mr. Potts cast and proved the first 4-lb. cannon in America at Worwick furnace in 1776. He died at Lancaster 20 September 1801. His children:

(1) by Barbara Tyson, died 6 February 1775.

Christina Elizabetha, born 22 January 1757. Died 13 October 1763.

Anna Maria, born 14 February 1760. Married Christopher Dering who migrated to Northumberland County and died there 22 November 1822. They had eight children, 5 sons and 3 daughters, including:

John Henry Dering, born 13 February 1766, married Susanna Hahn, daughter of Philip and Margaretha Heister Hahn of New Hanover township, moved to Northumberland County where he died 8 July 1803 from a fall from a cherry tree. They had six children.

(2) by Catherine Schuler, died 15 December 1816 at Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania.

Catherine, born 3 July 1777, became the second wife of Simon Snyder, governor of Pennsylvania. They had five sons. She died in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 15 March 1810. Her children and descendants are often prominent. Since information on them is easily available I will not list them here.

William (Wilhelm), born 18 November 1731. Married Christina, daughter of Jacob and Barbara Dodderer Markley of Skippack and Perkiomen township. William was a Sub-Lieutenant of Philadelphia county in the Revolutionary War. Col. William Antes was Commissioner on Sequestered Estates, etc., and held other positions of responsibility during the war. After the war he was treasurer and county commissioner of Northumberland County. He was a

highly capable gunsmith. One of his guns is presently displayed in the William Penn Museum, Harrisburg. In 1809 he was residing in the Genessee country, New York. Children:

John

Christina, baptised 14 March 1749

Elizabeth, both 17 February 1757. Married John Shuler 4 April 1775.

Sarah, born 12 October 1762. Married Samuel Gardner.

Mary, born 17 August 1768

William, born 15 March 1776. Married Mary Barlow, lived in Canandaigua, New York, died 21 December 1841. They had eight children.

Elizabetha, born 29 January 1734. Among her descendants are many civil engineers responsible for canals, bridges and railroads. She died at Easton 20 May 1812. Married:

- (1) George Philip Dotterer of Frederick township. He was an innkeeper in Limerick township. He died 23 August 1771. Children:

Benigna, born 17 February 1753. Married John Yost.

Anna, born 21 December 1756. Married John Barnhart. Died 21 August 1837. Their descendants live in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

- (2) Rev. Nicholas Pomp of the German Reformed Church 23 April 1772. He preached at Skippack, Trappe, Falckner Swamp, and Old Goshenhoppen. Afterward he was called to Baltimore and remained there many years. They had one child:

Thomas, born 5 February 1773. He was also a minister, mostly at Easton, Pennsylvania. He married Catherine Janson. They had ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

Elizabeth died at Easton 20 May 1812.

John Henry (Johann Henrich), born 5 October 1736. The family register, written by his father, reads, "A son was born to me this morning at three o'clock. I named him JOHN HENRY! The Savior preserve him to Eternal Life. He was baptised by John Philip Böhm. I myself stood as sponsor at his Baptism." He inherited the plantation in Hanover township (156 acres) from his father, that being Henry Antes' inheritance from his father, Frederick Antes. He was designated to care for his mother. For further information, see below.

Jacob, born 19 September 1738, died 6 June 1739.

John (Johannes), born 13 March 1740. Until 1761 he lived as overseer of boys among the Brethren. In 1764 he was appointed to accompany the Indian congregation from Philadelphia to New York. "That dear congregation was then grievously persecuted,"[49] He went to Europe in 1764 (May) to attend the Synod of the Brethren at Marienborn and stayed a year at Herrnhut. He learned watchmaking at Neuwied. On 16 January 1769 he "received a call to serve the mission at that time begun at Grand Cairo, Egypt." In July 1769 he again attended the Synod at Marienborn. He was ordained a deacon of the Church of the Brethren. After two months in London he sailed for Egypt and after several adventures and mishaps recounted in his own words in THE MORAVIAN[50] he arrived at Bulac 10 February 1770. He attended the Synod at Berthelsdorf, Saxony, in 1782. In 1783 he was appointed warden of the Single Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, Yorkshire, England. He was married in 1786 to Susanna Crabtree. In 1801 he attended the Synod at Herrnhut with his wife. He retired in 1808 to Bristol. He had no children. He died in Bristol 17 December 1811. It is believed that he made the first violin in America.[51] He composed religious music which is considered to be among the first

49. See Loskiel, INDIAN HISTORY, part II, p. 219.

50. See THE MORAVIAN, an extract of the narrative of the life of John Antes, written by himself, as printed in the SCHWENKSVILLE ITEM, 27 May 1880.

51. This violin is on display at the Whitefield Museum, 210 Center Street, Nazareth, Pennsylvania. The Student Union on the north campus of the Moravian College, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has a John Antes Room displaying a framed tribute, a certificate of passage to Turkey, and the title page of his autobiography.

rank of all music by American composers during the late 18th century.[52]

Mary Magdalene (Maria Magdalena) born 28 October 1742. Returned to Germany where she married Ebbing. She died at Herrnhut, Germany, 17 April 1811 and is buried in the Moravian Gottes-Acker there.

Joseph, born 8 January 1745, died in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 16 August 1746, and is buried in "God's Acre" there.

Benigna, born 16 September 1748. Named for the daughter of Count Zinzendorf. Died in Bethlehem, 24 December 1760, of smallpox.

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JOHN HENRY ANTES

BORN 5 October 1736 at Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Died 13 July 1820. Buried at Antes Fort, Pennsylvania, in the little cemetery on the hill near where his fort stood. [53]

MARRIED (1) Anna Maria Paulin, 11 May 1756, in Hanover township, near Philadelphia.

Maria Paulin was born 14 March 1737 and died 24 March 1767. She was the daughter of Jonathin Paul. See Section III.G.

(2) Sophia Snyder, 8 December 1767.

Sophia Snyder was born 11 July 1750 and died 29 December 1824.

CHILDREN:

(1) by Maria Paulin:

52. Some of his words appear on records, "Music of the American Moravians, Columbia/Odyssey 32 16 0340; "Three Trios by John Antes" Columbia ML 6141, MS 6741; "Arias, Anthems and Chorales of the American Moravians" Columbia vol. I: ML 5427, MS 6102, vol. II: ML 5688, MS 8628. Works by John Antes, as well as "Dawn of Glory" by Latrobe were features of the two week festival of music celebrating the opening of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C., September 1971. Sheet music is available from Boosey and Hawkes, Inc., Oceanside, NY 11592; Brodt Music Company, P.O. Box 1207, Charlotte, NC 28201; and H. W. Gray Company, 159 East 48th Street, New York, NY 10017.

John Henry Antes, 17 April 1757, died 27 March 1834. For further information see next section.

Maria, born July 1758, died at the age of six months.

Philip, born 26 August 1759. Married Maria Susanna Williams. He established Methodism in Central Pennsylvania. He died 14 August 1831. His son:

Philip Frederick, born 1781, married Jane Holt.
Their children:

Philip, born 1810. Married Amelia Walton.
Their son:

Gibson Garfield Antes, born 1880, married Martha Mary (Bertha) Heiney. Graduate of the Old Muncy Normal School, teacher 1899-1905; principal of the Duboistown Schools at a salary of \$55 per month. Businessman in Williamsport. Their daughters:

Evelyn Antes (Mrs. Clarence R. Mutchler), a teacher in the Lose School

Ruth, died in her teens

Jean Antes, medical librarian at the Robert Packer Hospital at Sayre

Frederick T. Antes, Sr., married Florence E. Sweeley, daughter of Frank and Ellen Gheen Sweeley. Their children include:

Frederick T. Jr., Williamsport

Mrs. Jack Eichelberger of Wantagh, New York

53. To reach the graveyard at Antes Fort, from Jersey Shore cross the bridge and go to the large stone marker on the left side of the road. Take the dirt road through the farm on the right side of the road across from the marker. Go left at the Y, up the hill. At the top of the hill look for a low sign.

Marian, married Frank A. Kmetz of
Williamsport

Mrs. Roy A. Greiss of Wappingers
Falls, New York

Oscar

Helen, Mrs. Watson

Phillip

Miss Sara Antes of Lewisburg

Mrs. Mary Williamson

Anna, married John Franklin Bower. See
page 177.

Edgar H., born July 24, 1893, in Nisbet.
Operated a farm in Susquehanna
Township, specializing in potatoes.
He was one of the first Lycoming
County farmers to achieve a
400-bushel-per-acre yield. After
his retirement, he lived at 1775
Dewey Avenue, Williamsport. Was a
veteran of the First World War.
Married Beatrice Geary who was a
home economics teacher in Stevens
Junior High School and at Mansfield
State College before their marriage.
Died July 2, 1971.

Dr. Blanchard V. Antes, Dickinson
Seminary and Johns Hopkins
University School of Medicine.
Married Maurine Foster. Practiced
medicine in Canton, Ohio. Gained
fame on three continents as an
original member of the Brothers'
Brother Foundation, a medical agency
dedicated to eradicating
communicable diseases in countries
where mass inoculations are not
commonly practiced. He participated
in more than 12 missions from 1958
to 1973 to eight countries in Africa
and Central America where, by using
jet inoculators, eight million
persons were immunized against such
diseases as smallpox, typhoid fever,
diphtheria and a variety of
so-called "childhood diseases." Died
27 August 1973. His children:

Robert T. Antes of Larrysville,
Pennsylvania

John Henry Antes of Wayland,
Massachusetts

Miss Mary F. Antes of Omaha,
Nebraska
John, born 4 October 1782.

Henry, born 3 June 1784. Married Catherine M.
Foster. They had six children. He died 8
January 1860 in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A
marble monument was erected to him and his
wife in a beautiful cemetery on the banks of
the Susquehanna.

Mary, born 3 June 1787.

William, born 9 July 1789, died 5 October 1789.

Susanna, born 10 May 1791

Elizabeth, born 31 July 1794

Philip, born 10 November 1800

Elizabeth, born 7 December 1761, died 1845.

Frederick, born 19 July 1764, died at the age of two
years, 9 months.

(2) by Sophia Snyder

John, born 7 January 1769, died at the age of one year,
nine months.

Mary Catherine, born 30 September 1772, died 12 June
1852.

Anna Maria, born 6 March 1775, died at the age of two
years, six months.

William, born 18 January 1777, died 26 October 1850.

Jacob, born 3 December 1778, died 20 November 1845. His
grandson wrote the following anecdote of him: "They
were re-building the mill of my grandfather (Col.
Antes, 1736-1820) at Antes Creek, and had newed and
squared a large oak stick of timber, some two feet
or more equare, and five of the workmen undertook
to move one end and failed. The old Major [Jacob
Antes 1798-1845] then told them he could carry it

himself. They left it, and he picked it up and removed it to its place by himself. Being a boy of about 13, it impressed me as a wonderful feat."[54]

A daughter, born 21 August 1781, died at the age of six weeks.

Joseph, born 16 March 1785, died 4 October 1866.

Sophia, born 20 March 1790, died 6 March 1849. She did not marry.

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JOHN HENRY ANTES

BORN 17 April 1757, died 24 March 1834. Buried at Antes Fort, Pennsylvania.

MARRIED Ann Elizabeth Shoemaker.

Elizabeth Shoemaker was born 20 October 1775 and died 24 May 1853. She is buried at Antes Fort. She was the daughter of Henry Shoemaker. See Section III.F.

CHILDREN:

Hannah, born 28 October 1791. Died in childbirth.

John, born 11 March 1792. Married Mary Ray.

Daniel, born 4 August 1794. Married Mary Gibson.

(Mary) Amelia, born 20 October 1795. Married Elias Pontius Youngman. For further information, see Section III.A.

Anna Maria, born 5 September 1797. She married George Ruhl, and died young.

David, born 29 May 17--. Did not marry.

Henry, born 23 April 1802. He married Maria Crownover, and died young.

Elizabeth, born 23 January 1807. Married Jacob Aughenbach.

Priscilla B., born 4 April 1812. Married John B. McMicken, ex-sheriff of Lycoming county, son of General David McMicken. The Antes homestead belongs to the heirs of Priscilla.

PART III F

THE SHOEMAKER FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m. Amelia Antes 1795-1854
John Henry Antes 1757-1834	m. Ann Elizabeth Shoemaker 1775-1853
Henry Shoemaker	m. Barbara _____
Peter Schumacher, Jr.	m. _____
Peter Schumacher b. 1622	m. _____

The Shoemaker family was among the original settlers of Germantown. Peter Schumacher (born 1622) came with Francis Daniel Pastorius in 1686. They were Mennonites from Kreigsheim, Germany. His son Peter, Jr., was bailiff in Germantown 1693-1695.

The connection between Peter and his son and their descendant Henry Shoemaker is somewhat hazy but nonetheless certain. The family name was anglicized in 1752.

The Shoemaker brothers, Henry, Charles, and Jacob, came to Berks County from Germantown and bought considerable property. They served with honor during the Revolutionary War. Charles was a Colonial Justice as well as a delegate from Berks County to the Constitutional Conventions of 18 June 1776 and 15 July 1776. He served in the House of Representatives 1791-1802 and 1812-1813, and in the State Senate 1813-1816. In 1784 he was commissioned Judge of Common Pleas. Jacob was a Justice in 1777 for Windsor

township. He and his brothers were naturalized about 1743.

Henry Shoemaker built the large, strong stone house in Shoemakersville that bears the date 1768. It was Shoemaker's Inn and was a notable hostelry of that day. The house was still standing in 1900.[55]

In 1772 Henry purchased land in Northumberland, and in 1775 land for grist and saw mills.[56]

In 1777 Henry Shoemaker was one of the seven sub-lieutenants from Berks County in the Revolutionary War.[57] During that year Berks County sent three hundred fifty immense wagon loads of supplies to the army, especially at Brandywine, Germantown, and Valley Forge.

Henry Shoemaker was a miller and erected a grist mill a short distance above Shoemakersville. After the war he took his family to Muncy where he erected a saw mill and later a grist mill. His purchase of land from John Alward in Muncy in 1783 was witnessed by Frederick Antes, uncle of John Henry Antes who married Shoemaker's daughter about 1790.[58]

He was a religious man and gave 15 acres for church purposes, where Emmanuel's Evangelical Lutheran Church now stands. He was appointed a Justice for Northumberland County in 1784.

His daughter Elizabeth married Henry Antes. For further information see Section III.E.



HENRY SHOEMAKER

LIVED in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in 1777 when he entered the Revolutionary Army. Buried in the Old

55. MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 473.

56. John Lowdon, William Paterson and wife to Henry Shoemaker, 28 August 1772.

57. See PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES, Fifth Series, V, 125.

58. See John Alward et ux to Henry Shoemaker, 28 November 1783; Thomas Grant et ux to Henry Shoemaker, 26 June 1786.

Emmanual Cemetery, Muncy, Creek Township, between Muncy and Montoursville.

MARRIED Barbara ____.

CHILDREN:

Ann Elizabeth (Betsy), born 20 October 1775. Married John Henry Antes (1757-1834). For further information see Section III.E.

Jacob, his primary heir, to whom he willed 300 acres of land on the south side of Muncy Creek, bought from Fleming Wilson, where the mill and house stood, on condition that he care for his mother.

Henry, to whom he willed the 90 acres on which Henry was living plus 100 acres of adjoining land purchased from Thomas Grant.

Benjamin, to whom he willed 200 acres of land purchased from Thomas Grant.

George, to whom he willed a tract of land purchased from the heirs of William Watson on the north side of Muncy Creek, approximately 100 acres.

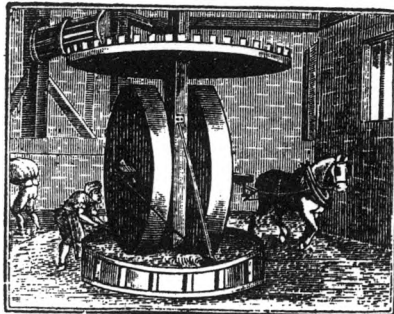
Samuel, to whom he willed a tract of land on the north side of Muncy Creek, approximately 100 acres

Hannah, married Christian Kirk

Amariah (Mollie)

Christina

Susana



Mills

PART III G

THE PAULIN FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m. Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m. Amelia Antes 1795-1854
John Henry Antes 1757-1834	m. Ann Elizabeth Shoemaker 1775-1853
John Henry Antes 1736-1820	m. Anna Maria Paulin 1737-1767
Jonathin Paul(in) d.1752	m. _____

The name Paulin (Paullin) means Little Paul or son of Paul. It is a common name in Buckinghamshire, England, probably coming there from France after the Norman conquest. There is also a line of Dutch extraction which settled in New York.

Henry Pawlin (Paulling, Paullin, Paulin) came from England about 1681 and settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was said to be from Padbury, Buckinghamshire, and was one of Penn's supporters in the Holy Experiment. He purchased 1000 acres from Penn in 1681 along the Neshaminy, with two lots in Philadelphia. His wife Sarah was born before 1660 and died before 1723. Henry moved to Salem County, New Jersey, in 1705. [59]

Since Henry was at that time at least forty years old he might surely have left sons behind him in Pennsylvania. Thus it is reasonable to conjecture that Henry was a direct ancestor of Jonathin Paul (Paulin), although it must remain, for the time being, only conjecture.

Of Jonathin Paul we know only that he was an innkeeper, highly respected in his community of Hanover. His daughter Maria married John Henry Antes. See Section III.E.



59. See a pamphlet by Elmer Garfield Van Name, THE PAULLIN FAMILY OF SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY (December 30, 1958).

PART IIIH

THE DEWEES FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m.	Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
George W. Youngman 1819-1895	m.	Anna Eliza Ludwig 1818-1894
Elias Pontius Youngman 1795-1864	m.	Amelia Antes 1795-1854
John Henry Antes 1757-1834	m.	Ann Elizabeth Shoemaker 1775-1853
John Henry Antes 1736-1820	m.	Anna Maria Paullin 1737-1767
John Henry Antes 1701-1755	m.	Christina Elizabetha Dewees d.1782
William Dewees (1677)-1745	m.	Anna Christina Meels d.1749
Garrett H. Dewees d. before 1701	m.	Zytian _____

The Dewees name comes from Holland. In 1898, Garret deWees, a native of Zaandam, Holland, gave the following history:

In 1563 there was born in Dortrecht, Holland, Jan Pietre, the only son of his parents, who died when he was very young. He was adopted by a family who gave him the surname of deWees, which being anglicized means the Orphan. Thus originating the name of deWees, or later Dewees.[60]

Garrett Hendricks DeWees emigrated from Lieuwarden, Friedland, Holland, to New York in 1688 and moved on to

60. Harriet B. LaMunyan, THE DEWEES FAMILY (Norristown, Pennsylvania, 1905), p. 13.

Germantown in 1690. He and his family traveled with the family of Wilhelm Ryttinghuisen (William Rittenhouse), a papermaker from the principality of Broich, Holland. William Ryttinghuisen's son Klaus (1666-1734) married Garrett deWees' daughter Wilhelmina in 1689.[61]

The second son of Garrett deWees, William, was probably apprenticed to Rittenhouse and learned paper making from him. On 26 March 1729 he bought land on the west side of the Wissahickon Creek in Crefeld, Pennsylvania, and began making paper himself. His was the second paper mill in America. In 1730 an indenture was arranged, by the terms of which the Crefeld property was to be run jointly by William Dewees and Henry Antes -- Dewees to operate the paper mill and Antes the grist mill. William Dewees lived there until his death. The Dewees home is now the site of the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Joseph's.

William Dewees is described as an honest, frugal man, simple in his tastes and habits, religious and generous to a fault. He was an elder of the Reformed Church of Whitemarsh and is listed as the senior deacon of that church in 1710. He gave the use of his home for the holding of church services. John Philip Böhm, pastor of the church, wrote to the church headquarters in Holland 20 April 1744:

In the congregation at Whitemarsh we have as yet nothing at all [in the way of a church edifice] but during all this long time we have made use of the house of Elder William Dewees for holding divine service without any unwillingness from his honor or the least expectation of payment. This worthy man cherishes a constant and pious hope that God will provide the means [to build a church].[62]

In addition to his activities in the church Dewees was also active in civic affairs. He served as Sheriff

61. David Rittenhouse, the "American Astronomer," was the grandson of Wilhelmina and Klaus. Rittenhouse made the first paper in America in Germantown.

62. For more complete information on William Dewees, see MacMinn, ON THE FRONTIER, p. 24, and LaMunyan, DEWEES FAMILY, pp. 24-27.

1704-1706. The following anecdote is recorded:[63]

The 28th of November 1704. Daniel Falkner coming into the court behaved himself very ill, like one that was last night drunk, and not yet having recovered his wits. He railed most grievously on the Recorder, Simon Andrews, and the Bailiff, Aret Klicken, as persons not fit to sit on the court. He challenged the Bench, to come forth, and more the like enormities. The Sheriff, William deWees, telling him that he would not do so in Philadelphia, the said Falkner himself answered no, not for a hundred pounds: and after abundance of foul language when the Court bid the Sheriff and the Constable bring him out, he went himself, crying, you are all fools, but afterwards coming again, the Court ordered him to pay his fine for having of late been extremely drunk, and convicted before Hans Gerry Meels, a Magistrate or Justice of the Peace, as also to find security for his appearance and answering for the many abuses offered to this Court. He said he would pay the said fine before going out of the house, but concerning security, the Frankford Company was security enough for him, offering also paper of his to the Court, which the Clerk began to read, but the Court having heard a few lines of it was not willing to hear it all over, committed him, the said Daniel Falkner, to appear at the next Court of Record to be held for this Corporation and answer for the abuses above expressed.

William Dewees married Anna Christina Meels, presumably the daughter or sister of the Hans Gerry Meels (Hans Heinrich Mehls), attorney, mentioned in the preceding quotation. This is the only person with this surname I have been able to find in the records of the community.

William sent his children to a school taught by Francis Daniel Pastorius. His eldest daughter, Christina, married Henry Antes in 1726. William died in 1745.

63. PIETISTS OF PROVINCIAL PENNSYLVANIA, 175, as quoted in LaMunyan, DEWEES FAMILY, pp. 27-28.

GARRETT HENDRICKS deWEES

DIED before 1701. He was born in Lieuwarden, Friesland, Holland.

MARRIED Zytian _____

CHILDREN:

Cornelius, a farmer in Montgomery County. He was one of two constables at Germantown in 1706.

William, paper maker. See below.

Lewis, weaver, moved to Delaware. He died in 1743.

Wilhelmina, born 13 March 1673. Married Klaus Ryttinghuisen (Rittenhouse) 29 May 1689. Klaus was the son of William Ryttinghuisen who made the first paper in America. The grandson of Klaus and Wilhelmina, David Rittenhouse, was known as the "American Astronomer." David served also as treasurer of Pennsylvania. Klaus died in 1734.



WILLIAM DEWEES

BORN about 1677 in Lieuwarden, Friesland, Holland. He died 3 March 1745 at Germantown and is buried in the Concord or Upper Burying Groud at Germantown.

MARRIED Anna Christina Meels

Anna Christina Meels died in 1749. She was presumably the daughter or sister of Hans Gerry Meels (Hans Heinrich Mehls), an attorney at Germantown.

CHILDREN:

Garrett, a miller, married Agnes Streeper

Christina Elizabeth, married Henry Antes 2 February 1726. For further information see Section III.E.

Margaret, married Peter Knorr

William, married Rachel Farmer. He was Justice of the Peace and Sheriff of Philadelphia 1773. He died in 1777.

Henry, born 1716. Married Rachel _____. They had six children, of whom William was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Revolutionary War and Thomas was Jailer in Philadelphia 1776-1777. Henry died in 1801.

Cornelius, a cooper, married Maria Philippina Bo"hm, daughter of Paster Bo"hm. They moved to Gloucester County, New Jersey. They had eight children, six sons and two daughters.

Mary

Philip, who went to South Carolina about 1760. He had four children. It is his son Cornelius for whom Dewees Island, South Carolina, is named. Philip died in 1778.



Paper-Maker

PART IV A

THE HINKAL FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
John Roseberry Hinkal 1817-1871	m. Lydia Gearhart 1826-1881
Jacob (John) Hinkal 1788-1855	m. Mary Roseberry 1791-1855

The name Hinkal is a very common German name in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. A large number of immigrants with this surname are listed as entering the port of Philadelphia in the first half of the eighteenth century. Among the more likely candidates for ancestor of Jacob Hinkal are the following:

Christian Hinkell, age 35, arrived 1741 on the snow MOLLY from Rotterdam by way of Deal.

Hans Lenart Hinkel, arrived 1749 on the ship PHOENIX from Rotterdam by way of Cowes.

Johan Geo. Hinckle, arrived 1754 on the snow GOOD INTENT from Amsterdam by way of Gosport.

Johannes Hinckel arrived 1769 on the ship CRAWFORD from Rotterdam.

Johan Felt (Vallentin) Hinckle arrived 1754 on the snow GOOD INTENT from Amsterdam by way of Gosport.

Jacob Hinkal moved to Easton, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, from Camden, New Jersey, about 1815, bringing with him his English bride, Mary Roseberry.

Mary and her four brothers came to America from England and settled in New Jersey. Their uncle Jacob lived in New Jersey also.

Her brother Godfrey Roseberry moved to Easton, Pennsylvania. Jacob married Hannah Sidgraves. There were two other brothers, William and John.

Mary and Jacob Hinkal moved to Williamsport before 1850 and lived there until the end of their lives.

He was apparently a builder or carpenter. His name is mentioned in an account of an old house as having put siding on it in 1835.

He owned two tracts of land of over 200 acres along the Susquehanna.

Their son John Roseberry Hinkal had ten children, eight daughters and two sons. He had a farm at Long Reach, near Williamsport, which was sold after his death and that of his wife.



JACOB (JOHN) HINKAL

BORN 17 August 1788. Died 16 June 1855. Buried in the Williamsport Cemetery, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, 6 rows from the west side, 4 lots south of the Boulevard.

MARRIED Mary Roseberry before 1814.

Mary Roseberry was born in England 22 June 1791. She died 29 September 1855 and is buried in the Williamsport Cemetery.

CHILDREN:

Elizabeth, married John Weigler. Born 1815, died 19 April 1883.

John Roseberry, born 15 February 1817, died 17 February 1871. For more information, see next section.

Lydia, born 9 May 1826, died 6 November 1881.

Mary, born 22 July 1845, died 25 November 1855.

Harry John, born 1868, died 12 May, 1954, age 86. Farmer in the Nippenose Valley. Married Mabel _____. Buried at St. Peter's Cemetery, Collonsville. His children:

Edward

Charles

Frances (Mrs. Worth, Oval, Pennsylvania)

Catherine, died before 1856. Married David Clark. Their children:

Jacob

Mary Agnes

The following are listed on the notice of sale of Jacob's land, 18 August 1856, as being "children and grandchildren." The exact relationships are unclear:

William Hinkal

Jacob Hinkal

Godfrey Hinkal

Michael Hinkal (14 years old)

Mary Jane, married to William Casper.

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JOHN ROSEBERRY HINKAL

BORN 15 February 1817 at Long Reach (Reach Road, Williamsport). Died 17 February 1871. Buried at the Williamsport Cemetery, Williamsport.

MARRIED Lydia Gearhart 1 May 1845.

Lydia Gearhart was born 9 May 1826. She died 6 November 1881 and is buried at the Williamsport Cemetery. She was the daughter of Adam Gearhart. See Section IV.B.

CHILDREN:

Mary Elizabeth, born 28 March 1846, died 25 November 1855.

Hannah, born 22 January 1848. Married Harry Rakestraw of Montoursville. Died 4 February 1916.

Sarah Ann, born 14 April 1849, died 12 June 1876, age 27.

Adam Gearhart, born 24 October 1850, died 30 November 1862, age 12.

John Roseberry, Jr., born 23 January 1853, died 17 January 1860, age 7.



Lydia Gearhart Hinkal (1829-1881)



John Roseberry Hinkal (1817-1871)

Sophia, born 21 April 1856. Married James Haug. Died 30 May 1943.

Frank M. Haug, a truck driver at Williamsport. Married Florence Nast. Their daughter:

Harriet Ann

James, Williamsport Died 2 July 1941.

Emma Catherine, born 13 November 1857. Married William F. Martin. Died 7 July 1928. Daughter:

Grace, Mrs. Lloyd Dunkle of Paxtang, Pennsylvania.

Arthur M. Dunkle of Camp Hill

Lloyd L. Dunkle Jr., of Arlington, Virginia

a daughter, married Dr. Bartley of Maryland

William Gearhart, born 11 September 1859, died 2 October 1881, age 22, of typhoid contracted at a camp meeting.

Elizabeth "Lizzie", born 20 September 1861. Married Dr. J. Frank Fleming. Died suddenly after several months of lung trouble, 10 September 1902. She is buried with her daughter Margaret in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport, north of the Youngman lot, midway between the two roads. Her children:

Howard

Margaret died as a young girl

Mildred (1889-1974), who did not marry but kept house for the family, and for her father until his death.

Ellsworth

Ella May, born 23 November 1862. Married James M. Youngman. Died 25 November 1950. For further information see PART VI.



PART IVB

THE GEARHART FAMILY

James Moore Youngman 1852-1929	m. Ella May Hinkal 1863-1950
John Roseberry Hinkal 1817-1871	m. Lydia Gearhart 1826-1881
Adam Gearhart 1793-1864	m. Hannah Markel 1799-1864

Adam Gearhart was a blacksmith who lived on and owned the property at the corner of Government Place and West Third Street, consisting of "three houses and other buildings," in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

He is listed as a blacksmith in Williamsport in the censuses of 1830 and 1840.

He married Hannah Markel. Little is known of Hannah except that she made wonderful quilts. She had two brothers and a sister whom we have been able to identify:

John Markel, a farmer at Callohill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sarah Markel Henry, Philadelphia

Jacob Markel of Seidersville (2 miles south of Bethlehem). He married in 1850 and had three daughters. He ran a store in Seidersville.

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#### GEARHART

HIS CHILDREN include:

George, born 19 February 1792, died 5 July 1883. Served in the War of 1812.[1] Married Rebecca (1795-1851),

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1. Private, Captain Fisher's Co., Pennsylvania Militia.

daughter of Ruben McPherson. They are buried in the Potter-Emory Graveyard, Huntington Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.

Adam, born 7 February 1793. See below.



#### ADAM GEARHART

BORN 7 February 1793, died 9 November 1864. Buried in the Williamsport Cemetery.

MARRIED Hannah Markel

Hannah Markel was born 14 December 1799 in Berks County, Pennsylvania. She died 12 August 1864 and is buried in the Williamsport Cemetery. See Section IV.D.

#### CHILDREN:

Polly, married Samuel Holyapple

Lydia, born 7 (9) May 1826. Married John Roseberry Hinkal. For further information see Section IV.A.

Sarah, married Benjamin Meyers. Died before 1864.  
Daughters:

Lydia Jane Roseanna

Mary Matilda



## PART V

### WILLIAM WALTON FREED and AMELIA DOEBLER FREED

William Walton Freed, eldest child of the Reverend Abraham Freed, grew up in a loving family which followed Abraham's ministry along a circuit through eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland, rarely spending more than a year in any town. William was born in Attleborough, and attended schools up and down the eastern shore of Maryland. On a preacher's salary, the family was never affluent, but then Mary and Abraham never aspired to earn more than enough to live on.

In later years, in the course of a sermon on the Evils of tobacco, William related an incident from his boyhood:

Almost every boy or girl that smoked was first sickened by its deadly effects. And when I make that assertion, I speak that I know! I remember my own sad experience. And while I shall not shed any tears over it now, I shall endeavor to tell you just how it was. Well, I went to school with a lot of other boys in the Eastern shore of Maryland where everybody chews enough and smokes. The boys, of course, chewed, and I as a greenhorn, as it were, stood in wonder and amazement and looked on. They treated me as an inferior because I could not chew, so I thought, and one day a great big burly fellow asked me if I didn't want a chaw of "terbacker". Of course I did. I took a great big chaw, stuck my hands in my pocket, and started off with the boys, slobbering and spitting as big as the next fellow.

But alas for my bright dreams of manhood, my knees commenced to quiver. I commenced to feel sick all over, and concluded that the best place for me was home. I wanted to go home. I struck a bee line for that delightful place, hung my coat on a willow, and crawled under the house near a big hole, and there I layed and disgorged and disgorged till I thought my very heart was in my throat. They talk sometimes about their dear Johnny or Willy that is sick because he has emptied a

sugar bowl, but I believe you will believe my statement when I told my good mother I was taken suddenly ill and could not tell the cause.

She put me to bed, gave me a catnip tea to take inwardly, put warm bricks to my feet and cold cloths to my head, and sent out to gather in all the good mothers to hold a pow-wow over me and devise ways and means for my speedy restoration to health once more. Of course I was doctored and physicked to death almost, but to make a long story short I got well, thanks be to a good providence. I recovered again, and there and then resolved that as for me and my house, we would abstain from the use of tobacco forever after. And if the sick boys that have been sickened by its use would follow the advice of nature, they would save their ruddy cheeks and their depleted pocket book.

William must have been a very serious young man, studious and devout. He was widely read, being particularly fond of books on history, biography, and travel. At an early age he was an accomplished writer and speaker. He was also a cunning chess player who frequently played in local competitions. He was thirsty for knowledge and experience and stored up as much of both as he could.

When the Reverend Abraham Freed died in 1865 at Bridgville, Delaware, his wife Mary Freed, then 38, was left with six children. William, who was 14, sought work in Philadelphia. He lived at the Y.M.C.A. and worked in a steel mill. The family must also have received at least some widow's assistance from the Methodist church, for it is hard to imagine how a family of seven could survive on the wages of one teen-age boy. While he was working at the steel mill, a piece of flying hot steel hit him in the eye, causing him to lose the sight of that eye. After this accident he stopped work at that steel mill and found other kinds of work.

Some time before 1870, Mary moved with her children back to Halifax, Pennsylvania, to be near her relatives.[1] William had already received the call to preach, and was a fine speaker. He decided to go and preach the Gospel as his father had done, serving people

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1. In the Census of 1870 Mary Freed is listed at Halifax as having real estate valued at \$1000 and personal property valued at \$200.

in far-flung communities on the camp meeting circuits. He prepared his sermons carefully, writing them out in full and then making up an outline from which to speak.

William traveled across the continent by rail, visiting every state, and two territories which would become the 47th and 48th states. In his sermons he makes keen observations on the culture of the post-war South from Virginia to Texas, and on life in the rugged west. Among his sermons we find a letter from a congregation in Madison County, Nebraska, where he served for eight months, citing his "gifts, grace, and usefulness as a minister of the Gospel" and recommending him "as a proper person to preach the Gospel wherever he may go."

Finding himself at last in San Francisco with no money for the journey home, he signed aboard a merchant vessel as an unlicensed seaman. Working aboard ship he could earn his passage to London. Once there, he would have enough money to pay his way back to New York. It seemed rather roundabout, but in addition to being a way home it was also an opportunity to see more of the world.

The British bark IRON CRAG, built in 1877, was listed in Lloyd's Register of shipping for 1878/9 as being out of Liverpool. Captain Jones assembled a crew in San Francisco to carry a load of American grain to Britain. William Freed, at 28, signed on for adventure as much as for pay. Later in his life he frequently lectured on his experiences on this trip. Tickets to his lecture were sold for five cents.[2]



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2. The identity of the vessel was determined by a check of the ALTA CALIFORNIA newspaper records of the time by Ms. Barbara Bernhart, Assistant Librarian, National Maritime Museum, San Francisco. Bernhart to Graff, 29 January 1981. A transcript of the following account is on file in the library collection.

The following account is transcribed from the handwritten original. This and the "Tobacco" sermon are in the possession of Bruce J.S. Freed, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. To make it easier to read, the spelling and punctuation have been modernized. Bracketed words and footnotes are mine.

BEFORE THE MAST  
1878-79

Ladies and Gentlemen, the subject of my lecture this evening is entitled, "Before the Mast,"[3] which means in sailor parlance a man that will take all the kicks and cuffs, all the hard knocks and abuse, which a cruel captain and a surly mate choose to inflict. It means a man that will climb to the Main Royal [mast] in all kinds of weather -- that will stand on the Gallant forecandle holding on to the life line amid old ocean's wildest fury and keep a sharp lookout for icebergs, land, or ships in the dark and silent watches of the night. It means also a man that will stand by the helm of the ship when ocean waves are rolling mountain-high and steer her safely on her course. This, my hearers, is what in common conversation among sailors is meant by the expression, "before the mast." And another expression in use is "shipping" which means that you walk up before the British or American counsel as the case may be and sign your name to a paper containing many conditions for your government during the long voyage before you.

Let me then lead your thoughts away for a short time from the quiet scenes that here surround you to the far-away City of San Francisco, and there in imagination see your humble servant, hat in hand, standing before the British Counsel and appending his name to the ship's articles. In that I promised to be faithful, prompt, and obedient to my superior officers, in that I promised to live on one quart of water a day, one lb. of salt pork or beef every day, and also a pound of bread of which this is a specimen. There were many other conditions that we were to observe which I fully learned before the voyage was over -- and some of them to my sorrow.

Having signed the ship's articles, we were the Captain's prisoners, for once a man has affixed his signature to that paper, he is bound by the law of nations to remain on board until the captain lands his ship in the port of her destination.

I can remember well the day we left San Francisco. It was on the 19th day of September 1878. The noble ship lay far out in the bay safely anchored. The men that had shipped stood by the wharf ready to be rowed

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3. To serve "before the mast" is to serve as an unlicensed seaman aboard ship.



off in the yawl [a ship's small boat, manned by four to six oarsmen]. Most of them were so drunk that they could hardly stand, but all of them by a little help were embarked, and the shores soon receded far away.

Having arrived alongside the ship, another difficulty was experienced in getting our noble tars [seamen] on board ship. Some were so drunk that ropes were fastened around their waists and they were hoisted on board like so many cattle and stowed away in their bunks to sleep off their debauch.

We were two days in the harbor before leaving; for although our captain was all ready to put to sea, the law says he must remain two days in port after his crew is aboard to see if he had any men aboard who have been Shanghaied. San Francisco, in the good old days long since gone by, was a hard place to obtain crews, and the sailors tell of a man that the Boardinghouse Keepers shipped as a good man who was drunk -- dead drunk -- so drunk that he could lay in an August sun with face turned to all [its] intense rays and never feel any evil effects. Well, this was the condition of this man. He would, however, be all right after the whiskey was out and the wit in. The Captain paid fifty dollars in advance for this good man and took him aboard. Soon after he left the port, and two days after he discovered that his "good man," like all the good Indians and good little Boys, died early in the voyage. He was dead -- and amid curses long and deep, Jack was consigned to his last sleep from the end of a plank over the ship's side.

At other times these boarding house runners would accost an unsuspecting man and after a pleasant chat, take him into some of their haunts, there to be drugged in drinking some of their vile whiskey. And when he woke up, nothing by sea and sky greeted his eye -- bound away perhaps to China or some other distant land.

There were none of our men, however, either dead or drugged, but some of them after having spent a fifty-dollar advance were eager to get ashore again. And in order to prevent this, two policemen walked our decks to keep these same boarding house runners from stealing them away again.

On Sunday, the 22nd day of September, we hoisted our anchor. Amid the songs of our Sailors we were bound away this very day from Frisco Bay and spread our sails to the breeze. Golden Gate[4] was soon passed, and

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4. Golden Gate is the strait between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific. It is 2 miles wide. The Golden Gate Bridge was not built until 1937.

before night the Coast was bouncing dimly in the distance. Darkness spread her mantle o'er the sea and by its glimmering rays I saw the last vestige of civilization for four months -- the streaming lights of Golden Gate, 20 miles away. About 12 o'clock it faded from view, and the stars above and the water beneath told me that we were indeed at sea.

The watches were divided shortly after leaving San Francisco, for at sea there must always be enough men on deck to man the ship. A watch has four hours on deck and four hours below. And in that four hours below they must wash and mend their own clothes, for poor Jack has no loving hands to bear away these necessary duties. He must eat and sleep in that four hours, and at 8 bells [8:00 A.M.] he must be on deck, rain or shine, calm or blow, to do anything his superior officer demands at his hands. And for 115 days I never got more than four hours sleep at any one time.

After leaving San Francisco we had nothing to mar our enjoyment for some time. Occasionally a school of porpoises crossed our bow or perhaps far away we might see a whale spouting up water in the air. Birds hovered o'er our ship and told us we were still on God's footstool, and all went merry as a marriage ball.

Every two hours we would hear from the Quarter deck the ominous sound, "Heave the log!" and just here I will try and explain what the log is. I can assure you we do not heave any logs over at that time, but in my ignorance when I first heard that expression, I looked around for something to throw overboard. I soon, however, found out my mistake. The log consists of a line sometimes a hundred and sometimes a hundred and fifty feet long. On the end of this line there is a small canvas bag about as large as a large glass formed in the shape of a funnel, and all along the line, after the first five feet are over, there are knots generally 14 feet apart. And then in connection with this line they use one of the old time hour glasses with sand in it, generally one that runs out in about a minute. One man holds this glass in his hand while the other has the line, generally the mate. He throws the line overboard, and after the first 25 feet is out he calls to the man with the glass to turn it over. And while the line is running out and the sand is running from one side to the other, he tells the distance the ship is traveling in one hour. As soon as the sand is out, he calls, "Up!" The line is stopped. If now the ship travels 80 ft. in one minute, she is traveling so many miles in the hour. 'Tis in this manner, my hearers, that the Captain can tell with unerring certainty how far he had traveled in 24 hours. And while there are no apparent mile posts to

mark the watery waste of the deep, man by his divine genius has planted mile posts all over the wide extent of old Ocean.

After being ten days out, on October 2, just after I had finished my last piece of salt pork, I heard the steward call out, "Lime juice!" Everyone turned out to obtain his cupful, which is put up in the form of lemonade and is given on all long voyages on English Ships to prevent scurvy. Sailors must necessarily eat at sea large quantities of salt provisions, and it produces scurvy, one of the most loathsome and terrible of diseases. I saw a sailor that had had the scurvy and he was a complete wreck of his former self. Lime juice is one of the greatest remedies yet discovered for this disease, and every British ship must supply their crew with a good tea cup full every day.

The first 25 days passed with nothing of special moment to occur. Our week days were employed in scrubbing decks or washing paint work. Sunday was a general holiday, and while some were gambling for tobacco, others were washing clothes, and God's day passed on board ship as Thanksgiving Day passes among us on the land.

But at last, as we neared the Line [the equator], ominous sounds commenced to be heard of old Neptune. Santa Claus was never painted to childish mind as was Neptune to your humble speaker. I was told what he had done -- that he had caught the defenseless sailor who first appeared in his waters -- that he hath shaved his head as clean as a billiard ball -- that he had bedecked him with tar and feathers -- and that he had sent him aloft to dance to His Highness -- until I was ready to believe almost anything! And it was indeed with fear and trembling that I expected at last, like Pilgrims of old, to wake up in the clutches of this Giant. Despair! I knew not what would be my fate, but I was not long in suspense. My mustache that had cost me the labor of years, that I had nursed with a fatherly care and bedewed with many and various kinds of hair restorers -- the pride and joy of every young man -- must come off with my hair. I pled and begged, but in vain. My prayers and tears availed not. And the next morning I woke up minus my mustache, and hair as short as a Sing Sing convict. However, time, the great restorer as well as destroyer of all our woes, has healed the wounds there inflicted; and Neptune, I trust, has buried the hatchet forever in my favor.

We crossed the line going south on October 15, and gradually, as we neared Cape Horn, the waves of old Ocean commenced to roll themselves up in grander power.

The ship commenced to rock beneath its power as the cradle rocks to the touch of Mother's love. And though we were yet 1000 miles from Cape Horn, we could commence to feel the swellings as we traveled south. We also observed that every day grew longer and yet it was cold. In that far-away land, the sun's rays seemed powerless to dispel the frosty winds of Antarctic seas.

On November 2, just at dawn of day, we saw running along the line of Heaven's canopy flashes of lightning. No storm, however, seemed to be apparent. All hands were called on deck to take in sail, and in one hour from that time it was blowing a perfect hurricane of wind. This was my first storm, and though the sea was tossing our good ship as a feather on its bosom, I thought surely it cannot come over its side. Thinking thus, what was my surprise to see the ship lurch to one side and take in enough water to lift me from my feet and wash me from side to side! After this I was more careful how I put myself in its grasp. This storm, however, was of short duration, and the next day we were scudding along before the wind with a clear sky and a fair wind.

This, however, did not last long. We were nearing Cape Horn now. Every day our spurs were lashed down to the decks tighter than ever. New and stronger sails were hoisted in the place of the old ones. The fore and mizzen royal [sails] were unbent and, if possible, our ship was made doubly strong. This was on November 15. It was cold and dreary. Then we were off the coast of Patagonia, and our good ship was surrounded by flocks of huge birds called Albatrosses, denizens of that land of Giants, who seemed like weird spirits from some accursed land, to hover o'er our ship and sing our funeral dirge. The skies were dark. The sea was blue in its intense depth. The winds were cold, and all nature seemed to portend some terrible disaster. That night the winds of Heaven seemed to let loose all their batteries on our devoted ship. Ever and anon some dark blue wave would come like a charging legion upon us, leaping over our sides and sweeping over the decks in matchless power and grandeur.

About 8 o'clock that night I and one of my shipmates by the name of Wilson were ordered aloft to take in the main royal [sail]. I shall never forget that terrible night -- terrible to me because my friend never returned on deck again. We ascended that gray height together, but I could see that he was very cold -- his hands especially -- and it was with great difficulty that he managed to hang on. But at last he stood on the foot rope of the yard when by some means the clew [lower corner] of the sail which is on the

extreme end, hit him on the head in the fierce wind that prevailed, and poor Harry dropped forever out of sight. The roar of the sea hushed his voice if he called and we never saw him again. Tis amid such scenes as this that sailors live. I at last furled the sail and returned on deck with a heavy heart to report the sad occurrence. He was a noble fellow and a general favorite among the whole crew. An American by birth, he leaves a widowed mother in the state of Connecticut to mourn his loss.

All that night the sea seemed to conspire for our destruction. About 11 o'clock a tremendous wave burst over the stern of the ship washing away the grating on which the man at the wheel stood, carrying away the compass and a lot of chickens that had been the joy and pride of our captain. Twelve o'clock at last came when our watch was relieved and I congratulated to myself at least four hours rest. But scarcely had I lain down tired and weary with the labors of four hours when a tremendous sea struck the forecandle sending, I confess, a shudder through my frame and breaking in our door, which was two inches thick of solid oak, like so much paper. The forecandle was filled at once. I, as misfortune would have it, had a lower bunk and had the full benefit of all the water. Our beds and clothes were wringing wet, and we were indeed most miserable beings. This was one of the nights which I shall long remember. I could indeed say "Amen" to the good Episcopalian's prayer when he cries, "Lord, bless us most miserable offenders." This night, however, like all the long roads, had an end, and the next morning the sea was calmer although very rough yet and we saw our first land, named the Diago Rameree Island, after being 64 days out. This was a dreary, desolate-looking island around which immense flocks of birds were flying.

We were now south of Cape Horn and steered in an easterly direction. This was November 16. That night about 11 o'clock the joyful announcement was made that we had passed the dreaded Cape, and our Captain ordered the lead to be hove, and at 600 feet we struck bottom in deep sea sounding.[5] The lead is covered on the bottom with tallow in order to take hold of anything it touches. When the lead was brought up, it was covered with a very small shell that had been crumbled to pieces. After this time our course was North.

On November 19 I saw my first iceberg. About 3 o'clock the cry was heard, "Sail ho!" It looked indeed

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5. The lead (pronounced "led") is a large iron weight tied to the end of a rope which is cast overboard to test the depth of the channel.

like a big ship, but soon we could see by its irregular shape that it was an iceberg. To describe it would be impossible. No man can paint a picture that will represent reality. Some of you have stood by Niagara and heard its roar and seen its dark and seething mass, hurried on by the unseen power of God, tumbling over that immense height and dashing all its force beneath. And where yet has been the artist that [could] depict that awfully grand sight on canvas? Where yet is the painter who has painted Gettysburg in all its grandeur on the memorable three days of July, when the host of Rebellion swept over the plain, to the tune of 200 cannons' roar, to meet death on Cemetery Hill? And so [it is], my hearers, with a silent statue-like Mountain of Ice as it floats on old ocean's breast with hills and valleys, with towers and turrets jumbled up in a thousand different fancies. But there they all are silent, yet speaking as no orator ever yet spoke. I stood in silent awe before the power of omnipotent God far way in Antarctic seas where this huge monster was formed. Who can, among my audience, conceive of the cold which froze into being this mass? Years may have elapsed, but at last the work is complete. The last prop is knocked from under, the mountain mass drops from her mooring, and stately and grandly she takes her course toward northern seas. This iceberg was over 1 mile long and 100 feet above the sea level. Our captain supposed it was 600 feet high in the dusk of the evening. On another day we passed an immense piece of this ice that would perhaps fill this room, floating very near our ship, but thanks to the man on the lookout, we escaped its power. These small pieces, hidden away as it were from sight, are the greatest dread of sailors at sea. Many a noble ship has gone down from such pieces, with all on board. We were among icebergs about one week, and during that time we passed one almost every day. During that time the air was colder also, as the atmosphere is sensibly affected by these huge monsters. Having left these ugly neighbors, we slept in more peace.

The next curiosity I saw was a school of strange-looking fish called penwinks [penguins]. There is an old and doubtless a true saying that there is nothing on land that has not its counterpart in the ocean. If this is so, these fish represented a flock of ducks, minus feathers. This fish is seldom seen and only far at sea. They swim with their wings and are indeed a great curiosity.[6]

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6. Penguins are, of course, not fish but birds -- flightless aquatic birds of the family Speniscidae of the Southern Hemisphere, having webbed feet and wings reduced to flippers.



Flying fish were also numerous at this time. Doubtless you have all heard of this fish. Their wings seem to be nothing more than enlarged fins on the side which they have the power of extending into wings. They rise with a sudden bound, generally to escape the dolphin, their greatest enemy, and fly a hundred yards or so. Whenever flying fish were seen, the spears were got out for dolphin is a delicious fish that is only seen far at sea. The dolphin is a very greedy fish and in pursuit of his game will frequently jump out of the water. They are sometimes speared, but the most common way of catching them is to tie a white rag on the end of a hook and then dance it along on the surface of the water. The dolphin will frequently jump out of the water to grasp it, when he is easily secured. This fish has the power of changing its color. Sometimes as he swims alongside the ship he resembles sparkling diamonds in the rays of the sun; and again he assumes a purple color; and in death he turns almost dark.[7]

On the 3rd day of December I witnessed the sight of a fish called the thrasher [shark] killing a whale.[8] The thrasher is a long eel, only much heavier and longer. The whale, like the seal, must come to the surface to breathe and just as he rises to the top of the water, you will see the thrasher leap high in the air and come down with terrific force on the whale's back and thus he follows him up until the whale rolls over in death, literally beaten to a jelly when the thrasher -- like the tiger [shark] -- sucks his blood and leaves the balance for smaller game.

There was a very large whale that kept our company for over 1/2 a day. He came so near the ship that you could touch him with a pole, and I got a good view of

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7. This is a visual phenomenon caused by water and light rather than any real changing done by the porpoise.

8. Thrasher shark. A large shark of the genus *Alopias*, which threshes the water with its long tail to drive together the small fish on which it feeds. Under normal circumstances a thrasher shark would not be interested in a whale. However, there are a number of accounts on record of thrasher sharks and also swordfish attacking and sometimes killing whales. Judy Perkins, paper presented at the Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Massachusetts, 1979. The tiger shark is a large shark found in warm water which is known for its voracious habits.

him. Right on the top of his back there was an immense hole that seemed big enough for a man to get inside of. This is his blower. When he sinks, this hole naturally fills with water. When he desires to breathe, he rises to the surface and blows out this water and takes in a fresh supply of air. Whales are fond of company and frequently they imagine the bottom of the ship is another whale and will follow them for a long distance.

On Sunday, December 8, we passed the Island of Trinidad, another desolate-looking island rising like a mountain right up from the sea. This island we saw after being 77 days out.

Our next adventure came very near being our last. There was a great amount of work to do now the ship was got ready for the home port, and a ship is a captain's baby in an enlarged form. An engineer loves his engine and takes good care of her. A mother loves her infant and all her soul is wrapped up in her child. A farmer loves his horse because his horse, next to himself, is the most valuable thing he has. And a sea Captain as he walks the deck of his ship notes her every movement with eagle eye. More particularly is this the case as he draws near his home. Then it is his greatest ambition to sail into the home port with his ship looking as neat as a new pin. And about this time poor Jack earns all his wages. The rigging must be tarred down and these hands of mine have dipped, you may believe, more than once into the depths of a tar bucket. The decks must be corked and holloystoned.[9] The sides of the ship must be painted, and in fact everything about her must have the artistic touch of a sailor's paint brush for I think Jack represents quite a number of building trades in his makeup.

Well to commence with was the decks -- they must be corked and pitched -- and for a week nothing but boiling pitch and ringing corking hammers resounded on our ship. The pitch was melted on deck by means of a hand forge. And somehow or other tar coal and fire were pitched down the fore hatch and in an instant a tremendous blaze shot up from beneath, and consternation seized every face. The ship was hove to [brought to a halt]. The hand pumps were quickly manned, and our bold tars became bold firemen. After about an hour's work, we succeeded in getting out the fire, ruining about 200 bags of

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9. Holloystoned. Rubbed with a pumice-like stone in order to polish them to a high gloss.



wheat.[10] We breathed the air of freedom again. There is an excitement about a fire at sea that you cannot feel on land when you feel that the ship beneath your feet is burning up. When this plank on which I stand is gone and the dark blue waters of death are before me, 'tis then that every arm is stirred and every heart fired to do and to dare and to die for the salvation of the ship.

After the fire was put out, the cleaning process continued with redoubled vigor. The masts were scraped down and oiled, the paint washed with soap and repainted, the decks were holloystoned and oiled, and lastly the rigging was tarred down. Everything looked as snug as could be and we were ready for the home port.

After this our captain rested easy for some time until one morning we were all summoned aft to give information in regard to his cats. Our captain's loves were in two things: his cats and his brown jug. Puss would fawn over him and burr in his arms when whiskey drove all else away. This cat stole something belonging to one of our sailors, and that night it went over the side. Of course no one knew its whereabouts, and the captain after that centered all his love in his bottles. Thus it has ever been -- when we are robbed of one treasure, our hearts center more closely around the other.

On December 24 we crossed the line coming north and the next day was Christmas when all hearts are reunited by thoughts of a diviner love -- the birth of him who died on Calvary's Cross. And while merry hearts were made glad on the land, there was a merry company far away on old ocean's breast, eating a good Christmas dinner. We had two sheep and two hogs aboard. One of the sheep was killed and a fresh mess prepared for the ship's crew with regular sea duff[11] for a dessert, and after so long a seige of salt hog, you may imagine how sweet to the taste was a piece of fresh meat. Anything, they say, tastes good to a hungry man, and after living

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10. This was a merchant vessel carrying grain from the west to England. There was a flourishing grain trade between the two countries at that time. Barbara Bernhart, San Francisco Maritime Association.

11. Duff. A stiff flour pudding, boiled or steamed and often flavored with currants, citron, spices, etc.

on salt provisions any length of time, I think a man could eat a piece of fresh elephant or like the old apostle would call nothing under God's heaven common or unclean.

We saw on Christmas Day a curious fish whose name I forget who have the power of erecting a small sail and scudding along before the wind. This sail looked like a blood red sheet about as large as a human hand.[12]

On the 28th day of December a thunder storm came upon us so all sails were taken in and for about 1/2 hour the sea was calm -- no sound but the muttering thunder; and flashing gleam of lightning as it coursed along the sky greeted the eye. Every man was standing by, as the sailors say, when suddenly a ball of fire, as it were, hung over the Main Royal Mast, creating a solemn feeling in every mind. For a couple of seconds it hung there when, gliding along across the braces, it lighted on the fore Royal Mast. There it hung for a moment, and then we saw it far out on the jib boom. It soon faded away, leaving behind the remembrance of a visitor from spirit lands. The rain shortly after descended in torrents, and in about 1/2 hour after the sun was shining again as bright as ever.

Nothing of moment occurred after this till January 9 when we encountered a furious gale of wind lasting two days, four hundred miles from Cape Clear, the southernmost point in Ireland. About 3 o'clock at night one of our sails was carried away by its power. I never saw the wind blow harder, nor have I ever seen its force more fully tested. It has been my privilege to stand on some naked prairie and view the fire as it swept o'er its plain with lightning speed. The thunder storm that sweeps up your valley will not tell the tale. No eye but he that sees can imagine how tremendous is the power of that zephyr-like wind that has often lulled you to sleep. At the height of this gale I was standing in the forward part of the ship when a new sail blew completely away, snapping new "inch" rope [an inch in diameter] like so much paper. The masts of our ship strained and bent beneath its force so much that we were afraid they would have to be cut away. Sometimes it blows so hard at sea that nothing but the sacrifice of the masts will save the ship. We were, however, saved this disaster.

The next morning opened with the seas rolling mountain high. The wind still blew a gale. The whole

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12. Sailfish. The red color must have been an optical illusion created by the sunlight.

atmosphere was filled with spray. Now our good ship was high in the air on the crest of some huge wave and now deep in the trough of the sea with walls of surging billows on every side. And thus it raged for two days and two nights. During that time many noble ships went down forever as we saw afterwards in the papers, but we escaped.

I wish, my hearers, I could describe to you a storm at sea. When the forces of Heaven and Earth are arrayed for man's destruction, standing upon the deck of the noble ship, holding on to some life line or perhaps up in the rigging, now rolled on this side and now on that, you look up at a sky dark and portentous. The winds are blowing with all their power, singing, as it were, your funeral knell through the rigging of the ship. Never has wind sounded around the eaves of your house like that wind through every part of the ship. The ship is rolling and creaking amid a terrible sea. Ever and anon a tremendous wave washes over the deck, carrying death and destruction in its track. The whole surface of the ocean is covered with foam while breaking waves and furious wind combine to make a noise as if a thousand cannons roared around. This, my hearers, is a faint picture of a storm at sea. I think one of the most grandly beautiful pictures I ever saw was when high up on the yard, I looked down on our noble ship, now tossed on this side, now on that -- that ship that you would imagine nothing could harm. How its greatness and strength faded into weakness and nothingness before the matchless power of the ocean!

Many persons cannot imagine how the sea can produce so much destruction -- how a wave that breaks over its side can wrench and twist an iron bar as we would break a stick. Let me then endeavor to explain it. The sea always travels with the wind, and sometimes in a hurricane it runs at the rate of 12 to 15 miles an hour. And when an immense wave breaks over the side of the ship, it strikes anything it comes in contact with at just that rate of speed. See what power is manifested on our rivers in the spring when the ice breaks up.

Imagine five or six tons of salt water -- and you will remember that salt water is much more powerful than fresh -- breaking over the side of the ship and traveling at the rate of 12 or 15 miles an hour over its decks, and then, my friend, you may form some idea of the power of Old Ocean! Then you can understand why some ships look like rolling bogs[13] after being out in

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13. Bog. British slang for a privy or outhouse.

such a storm with masts all gone and sides or bulwarks gone and paint all washed off.

On the 12th day of January the sun was bright again and we commenced to think of "home, sweet home." We were nearing the port of our destination. The first sign of land is seen on the water. Two days before we saw the land, the water changed from a dark blue to a lighter color; and on the 14th day of January 1879 I first saw the dim outlines of the Green Isle written, as it were, on the sky. And the next day our good ship dropped her anchor in the harbour of Queenstown [now Cobh, the seaport for Cork in The Republic of Ireland], 115 [days] out from San Francisco.

Soon after that our ship was surrounded by small boats called Bum Boats by the sailors because, I suppose, they bum all his wages or all they can get, for you must know that Jack rises in importance when he arrives in the home port. Clothiers were anxious to obtain our orders for clothing. Shoemakers wanted to take our measure then and there, and among the rest came a poor woman with fresh bread and butter and eggs and a bottle of whiskey under her coat. The last of the cake [of these], like the fairie wand, this was the touch that melted every Irishman's heart -- and some of the rest, too -- and boots and clothing were forgotten among all her things. However, the one that touched those rough sailors' hearts was the woman herself. We hadn't seen a woman now for almost four months. We had bedecked our bunks with her fair face and form. 'Tis true we had talked of her beauty, we had sung of her charms, but we hadn't seen the reality. And when at last this poor woman with her "God bless you" came among us, we thought of Mother and sister and home again. Her stock in trade was soon bought, and with many a "God bless you" she left us with more money than she had had for some time.

Queenstown is a small but very pretty place. The country all around looked like a garden, and while we were here we enjoyed fresh provisions and country air. Leaving here after 10 days we started for Dublin, but on the way we were becalmed two days. Our captain at this time was constantly walking the deck and stamping his feet with suppressed rage. But on the third day we got a fair wind again and soon arrived in Kingston, 6 miles from Dublin, where we layed 8 days waiting for a high tide to take us over the bar.[14] When we arrived at last in Dublin the next day, we were discharged, and here my lecture properly ends.

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14. They needed a high tide to give them enough clearance to make it over the sand bar.

I will, however, pause a moment to tell some of the things I took notice to in Dublin. The first thing that took my eye was intemperance among the women. Here I saw respectable-looking women entering grocery stores with a bar on the back and ordering drinks for themselves and giving it to their little ones. Here also I first became acquainted with the habit of feeing [tipping] -- a practice in which the well-dressed man pays to every person who does the slightest turn for him.

Dublin is a beautiful city adorned with many works of art. Sackwell Street is its greatest business street, and opposite the Post Office is a beautiful statue of Lord Wellington. This impressed me more than anything I saw in the city. I crossed over from Dublin to Liverpool and saw something of that city of ships.

Before I left, I went to see the Court of Assizes in St. James Hall [in London] and saw His Lordship Chief Justice Lindsay as he came to court. Democratic America has still something to learn of the dignity of the Court from old England. His Lordship came in a coach driven by four horses with a footman, a coachman, and two butlers on the outside of the coach. One held the horse (the coachman), the footman opened the coach door, the butler left down the steps, and I forgot what the other man did; but his most Royal Lordship came at last in flowing wig and stately mein. He came with sound of music accompanying him to open court. When he entered court, every head was uncovered and every lawyer rose and bowed to His Honour when court was opened. This is a little different from American usage.

I came [back to America] from Liverpool on the "White Star Steamship Marathon". We had a crazy man aboard who wanted to go ashore in mid-ocean, and he was tied down like a wild beast till we got to New York.



In New York William visited famous sites and drank in all the experience he could. One day he went to go to Brooklyn and was stopped at the toll gate on the Brooklyn Bridge. It seems one had to pay a penny to walk across the bridge. William was embarrassed not to have the penny and had to turn back from his venture. He swore to himself never to be without money again.

He returned to Pennsylvania at the age of 29 to live with his family. He took a job in an iron foundry in Danville and quickly mastered the art of iron toolmaking.

His brothers and sister had grown to maturity in his absence. Alpheus, 28, had already adopted the ministry as his profession and was soon to leave for Kansas to do God's work in the west. Laura and Milton, the twins, were 26. James Benson Freed, 22, and Wesley Summerfield Freed, 21, were local preachers already.

All the family were infused with the missionary zeal of their parents. William too preached -- as a "supply preacher", substituting at local churches, and at least for a short time preached on a "circuit" in Pennsylvania, probably a camp meeting circuit.

Summerfield died of tuberculosis in 1882. He was buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

William met Amelia Doebler in Williamsport, and married her November 23, 1884. He was the first of the Freed children to marry, and Alpheus would be the only other of the siblings to do so. The family seemed to be devotedly "other-worldly" -- focused on the Life Beyond and little caring about this world. His mother seemed content in her relative poverty. The only hint we have that she might not have been completely content is a paragraph from one of William's sermons in which he describes the attitude of a poor woman who might easily have been Mary Singer Freed.

Take away Christ from perishing souls and you knock out the only prop that cheers them on in life's dark hours. What would that poor woman who is surrounded by her innocent children do without the comfort of Christ, as she lives on day after day, struggling to keep the wolf of want from her door? For her children's sake she feels that nothing but them bind her here to earth. And when that chain is severed, life has lost its charms to her and she looks forward by faith in Christ to her heavenly

home. Christ is then her all in all.[15]

William, in contrast, lived life to the fullest and explored all he could explore. He read not only religious books but history and biography. He joined the Williamsport Chess Team and played competitively. He also worked hard at making money. He had promised himself that he would never again be without money, and he never was.

His sermons are filled with historical and political references. In particular, he was interested in the lives of famous men, and in the measure of their greatness. He quoted Mohammed's Koran, Josephus' Histories, Spartacus, Caesar, and Napoleon. He described conditions in Siberia, the Sandwich Islands, and India, as well as at home. He spoke of material concerns as well as spiritual ones.

Having spent twenty-eight years of his life in poverty with his parents' all-consuming dedication to the work of the Church and their yearning for the Life to Come, William turned avidly to the purpose of making a living in this life. He had been more than serious in vowing to himself never to be without money. While he never turned his back on his family or the church, he now began systematically to build financial security for himself and his young family.



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15. From the sermons of William Walton Freed, camp meeting sermon on the text Romans 5:2.



Amelia Jane Doeblor was born, the tenth of twelve children, in New Berlin, Pennsylvania, daughter of the prosperous gunsmith J. Henry Doeblor. A gentle, shy child, she grew up in the shadow of her many brothers and sisters. Benjamin Franklin Doeblor, the eldest brother, was 18 years older than she, so she was nearly a generation away from many of her siblings.

There was much to be done for a family of 14, and Amelia helped with chores from an early age. At peach canning time, for example, she and the other children would carry peaches from the orchards where the men were picking them to the kitchens where the women were canning. One day, she and one of the neighbor boys took a short cut across the fields rather than going down the road. They merrily climbed over fences and ran across fields, carrying the peaches on their romp. To get over the fences they sometimes dropped the peach baskets over first, then climbed up behind. By the time they reached the house, the peaches were so bruised that they were no longer good enough for canning but could only be used for jam. They were roundly scolded, and didn't take the short cut again. The boy in this story grew up to be the Reverend R. L. Bannon, minister for fifty years at the Messiah Lutheran Church in South Williamsport.

One of the many stories she told about her youth was that one day when she was small she was home alone when a traveling salesman came to sell pots and pans. She said they didn't need any. He asked if anyone else was home. She lied and said that her father and brother were in the kitchen. When she said she would go and get them, the salesman decided to leave.

She also told stories of Indians kidnapping white children. There were a number of such incidents during her childhood, although fortunately no one in the immediate family was involved.

Amelia's brothers were taught tree grafting in school and had every kind of apple and cherry tree on the New Berlin property. The children were taught not to eat tomatoes as they were poisonous.

As a young woman, she helped her older brothers and sisters with their growing families, assisted her mother with the midwifery and folk medicine which she performed in the community, and kept house for her aging parents. Somehow she managed to get through her twenties without marrying.

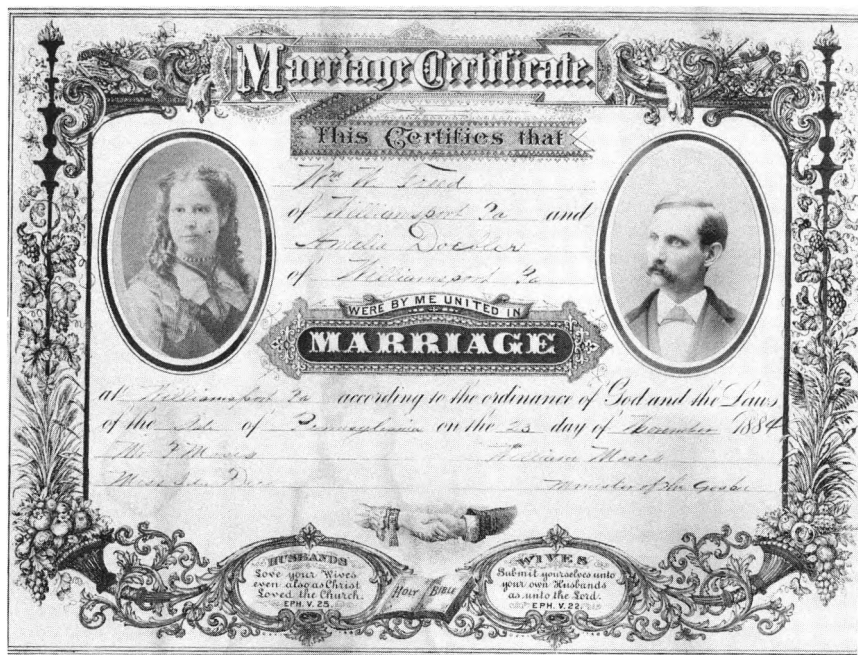
When her mother died in 1880 at the age of 67, Amelia was 30 years old. She and her father then went



to live with her sister Louisa Shiffler in Williamsport. It was there that she met William Walton Freed. They were married November 23, 1884.

William was working at the foundry in Danville. He and Amelia set up housekeeping there, and it was there that their son Walter Curtin Freed was born October 2, 1885. They ran a variety store in Lehighton for awhile, but decided to move to Williamsport where they lived in an apartment over the First National Bank. William worked at the Demorest Treadle Sewing Machine Company making parts. He was a skilled iron worker, and made kitchen pots and utensils for his wife. He even made her an iron washboard "so that it wouldn't wear out."

William worked hard to earn money to support not only his young family but his mother and her family as well. Laura, Milton, and Benson were still at home with



Marriage certificate of William Walton Freed and Amelia Jane Doeblir Freed, November 23, 1884.

their mother in the log house on Washington Boulevard (on part of the land which is now Lycoming College) which Mary bought in 1884 for \$700. As far as we know, none of the three of them engaged in much gainful employment. Laura and Milton may have done bits of common labor, Benson did some local preaching. William did odd jobs at the bank downstairs for extra money, and began to invest in real estate.

He purchased a house (not the land, only the house) at "the Junction," the northwest corner of West Fourth and Grier Streets, probably for nearly nothing, and moved it to a piece of property which he bought at 1507 Scott Street. He moved the house more than three city blocks, rolling it on logs and pulling it with horses. As it moved forward, the rear log was hauled forward and placed beneath the front part of the house.

Once the house was in place, he added onto it, doing all the work himself. He was a skilled craftsman and jack-of-all-trades, and had seemingly limitless energy. The original house had two rooms downstairs and two up. He added a parlor and sitting room downstairs, two more bedrooms above, and an attic above that. He built a smaller house at the rear of the property which he rented out for about \$10 a month. With this income, he was able to build houses beside their home which he also rented out. The income from all his real estate ventures was carefully tucked away, other savings were added to it, and more houses were bought or built. In all, he acquired 10-12 houses, 3 of them two-family houses.

William was parsimonious -- if not miserly -- in his management of money. He would walk three miles to save a nickel's carfare, carry his shoes to save shoeleather. He had an extensive garden behind the house and on the lot next door where he raised foodstuffs, and would run into the street to collect horsedung to use as fertilizer. He made shingles and repaired the roofs -- in short, he almost never hired anyone to do work for him, but did all manner of repairs and construction. He even mended the family's shoes.

His brother Benson contracted typhoid at a camp meeting in 1887 and died. Two brothers were now in the Williamsport Cemetery, and William brought the body of their father from Bridgville, Delaware, and had it reinterred in Williamsport with his sons. In 1889 William and Amelia buried their five-month-old son Wilbur, who died of pneumonia, in the same plot. Life was fragile in those days, and the family clung to their faith in Christ.

Christ has taught us not only how to live but how to die. Confuscius taught his followers how to live. But Christ goes farther than that. After having preached for three long years, after having filled the land with joy and gladness, after having raised up suffering humanity in this life, he proposes to raise them up to eternal life in the world to come. The great heart of this Great man and Great God seemed to be studying out some greater heights for your enjoyment, my brother. After the most unselfish love and greatness of soul has been displayed, after enduring the ridicule and persecution of selfish and ungrateful men, he sacrifices himself on the cross for you and me. My brother, he goes down into the tomb beneath a lost and ruined world and raises them up to everlasting life.

It was not enough for him, my brother, to teach us how to live. But his great heart took in all our wants. He goes down, deeper down than ever fallen humanity went, and raised them up to life again. Like the balloon that carries her occupants far up from mortal sight, so this eternal Saviour of our race went down to the depths of hell and raised us up to everlasting life. And, my hearers, we may not only live a happy life now, but die a triumphant death. We may bid goodbye to fathers and mothers now in hope of meeting in a better land. We may [view] the imprisoned soul struggling in this mortal tenement now in the joyful realization of the fact that this mortal will put on immortal. I can, my hearers -- now though hard it may seem -- I can take the hand of my dying father cold in the embrace of death and bid him goodbye with joy and happiness. I can bend over the loved form of my mother and whisper in her ear, "Farewell! Meet beyond the swelling floods of Jordan!" I can bid goodbye to sister or brother if I know they are Christ's, in hope of meeting where parting shall be no more forever.

I can do all this, my hearers! Christ has made it possible for me. After living a happy and joyful life in this world of sin and sorrow, to shout victory over death at last! Christ has made it possible for me to bid goodbye to father and mother, to sister and

brother, with joy and in the joyful realization of the fact that we shall meet again.[16]

For a time, William worked at a foundry in Williamsport. A picture taken in 1895 shows him with his ten-year-old son in a group of other workmen. In William's strict world, all beings had to work for a living and support themselves. Walter was instilled with this philosophy from a very early age, and began to work outside the home before he was ten. Perhaps this was a reaction to the failure of his brothers and sister to find employment and support their mother and themselves, perhaps it was simply his way of passing on

In 1890 William and Amelia welcomed a daughter, Mary Ella. The little girl was Amelia's joy, and her brother doted on her. William's childhood and manhood had been filled with "don't"s. One had to hew strictly to the teachings of the Bible in order not to endanger one's chances of Life Everlasting. And Life Everlasting was infinitely more important than life on earth. He was equally strict with his own children, but in a slightly different way. His personal ethic was a much more temporal one, and his lessons were much more of the Benjamin Franklin and Horatio Alger school, mixed with strong Bible teachings. Walter would never have considered borrowing so much as a penny from his father, as to do so would have indicated that he was unable to plan and manage his own affairs.

I once knew a man that was a terrible swearer and he seemed to delight in the thought that he could outdo his fellows in oaths. He would swear and swear and swear till you could almost feel that there were devils in the room -- till the air fairly seemed to flash out oaths -- till the place was made terrible by the fearful language used. He thought he was a smart man for that. His wicked companions looked up to him as chief in all their wickedness and like Spartacus the Roman gladiator that exclaimed "Ye call me chief and ye do well, him who for twelve long years has stood in the arena and

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16. From the sermons of William Walton Freed, sermon on the text of Luke 2:11 and Matthew 1:25. to his son the way he had found to survive and prosper in this world. Whatever his motivation, William was eager to make his son a self-sufficient man who would make his own way in the world as quickly as possible and not forever be another of William's many dependents.

met all kinds of men and beasts!" So with this man. He had cursed God so long that the Devil had given him a premium and he was a chosen [one] to preach the tidings of a slandered God to among his evil associates. Men may pay a wicked respect to such a man, but they cannot, my hearers -- they cannot love them.

Boys swear because their older companions indulge in the same and here is the power of influence. Children are learning every day. The world is a school for them, and with some a very bad school. There seems to be a higher course, where boys learn from their older companions true nobility, and insensibly commence to rise. And there is a lower course whose steps take hold of hell. Here the boy learns to smoke. It is repulsive to him. It makes him sick and pale. But like the native of the Fuji Islands that suffers himself to be tattooed till his body is a mass of sores so that he may be a man among his fellows, so the boy persists until he is a full grown man as far as smoking goes, and tells his older companions that he cannot possibly do without it.

In this lower school, boys learn to swear, and I and you have seen some little fellows that could hardly walk yet commence to use the name of God in vain. And by the time they arrive at an age when they know right from wrong they are steeped in sin -- coated over as it were in a garment of oaths -- and become like Spartacus of Rome, chief of the worst kind. Swearing makes the young boy sicker than ever tobacco does. Like the stone mason that would take his chisel and deface a piece of Italian statuary by chiseling away its face and leaving nothing but a shapeless mass, so I have thought that the workmen of hell have their stonemasons out in this world of ours, with hammer and chisel of terrible oaths, chiseling away at some -- yea, thousands -- of the brightest and fairest of earth's noblest sons and leaving wrecks instead of noble men. Instead of blemishing the face, they have cut out the very heart of the man and left instead of a noble man one that is ready to steep his hands in all kinds of wickedness -- a cold, selfish and cruel man that has no heart, no sympathy for others' woes. . . .

Not long since, up here near Buffalo Creek, a prairie fire burnt up some cattle till they looked like pieces of charcoal. And



Foundry crew. Seated 3rd and 4th from left: Walter C. Freed, William W. Freed. Ca. 1894-5.



L to R: William Walton Freed, Walter Curtin Freed, Amelia Doeblner Freed; standing on floor: Mary Ella Freed, ca. 1894.

so I have thought that some men have been caught in this terrible prairie fire of oaths till it has burnt all their noblest nature -- burnt up the man, the heart, and left a blackened and heartless heart in its stead. We may, my hearers, deceive the world, we may wear two suits here. We may deceive ourselves. But we cannot deceive Him who has said "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The mask will be torn off at last. We will stand as did Adam, naked before God. And these oaths will sink the unhappy man into eternal night.[17]

He was not all work, though mostly. He believed in much reading, and in games which improved the mind. While he did not believe that a man needed formal education, he did believe in learning. He had hundreds of books with tiny print, and much as he avoided spending money, he would spend money for books.

He passed on to his son his great love of chess. He played on the Williamsport Chess team, and later Walter did too. In one account of a match with the Bucknell Chess team, "Dr. J. Mann and the veteran W. W. Freed won their games in pretty manner." In that match, Walter Curtin Freed also played and scored a draw.

The Williamsport Chess club opened its season in the ball room of the Ross club Saturday afternoon when B. Milnes of the United States international team gave an exhibition of simultaneous chess, playing eleven boards at one time.

He scored victories over all the contestants with the exception of Mr. Hicks and Mr. Freed, the former defeating the visiting expert and the latter securing a draw.[18]

His grandchildren remember him most in his later years as a partly bald man with white hair, average height, with a bushy mustache. His blind eye gave him a stern appearance, and he was not overly warm toward children. He was usually in his shirtsleeves with wide suspenders for his pants. He spent long hours in the garden and with the chickens he raised in the back.

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17. From the sermons of William Walton Freed, sermon on the text Exodus 7:20.

18. Both accounts are from undated newspaper clippings in the scrap books of William Walton Freed.



He would walk to market, and on the way back would stop for a game of chess with the priest at the Church of the Annunciation.

One story which is told of him is that one day a poor man came to the back porch asking for food. William offered him a choice of two things. The man said "I don't care," so William gave him neither. He despised people who could not make up their minds or manage their affairs.

Another time William related to his wife a story of two men involved in a business deal. "Melie, my dear," he said, "When you hit a man in the pocketbook, you hit him in a very tender spot." This was one of his favorite lines.

In 1928, at the age of 72, William was still healthy and energetic. While repairing a roof, he suffered a sunstroke, was in bed for a few days, and then passed away.

For awhile, Amelia continued to live at 1507 Scott Street. She was 72 herself, quite hard of hearing, and not very well.

Her son Walter looked after her and her affairs, and managed the rental property for her. Marian Freed remembers carrying lunch to her Grandmother at noontime when she was five years old. "It was a long walk with a heavy load for a little girl, but I didn't mind. One day I was more than half way there when a quart of milk slipped out of my hands and broke and spilled all over the sidewalk. I cried all the way home." [19]

After a few months Walter fixed up a room for his mother and took her to Isabella Street to live with his lively family. She had a large room near the bathroom, furnished with her own things, including her parlor rug with big roses all over it, and a round portable kerosene heater.

Her grandchildren remember her as a little, loving, quiet Grandmother who loved to rock the babies and told wonderful stories of her childhood. She wore long, dark, full skirts, dark printed blouses with long, full sleeves, lay-down collar and V neck, long white aprons with pockets, and high-topped shoes. She had packed in a drawer an all-white blouse and skirt for her burial. Marian says: "I remember her as smallish, with a big round tummy. Her very fine white hair was always combed





1919: L to R: Amelia Doebler Freed holding Walter Jr., Walter Sr., Ella Freed holding June, William W. Freed. Picture taken at 1507 Scott Street.



1507 Scott St,  
Williamsport, Pa.  
Home of William W.  
and Amelia Freed.  
Rear of the home was  
moved to this  
location by W. W.  
Freed in mid 1880's.  
Front porch, parlor  
and sitting room  
were added later.  
Five bedrooms were  
on the second floor.

straight on her head. Her blue eyes sparkled and she always had a sweet smile on her face." [20] Her favorite song was "The Old Oaken Bucket".

Walter and Dorothy Freed had told their children not to ask their grandmother for candy. She was so hard of hearing, that asking out loud would have been heard by the parents anyway. So the children would go to her when no one else was around, hold out a hand, and smile sweetly. She would reach into her pocket and give them one piece of candy. It was usually hard candy or mints, but another of her favorites was chocolate-covered creams.

She was a fine story-teller, and the children would sit in the kitchen or on the porch swing and beg for more stories. She would smile, laugh a little, and begin another. She told stories of her youth and childhood, and the children hung on every word.

She feared cars and rode with no driver except for her son Walter. To keep her from worrying -- for she was a great worrier -- she would count the cars that approached, and the train cars that we waited for, and announced the totals at the end of the trip.

She played chess but was no competition for her husband. When she played with her son he would see to it that she won some games, and she would always say he gave her the game. He taught the grandsons not only to win, but to plan ways she too could win some when she was in her eighties.

Gaigle, a German card game that improved addition skills, was a favorite game which she taught to and played with the children.

She was rarely away from home, and walked cautiously because of a fallen womb. This condition was also blamed for making her look about eight months pregnant.

Her hearing problem was supposed to have resulted from a tooth-pulling episode when she was only 16. She told that the dentist pulled a tooth so hard that he broke her eardrum. She used headphones to listen to the radio, and during the last years people talked to her through a speaking tube. She helped with the preparation of fresh fruits and vegetables, and made the best fudge. Patiently she would stir it and count to 100, which seemed to be the secret of her perfect fudge.

For several years before she died she had a severe cataract condition. She was afraid of the hospital and would not hear of cataract surgery, so she simply adapted from newspaper to radio. Later she broke her hip, and for the remainder of her life walked by pushing a stool ahead of her. Walter put a pulley over her bed to help her get in and out of bed.

She died when she was 89 1/2 years of age. Walter Jr. played some of her favorite hymns, including "He Leadeth Me," before her funeral. She was buried in Wildwood Cemetery.



Walter, Amelia D., and Ella Freed, ca. 1933.

### GRANDMOTHER FREED'S SHOO-FLY PIE

Work into crumbs: 1 1/2 c. flour  
1/2 c. brown sugar  
1/4 c. shortening

Make another mixture of:

3/4 t. baking soda  
1/8 tsp. nutmeg  
a little cinnamon, ginger, and cloves  
[1/4 tsp. each]  
3/4 c. molasses  
3/4 c. hot water

Combine the two mixtures quickly and pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake 15 min. at 400°. then 20 min. at 350°.

### OLD FASHIONED SOFT GINGER CAKE

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1 c. shortening     | 1 c. sugar          |
| 1 c. milk           | 1 c. molasses       |
| 2 eggs, well beaten | 2 level tsp. baking |
| 1/2 tsp. salt       | soda                |
| 3 c. flour          | 1 level tsp. ginger |

Soften shortening and add sugar, molasses, well beaten eggs, and milk. Sift together flour, baking soda, ginger and salt. Beat well. Let sit overnight or for one hour in refrigerator. Drop onto greased cookie sheets by soup spoons full, three inches apart. Bake 10 min. at 350°. Makes 4 dozen cookies, 3 1/2 inches in diameter.

Note: This is a mild ginger flavor. If you want a stronger flavor, add 1 tsp. cloves and 1 tsp. cinnamon.

### FUDGE

Put in a heavy saucepan:

2 c. sugar or 1 c. brown sugar and 1 c. granulated sugar  
3/4 c. milk  
2 tbsp. corn syrup  
2 oz. chocolate or 4 tbsp. cocoa  
2 tbsp. butter  
1 t. vanilla  
1 c. chopped nuts if desired

Set over moderate heat. Stir with wooden spoon until chocolate is melted and then only enough to keep it from burning. Cook to soft ball stage (234°). Remove from heat. Add 2 tbsp. butter. Let stand until cool. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat until fudge is no longer glassy, and is thick and creamy (count slowly to 100). Pour into slightly buttered pan. Mark into squares.

WILLIAM WALTON FREED

BORN 5 November 1850, Attleborough, Annameassichs County, Maryland. Died 8 September 1928 in Williamsport. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

MARRIED Amelia Jane Doeblor 23 November 1884, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Amelia Doeblor born 16 February 1850 and died 20 August 1939 in Maple Shade, New Jersey. She is buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

CHILDREN:

Walter Curtin Freed, born 2 October 1885, Danville, Pennsylvania, died 7 April 1972. See Part VII.

Wilbur, born 15 February 1889 in Lehighton, Pennsylvania, died 11 July 1889. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

Mary Ella Freed, born 3 June 1890, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Baptised 31 July 1890 by the Rev. Wilson. Died 19 February 1951, Maple Shade, New Jersey. Buried in Coletown Cemetery, Kings Highway, New Jersey. Married Adolph Storck in the parlor at 1501 Scott Street, Williamsport. Adolph Storck was born 17 September 1885 in Germany and died 7 January 1958. He was first married to Louise Dotger, who died in 1923, leaving him with their daughter Bertha who was raised by Ella Freed Storck. Children:

Bertha Ann Storck (daughter of Louise and Adolph), born 18 February 1923. Married David Gilmore, 28 April 1946 at Holy Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, Maple Shade, New Jersey. David was born 18 April 1924 in Toledo, Ohio. They live in Turnersville, New Jersey. Their daughters:

Linda Louise Gilmore, born 22 May 1947 in Camden, New Jersey. Married Norman Cottman Tingley 14 February 1976 in Pitman, New Jersey. Norman Tingley was born 25 December 1943 in Colombia, South America. They live in Oak Valley, New Jersey.

Janet Elaine Gilmore, born 10 September 1953 in Camden, New Jersey. Married David Aura Dawson, 13 January 1973 in Woodbury, New Jersey. David Dawson was born 6

December 1952 in Woodbury, New Jersey. They live in Wenonah, New Jersey. Their daughter:

Cathleen Loraine Dawson, born 8 April 1980 in Woodbury, New Jersey

Richard Walter Storck, born 5 June 1925. Married Alice Jane Keen 31 March 1956 at the Wharton Memorial Methodist Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Jane Keen was born 9 February 1931 in Philadelphia. They reside in Media, Pennsylvania, and have two daughters:

Ella Marie Storck, born 16 April 1957, Philadelphia. Married Anthony Giomboni 28 June 1975 in Ashton, Pennsylvania. Anthony Giomboni was born 26 June 1950 in Chester, Pennsylvania. They live in Wilmington, Delaware. Their son:

Dominic Boyd Giomboni, born 10 July 1977 at Wilmington, Delaware

Beth Ann Storck, born 10 June 1958 in Philadelphia. Married William Wood 20 December 1979 in Okinawa. William Wood was born in 1956 in Walton, New York. They live in Triangle, Virginia. Their son:

Joshua Michael Wood, born 15 January 1981 in Triangle, Virginia.

Ruth Amelia Storck, born 20 January 1930. Married Loren Maynard Jacobson 11 October 1958 at the University Park Methodist Church, Denver, Colorado. Since both her parents were deceased, Ruth was given in marriage by Walter Curtin Freed, Sr. Loren Jacobson was born 28 May 1929 in Denver. They reside in Littleton, Colorado, and have two sons:

Mark Loren Jacobson, born 12 September 1959 in Denver, Colorado.

Paul Eric Jacobson, born 30 March 1967 in Denver, Colorado.

## PART VI

# JAMES MOORE YOUNGMAN and ELLA MAY HINKAL YOUNGMAN

James Moore Youngman, fourth son of George Washington Youngman, was educated in the public schools and studied law and business at Dickinson Seminary (now Lycoming College) and the Williamsport Commercial College. There are no records going back far enough to tell us exactly what his course of study was at either of these institutions. He read law with his father and his brother Samuel L. Youngman, and was admitted to the bar in 1876.[1] For a while he had a law office in his father's block at Fourth and Pine Streets, Williamsport. It was an elegant structure with a drug store and other shops on the first floor and offices on the floors above.



From the WILLIAMSPORT GRIT, 17 February 1963.

Ella May Hinkal was the tenth and youngest child of John Roseberry and Lydia Gearhart Hinkal. The Hinkal family home stood near the present Duboistown bridge, close to the south approach to that bridge. John Roseberry Hinkal sold the house when plans for the road were being made, and built a large red brick house up on the Reach Road in Newberry.

John Roseberry Hinkal died in 1871, leaving Lydia with a prosperous farm which she continued to manage. Four of their children had died young. Hannah was 23 and recently married to Harry Rakestraw of Montoursville. The remaining five were young -- Sophia 15, Emma 14, Will 12, Lizzie 10, and Ella May 9. Lydia and her children wore black for a year to mourn John's death.

The children grew and learned from their mother not only the skills of farming and managing such a large property but also the manners and occupations of young ladies and gentlemen of quality. Ella was particularly accomplished in embroidery. As the youngest, she would sit on a low stool with her sisters and do her handwork. They would check it, and if it was not just right they would make her rip it out and fix it.

The farm hands were fed on the porch each day. Sometimes Ella helped out by shooing the flies with a fan while the men ate.

Sophia married James Haug, and Emma married William Martin, both farmers who were proud to have such fine wives. Will contracted typhoid at a camp meeting and died in October 1881, at the age of 22. Once again, Ella May and her family donned black in mourning.

Lydia Gearhart Hinkal died in 1881, only a month after Will's death, leaving her two youngest daughters unmarried and at home. Ella May was 17, and Lizzie was 18. Lydia's will, made only three days before her death, provided for her two young daughters, leaving to them jointly all the household goods with the exception of one bed and bedding which was given to Emma. The house and lot in Newberry were bequeathed to Ella May, and all the cattle, farm implements, and other possessions were to be sold and the money divided among the other children. She also directed "that my executor shall purchase for my daughters Lizzie Hinkal and Ella

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1. Meginnes, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, pp. 757-758.





Home of John R. Hinkal on the Reach Road, Williamsport.



316 Campbell Street (old numbering 54) Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Home of Ella May and Elizabeth Hinkal after the death of their mother. Became the home of James M. and Ella May Youngman in 1884.



James Moore Youngman (1852-1929)



Ella May Hinkal, as a student at Dickinson Seminary (now Lycoming College) ca. 1881-1883.

M. Hinkal a house and lot that will make them a suitable home, at a cost of an amount not exceeding two thousand dollars and pay for the same out of moneys coming into his hands out of my estate, the same to be held in trust for them by my Executor until by daughter Ella M. becomes twenty one years of age when I direct that they shall be the joint owners of the same. I direct my Executor to collect all moneys due my Estate and that all the balance of money not heretofore disposed of after paying expenses shall be equally divided share and share alike between my two youngest daughters Lizzie Hinkal and Ella M. Hinkal and I hereby will and bequeath the same to them." Her friend G. W. Nicely was appointed Executor.[2]

David Mahaffey of Newberry was appointed Ella May's guardian. Mr. Nicely purchased for the two girls a two-family house at 54 Campbell Street, next door to the Grace Methodist Church. The house was a sound investment, giving them the income from the other side as well as ample living quarters. Being next to a church, it was a fitting residence for two single young ladies.

The house still stands, now renumbered as 316 Campbell Street. It is a large Victorian frame double house with two living units side by side. Each side of the house had a double front door and a large vestibule with an open stairway to the second floor. The first floor had a parlor, a large sitting room, a dining room, and kitchen. There were fireplaces in both the sitting room and dining room. On the second floor there were four bedrooms, the smallest of which was later made into a bathroom. On the third floor, in addition to the attic, there was a finished room that was sometimes used by a live-in maid. The full basement was accessible both from the house and from a hatchway into the side yard. The two girls immediately began developing a beautiful garden of wild flowers, roses, and many perennials.

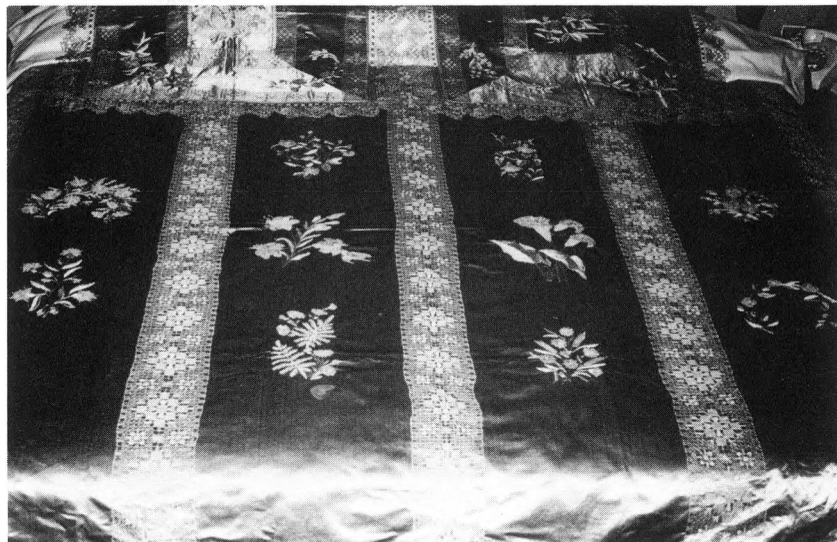
In 1881-83 Ella May attended Dickinson Seminary, taking courses proper for a young lady of those days -- especially music and Belles Lettres. She met James Moore Youngman, probably through their mutual friends the Mahaffeys in Newberry.

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## 2. Will of Lydia Hinkal, 3 November 1881.



Ella May Hinkal Youngman (1863-1950) on her wedding day, June 5, 1884.



Bedspread and pillow shams made by Ella May Hinkal for her trousseau, 1883. Embroidered on silk with chenille and silk threads, bordered with hand-woven needle lace.

On June 5, 1884, Ella May Hinkal and James Moore Youngman were married in the church next door to the Campbell Street house.

At 8:30 o'clock [in the] evening Grace M. E. Church Campbell Street was well filled with ladies and gentlemen, drawn there by the marriage ceremony uniting James M. Youngman, Esq., one of the young members of the Lycoming County bar, and Miss Ella M. Hinkal as husband and wife. The officiating clergyman was Rev. S. C. Swallow, pastor of Grace church. He was assisted by Rev. Alexander Henry, pastor of Lycoming Presbyterian church, Newberry. The groomsmen were Dr. J. F. Fleming [Lizzie's fiancé], Dr. C. W. Youngman [brother of the groom] and Mr. Robert Housel; the bridesmaids, Miss Lizzie Hinkal (sister of the bride), Miss Jennie Russel and Miss Jennie Jones. The ushers were Messrs Delos Mahaffey, Frank Shorkley, William Housel, and Frank Thornton. The floral decorations of the church were grand, and the music very fine. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, No. 54 Campbell Street. The presents were many, very fine and useful. The newly married couple left on the midnight Philadelphia and Erie train for a visit to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.[3]

Lizzie soon married Dr. J. Frank Fleming and moved with him to Trout Run where he practiced medicine. He was the only doctor for miles around and traveled in a one-horse shay with his black bag to visit his many patients in the farms and villages.

The Youngmans remained active members of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church and James served as secretary of the board of trustees of that church. He was also one of the organizers of the Nippono Park Association and secretary of it as well. He was listed as a Democrat, like his father.[4]

Their daughter Florence was born February 13, 1886, and was followed shortly by her sister Adalene on June 15, 1887. The youngest, Dorothy Eulalie, was born May 18, 1893. Each of the two older girls was given a first name only, and was allowed to choose a middle name from

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3. WILLIAMSPORT GAZETTE AND BULLETIN, 6 June 1884.

4. Meginnes, HISTORY OF LYCOMING COUNTY, pp. 757-758.

among the family names when they were older. Florence chose Antes as her middle name, and Adalene chose Ludwig. Dorothy was given the middle name Eulalie in honor of a visiting Spanish princess who had come to the United States for the Chicago World Exposition that year. The pretty, romantic name had struck her father's fancy.

In 1889 one of the most calamitous events of the generation occurred in Pennsylvania. After almost three weeks of heavy rains and cloudbursts a 25-foot flood was predicted by THE WILLIAMSPORT SUN AND BANNER. The river began to rise Friday afternoon May 31. It crested at 33 feet 1 inch, at 8:30 Saturday night, at which time the river was so wide it stretched from the mountain on the south to halfway between Bennett and Ross streets, a distance of almost 2 miles. The swollen water took with it the city bridges at Market and Maynard Streets and all street and foot bridges across the canal. The Philadelphia and Erie (later Pennsylvania Rail Road) bridge at the foot of Chestnut Street and the North Central Bridge, north of Newberry, gave way to rising water. Eleven railroad bridges and trestles were washed away between Williamsport and Ralston. The Beaver Saw Mill started floating away at 3:30 Saturday afternoon. It struck the Chestnut Street bridge which was weighted down with cars full of coal. Two spans of the bridge fell under the combined weight. The North Bridge fell when it was struck by several houses floating on the flood.

About a thousand people spent the night on the hill back of Old Oak Park and in Brandon Park. One woman gave birth to her baby in an open field on the top of Woodward Hill. Three fires started by lime were put out with only slight damage.

Many people worked valiantly to save others. Two men with a boat saved 160 people by taking them from the second story windows of homes on Jefferson and Academy Streets. Every available boat and boatman worked throughout the day taking marooned people to safety.

The Court House and Jail towers were filled with people. One man stayed in a street car opposite the Park Hotel on West Fourth Street, only 1 1/2 blocks from the James Youngman home, until the water reached his neck. Shouting loudly for help, he was finally rescued by a boat which put out from the hotel. The Golden Gate Steamer saved people along the river and carried them to the McCormick block at Fourth and William Streets. A woman with newborn twin babies was rescued from her house as it floated down river. Another man rescued a baby floating in its crib.

As the water subsided, dead animals, filth, and debris were left strewn about the city. Parts of the city were uninhabitable due to unsanitary conditions. Everyone feared a typhoid epidemic.

Along the river front where the houses were of one- and two-story wooden construction, the damage had been the greatest. The houses on Mill Street were either washed away or twisted out of shape and moved from their foundations. Hundreds of copperhead snakes that had been washed into the debris added to the danger of cleaning up the ruins.

All means of transportation and communication had been cut off. All telegraph and telephone lines were down. All railroad roadbeds and bridges were gone.[5]

The home of James and Ella Youngman had water to the windowsills of their first floor. The family, along with the maid, decided to remain in their house. Row boats delivered buckets of milk over the porch roofs for the children. A fat white pony was found in a quarry swimming with two children on its back. Neighbors helped pull the pony and its passengers out. In gratitude for this valiant service, the neighbors kept the pony at the corner of Maynard and West Third Streets until it died many years later.

Messengers brought word from outlying communities. Word soon reached James and Ella that the Antes family homestead at Antes Fort had been washed away, carrying with it the entire families of two of James' brothers.

"One of the saddest events following the flood was the burial services held for the [George W.] Youngman, Jr., family from Antes Fort whose large three-story home had been washed away. After services were held at the David Mahaffie home in Newberry, eighteen pallbearers, four hearses, and a spring wagon were needed to convey their bodies to Wildwood Cemetery." [5]

George Youngman lost his wife Tillie and five children, ages six weeks to seventeen years. William

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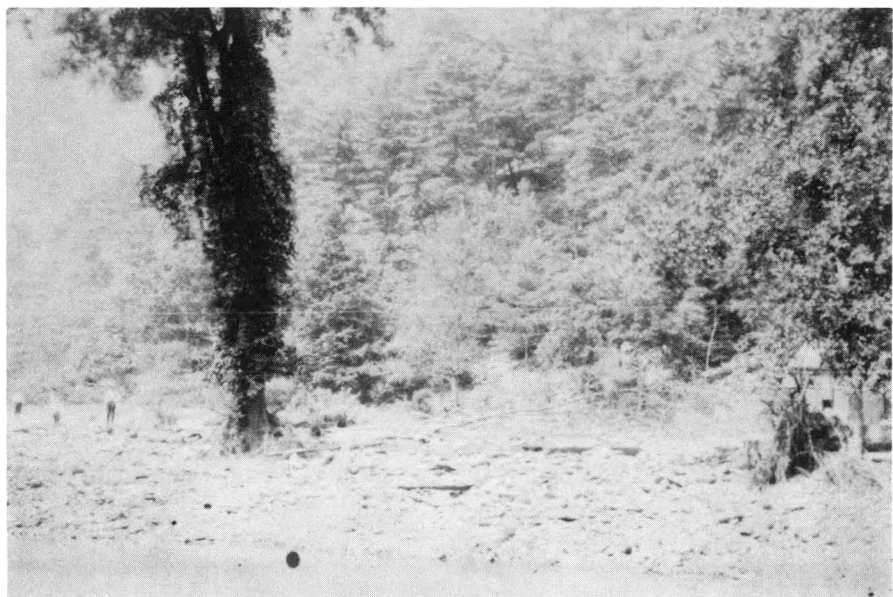
5. Information about the flood is taken from various reminiscent articles clipped from the WILLIAMSPORT SUN and the WILLIAMSPORT GRIT by Dorothy and Walter Freed, as well as from the JOURNAL OF THE LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Vol. II, No. 7, Winter 1963.

6. JOURNAL OF THE LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Vol. II, No. 7, Winter 1963.





The Antes homestead, before and after the flood of 1889.





Youngman lost his wife and two children, ages nine and four. The governess, Miss Ella Phelps, and Miss Maggie Pfouts, the maid, were also drowned.[7] Tillie was buried with her baby in her arms.

The entire Youngman family was devastated by the news. Two young, flourishing families washed into oblivion! There was no consoling George and Will. They blamed themselves for not having been at home, for not having been able to help their wives and babies. At work in Newberry when the flood warning came, they had been unable to get back to Antes Fort. George clung to his one surviving son Gardner. Will could not bear to stay near the river which had destroyed his family, and moved to New York. The flood and its ravages and the memory of this time of shock and grief beyond measure made a lasting mark on all the family. The Youngman homestead in Newberry which had seen so many happy family gatherings was now the rallying point for all the brothers and sisters to gather and try to rebuild after the tragedy.

Tents were set up in Brandon Park and some people made homes in railroad box cars. Logging, the main industry of the town, never recovered. The saw mills all along the length of the city from east to west were either destroyed or badly damaged. Some 400 million feet of logs and sawed lumber went down the river, a loss of ten million dollars. Merchants lost some 1.5 million dollars in merchandise and fixtures.

The people of the town banded together to share what food was left. What flour was available was used to make bread in a communal effort, and much of it was given away to people who had lost everything. Nearby farmers loaded wagons with food and brought it to the city for distribution. The people of Troy loaded wagons with 5000 pounds of provisions and sent them with twelve men, across fields and through the woods since the roads were washed out. A carload of flour was sent by the citizens of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

The flood also brought out the worst in people. Some grocers charged exorbitant prices for foodstuffs. One hundred extra policemen were put on to prevent stealing and looting. People were advised to shoot anyone caught stealing their property.[8]

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7. WILLIAMSPORT GRIT, July 22, 1934.

8. JOURNAL OF THE LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Vol. II, No. 7, Winter 1963.

There is no doubt that James Moore Youngman started out with all the advantages a young man of that era could have hoped for -- a fine family, well respected in the town and state, a good education, a good head on his shoulders, money behind him -- but he was not personally a successful nor a happy man. We do not know what happened or why. The story goes that he became disillusioned with law, perturbed by the lack of total honesty among so many lawyers, who manipulate the truth to win a case or close a deal. He was particularly distressed at being called upon to defend a client he felt was guilty. Perhaps this is so. One cannot help but wonder what role the flood played in his personal lack of direction. Confronted with such destruction and with the personal distress of his brothers, he must have been forcefully confronted with the fragility of life, the pointlessness of all the business dealings at which his father was so very good. What good was money to the babies at Antes Fort?

It is also not difficult to imagine a younger son of an extremely strong-willed and powerful father deciding that it was impossible to make a name for himself in his father's shadow. As a lawyer or businessman he would always be "George Youngman's boy".

In any event, around 1890, when he was about 45 years old, he gave up his law practice and began to search for a different career which would make him happier. He tried several jobs, but never found what he was seeking. He worked a few years in education and some for the post office department. Minutes of the School Board meetings show that he was hired as a Junior Principal for the Emory School July 16, 1895, and renewed at the July 1896 meeting. There was no mention of him in 1897. "The present Secretary [of the Williamsport School Board] said he would assume that he had not requested a renewal, since there was no mention made of him at the July meeting." [9]

During this period of financial insecurity they were forced to lean on other members of his family for financial support. In 1897 Ella May's sister-in-law wrote to her:

I do hope James will be successful in getting in the post office. I feel for you very much indeed Ella and would have been very glad to help you had it been in my purse . . . I do

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9. Mrs. Donald M. Carson, Genealogist, Lycoming County Historical Society and Museum, to Joyce Graff, August 4, 1974.

hope Ella you will keep well this winter for your children's sake. I presume they are at School but perhaps not Dorothy and that James will get a good position and all will go well with you.[10]

The family suffered from this shortage of money. Both Ella May and James had started as a relatively wealthy couple. Ella May had inherited, with her sister Lizzie, the bulk of their mother's estate. James was a member of a large and wealthy family. They had beautiful Haviland china, crystal, fingerbowls, silver -- they were used to having only the best.

They continued their aristocratic lifestyle, and money did not last long. During the recession about 1905 they lived on the rental income from the other half of the house, and then sold that half of the house to get money to live on. For a short time while Florence was in college they rented out their own quarters and lived in a less expensive apartment on Fifth Avenue near Memorial. Ella later said that she felt this had been a mistake.

Ella May became an expert at supplementing their meagre income. She made and sold cookies and other baked goods. Her garden grew foodstuffs as well as flowers, and she kept a little chicken house to raise meat for the table.

The girls grew into womanhood, were educated, and went on to marriage and careers. Florence graduated from the West Chester Normal School in 1907 and became a schoolteacher. She never married and lived at 316 Campbell Street all her life. Adalene was a clerk in Thompson and Gibson's Department Store. She married L. Stuart Young in Harrisburg in 1917 when he was in the army. They had three children. Dorothy graduated from West Chester State Normal School in 1913 and became a teacher. She married Walter Freed, and bore him six children.[11]

In his later years, James Youngman was a small man with quite a bald head, some gray hair around the edges, and a large gray mustache. He was a very correct gentleman of good carriage and posture and enjoyed

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10. Julia M. Youngman (second wife of William Youngman, New York) to Ella May Hinkal Youngman, September 16, 1897. From the papers of Ella May Hinkal Youngman.

11. See Part VII.



Left to right: Florence Antes Youngman, Adalene Ludwig Youngman, Dorothy Eulalie Youngman, ca. 1907.



Ella May and James Youngman in Way's Garden (Maynard and W. 4th Streets, Williamsport), Summer 1929.

reading a great deal. His daughters always gloried in their nature walks with him. As a retirement job he worked as an elevator operator at a tannery.

Ella May and her husband were the same height when they were married, but she grew a few inches after that. She was tall (5 ft. 10 in.), erect, -- a very proper lady. She kept her home neat as well as herself. She was an expert seamstress and cook, and her meticulous needlework and recipes are cherished by her grandchildren. Some of her recipes are included at the end of this section. She had a lot of talent and determination and kept the family going through many a financial storm and period of insecurity.

Her needlework designs and the work itself are exquisite. The stitches are tiny, even, and artfully arranged. In particular, her floral designs are wonderful reproductions of real flowers which show her love for her garden and for nature in general. Her work includes fine embroidery, macrame fringes and crocheted edges, afghans, bead work, knitting, quilting, and tatted lace work. Some of the pieces which remain are a bedspread, pillow cases and shams, and parts of her wedding dress, which she cut up to make dresses for her daughters.

In their later years, Ella May would walk with her husband to his job at the tannery and stop on the way back to fish for supper in Lycoming Creek. They followed a very regular pattern in their daily lives. Upon arising, James would shut Florence's windows, adjust the furnace, take the trash to the chicken house, and return to the dining room for breakfast. One morning he did not appear for breakfast on schedule so Ella retraced his route and found that he had died of a heart attack in the cellar.

James M. Youngman of 316 Campbell Street, died suddenly yesterday morning at the age of 77 years. Mr. Youngman had been complaining lately, but his death was unexpected.[12]

The funeral was in the parlor. The house was filled with people -- on the staircase and in every room of the house.

Ella May lived another twenty-one years in the house with Florence. Her grandchildren remember her as pleasant, but not as one who fussed over little

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12. WILLIAMSPORT GAZETTE AND BULLETIN, October 4, 1929.



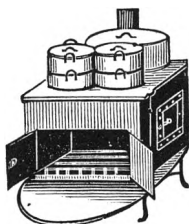
Ella May Hinkal Youngman in her sitting room at 316 Campbell Street, Williamsport, PA, Christmas 1947. The grandfather clock had been in her home in Duboistown and on Reach Road. On the wall hung the Ludwig portraits and marriage certificate as well as a silhouette of Col. John Henry Antes.

children, although she was always interested in learning about the experiences of the young adults. It was always expected that children would be on their best behavior at Grandmother's house. Her Christmas gift was always a carton of her delicious cookies. Her home was filled with pretty and interesting things, but the cathedral-like quiet contrasted sharply with the lively atmosphere of the Isabella Street house of the Freeds. There was a cupboard of games for the grandchildren to play with, books to read, and a tiny coal stove kept on the third floor which Aunt Flo would bring down for the little girls to play with.

Adalene and Stuart Young built a cottage outside Danville. Grandmother laid stone walks like an expert and enjoyed her days at the cabin.

At the time of her death, November 25, 1950, she was 87 years of age. She had three daughters, nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. The older great-grandchildren remember her, tall, thin, wearing long dresses and button shoes, sitting in the parlor. One of her favorite dresses was a white eyelet with some beaded decoration. She wore more color than most people of her age.

Most memorable about visits to her house was playing with the little toy coal stove. It had been given to her by the husband of her friend Jennie Russell Reed, one of the bridesmaids in her wedding, when Florence was young. It had been made as a salesman's sample, and was perfect in every detail, including the tin stovepipe and tiny lifters to raise the burner covers. In it the great-grandchildren "baked" various goodies, usually including squares of chocolate. Also memorable were Aunt Flo's "snow balls" -- glass spherical paperweights with some scene inside, filled with liquid and "snow" which, when shaken, made wonderful blizzard scenes.





## RECIPES FROM ELLA MAY HINKAL YOUNGMAN

These are some of the recipes fondly remembered by her grandchildren. Whenever possible her own words from her scrap books have been used, with measure conversions and other notes given in brackets.

Unlike most women of her day, she measured carefully -- almost scientifically -- so that her recipes may be duplicated without too much difficulty.

Grandmother Youngman always cut her nuts rather than chopping them. Each nutmeat was neatly and thinly sliced. To make your cookies really "authentic," you should do the same.

A carton of Christmas cookies usually included:

Animal cookies (see recipe for three-part cookies)  
 Sand Tarts  
 Ginger Snaps  
 Kisses  
 French Jumbles  
 Oatflake cookies  
 Springerlies.

### THREE PART COOKIES (for Animal Cookies)

(This is not her actual recipe, but is similar.)

| Part 1           | Part 2      | Part 3         |
|------------------|-------------|----------------|
| 4 1/2 c. flour   | 2 eggs      | 4 tbsp. milk   |
| 1 cup shortening | 1 cup sugar | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 1/2 tsp. salt    |             | 1 tsp. soda    |

(1) Cut the shortening into the flour as for pie crust and add salt.

(2) Beat the eggs, add sugar, and beat again. Combine with Part 1.

(3). Combine ingredients in third column and add to the rest. Add nutmeg if desired. Roll out for cutting or use in cookie press. Excellent filled or plain.

### KISSES

4 egg whites  
 8 oz. [1/2 box] XXXX [confectioner's] sugar  
 1 cup cut nut meats

[Beat egg whites stiff, add sugar and nuts.] Bake 30 minutes at 175° with door shut and 40 or 50 min. more at 100° with door open 3 inches.



## GINGER SNAPS

Heat

|                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1 c. butter [or 2/3 c. oil] | 1 tbsp. ginger   |
| 1 c. molasses               | 1 tbsp. cinnamon |
| 2 c. brown sugar            | 3/4 tbsp. soda   |

Just stir and heat until it begins to bubble into a boil. Remove from heat and beat well. Let cool. Add:

2 well beaten eggs  
5 1/2 c. flour

Stir and knead the flour in until it makes a stiff batter. Knead into a long roll. Cool overnight. Roll very thin, cut, and bake in a moderate oven.

## SAND TARTS

|                         |                                 |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 lb. sugar [3 1/4 c.]  | 1 c. butter [1/2 lb.]           |
| yolks of 3 eggs         | 2 egg whites                    |
| 14 oz. flour [3 1/2 c.] | or enough to make a stiff dough |

Cream butter and sugar together. Add well beaten yolks. Then add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mix all well together and add the flour, gradually. Stir and knead and form into long roll. Let stand overnight to cool thoroughly. Roll very thin on baking board in the morning, in a cool room. Cut [in circles with a glass or round cutter]. Brush with the other egg white which has been beaten with 1 tsp. cold water. Sprinkle with a sugar-cinnamon mix. Place nutmeats on top too, and press them into the cookie with the flat side of a spatula. Bake in a hot oven until slightly browned. Bake at 400° for 4-5 min.

## OAT FLAKES

2/3 c. butter  
2 c. brown sugar (1 c. light, 1 c. dark)  
1/2 c. hot water  
1 tsp. soda  
2 c. oat flakes [rolled oats]  
3 c. flour (or less)

Cream shortening. Gradually add sugar, while creaming more. Pour oat flakes on top of creamed mix. Add soda which has been dissolved in hot water for 5 minutes. Let the soda water soak into oats for a minute. Stir in flour. Let cool well. Roll thin, cut in circles, and bake at 375° for about 5 minutes.

#### SPRINGERLIES

- 1 doz. eggs
- 1 lemon -- and juice (and grated rind if stronger flavor is desired)
- 2 1/2 lbs. flour [10 cups flour]
- 2 lbs. powdered sugar
- 1 lb. corn starch -- reserve enough to sprinkle on your molds
- 1/2 tsp. hartshorn [ammonium carbonate, available at a drug store]\*

Beat the eggs and sugar 1 hour [30 minutes in an electric mixer], then add lemon and hartshorn and add cornstarch and flour. Roll and mold. [Press the dough into springerlie boards which have been floured with corn starch. Turn the dough out onto a baking board and cut the cookies apart. Separate the cookies for baking.] Let stand in a cold place overnight. Sprinkle [caraway or anise] seeds onto cookie sheets, place cookies on top. Bake [at 325° for 10-12 minutes. They should dry out rather than brown.]

\*[Note: You may substitute 1 tsp. baking powder for the hartshorn.]

#### FRENCH JUMBLES

- 1 c. butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/2 t. nutmeg
- 5 c. flour
- 1 1/2 t. baking powder

Beat the butter and sugar together. Add the grated nutmeg and the egg yolks. Sift the flour and baking powder together. Add the beaten whites of eggs, alternately with the sifted flour. Roll on granulated sugar and bake in quick oven. [375° for 3-5 minutes.]

Also memorable were:

#### AUNT FLO'S BOSTON ROCKS

- 4 c. flour
- 2 t. nutmeg
- 1 c. lard
- 1 t. cloves
- 1/4 t. salt
- 2 t. cinnamon
- 2 c. brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 lb. raisins
- 1 t. soda
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. buttermilk

Add lard and sugar and salt to flour and rub together. Add nuts and raisins and mix. Add spices, soda and buttermilk and beaten eggs. Drop by spoonful onto cookie sheets; sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350°), about 9 min.

JAMES MOORE YOUNGMAN

BORN 2 September 1852, died 3 October 1929. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

MARRIED Ella May Hinkal 5 June 1884, Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Ella May Hinkal was born 23 November 1863 and died 24 November 1950. She is buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

CHILDREN:

Florence Antes Youngman, born 13 February 1886, died 6 March 1962. She did not marry. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery.

Adalene Ludwig Youngman, born 15 June 1887, died 16 January 1962. Buried in Twin Hills Cemetery, Muncy. Married L. Stuart Young 15 June 1918 at Camp Curtin United Methodist Church, Harrisburg. Stuart Young was born 8 March 1891 in Pottsgrove and died 15 April 1980 in Williamsport. The one-room school he attended in Mooresburg is now restored as a State Historical site. Stuart remarked that it "looks like it always did, even to the outhouse!" Their children:

George Stuart Young, born 28 April 1920, Williamsport, died 18 June 1979. Married Helen Joan Spotts 28 June 1947. Joan was born 7 February 1925 and lives in Bethlehem, PA. Their children:

Stephen George Young, born 30 June 1949, Williamsport.

Lauren Janet Young, born 21 January 1957. Married David Edward Haas 20 December 1979. David was born 23 May 1956.

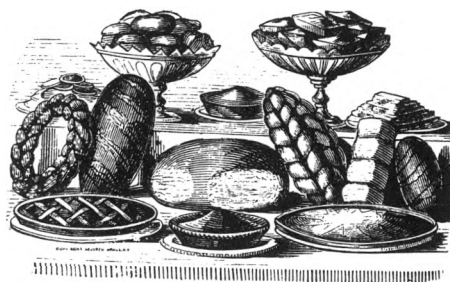
Charles Youngman Young, born 15 June 1923 at Williamsport. Married Gertrude Jean Croman 16 September 1943 in Biloxi, Mississippi. Gertrude was born 12 July 1920 at Williamsport. Their children:

James Charles Young, born 12 February 1956. Married Pamela Inez Kurtz 20 August 1976 at the New Columbia Presbyterian Church. Pamela was born 1 February 1955. They live in New Columbia, Pennsylvania.

Robert Alan Young, born 29 December 1959,  
Williamsport.

Eleanor Louise Young, born 20 October 1924, in  
Williamsport. She is a retired nurse and  
nursing instructor and lives in Williamsport.

Dorothy Eulalie Youngman, born 18 May 1893, died 24 June  
1972. Married Walter Curtin Freed. See Part VII.



## *PART VII*

### WALTER CURTIN FREED and DOROTHY YOUNGMAN FREED

Growing up between William and Amelia Freed was difficult and rewarding. It was hard to live up to William's stern principles, exciting to be challenged to such heights, rewarding to be given a single word of approval. And best of all, good to know that Mother's love was constant. Sweet, gentle Amelia was always there, always supportive.

There was much to do in the 1890's to maintain a household. Walter had many chores to do to help out at home. Before school he had a quota of potato bugs to pick in the garden behind the house. There was a "mess" of vegetables to be shelled on the back porch. Food had to be dried and canned, sauerkraut and jam had to be made for the winter. The children were expected to lend a hand with every task.

The water pump was under the pear tree in the back yard. Early Monday mornings Walter drew the water for the family wash. It was heated in a large wash boiler on the wood-burning kitchen stove. The large round wooden tubs that hung on the back porch were set on a sturdy wash bench and filled with rinse water. Clothes were boiled, rinsed twice, and hung on clotheslines, and if there wasn't quite room enough, the last few rags were spread on the fence or on the gooseberry bushes.

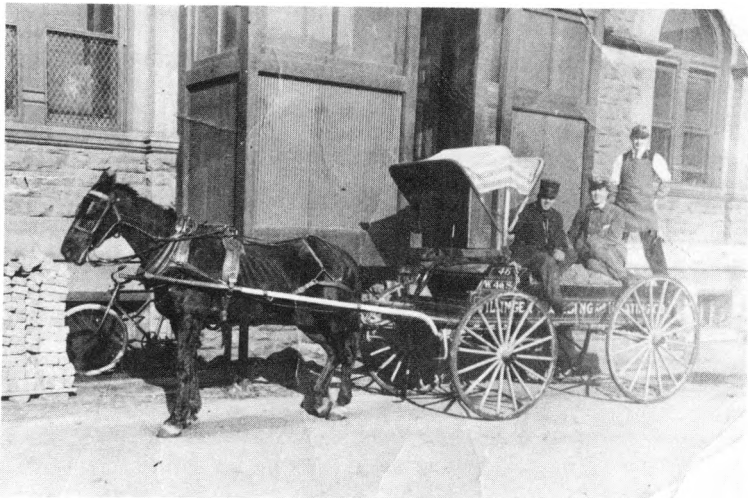
Walter attended the Daniel Webster School, where he was quite a good student. One day as Walter and a friend were walking home from school, they were passed by some girls going home to lunch from their work at the silk mill. In her hurry to catch up with her friends, one eighteen-year-old pushed Walter off the sidewalk. The friend helped Walter up and asked what happened. In a loud, clear voice Walter replied, "Oh, that old woman pushed me off the sidewalk!" The girl was so furious she turned and chased him a block down the street.

Walter's father believed that it was never too early for a boy to learn the value of work. By the time he was 8 or 9 years old, Walter was sent to work for a few hours each day at the foundry with his father. There he performed small tasks like knocking sand out of the molds after the pieces of cast iron had been set, and learned to work hard to make money. The money

Walter earned was his own to manage. William was not trying to get his son to support the family, but Walter was not to ask his father for money, either. He had to learn to manage his own affairs, and make his own way in the world.

William did not believe in formal education, which he considered a waste of time and money, but rather in the value of reading history and biography to learn from other people's experiences and mistakes, and most important of all, the "school of hard knocks." He believed strongly in the old German "7/7/7" child-rearing formula -- seven years of play, seven years of instruction, seven years of apprenticeship. So when Walter turned 14, William pressed him to quit school and get a job. Amelia tried to persuade her husband to let Walter continue school and work on the side, but to no avail. When Walter was in the eighth grade, he dropped out of school to get a real job.

He began exploring possible careers. For a while he worked full-time at the foundry. Then he took some barber training, but wanted something which would earn him more money. Next he took a job as a printer for the Grit Publishing Company, perhaps encouraged by his uncle Shiffler. After an accident there in which his left hand was injured in the press, he decided to seek other work.



Williamsport Parcel Post Service, about 1918.  
Left to right: Ben Lundquist, W. C. Freed, a clerk.

He took the Civil Service examinations and entered the postal service as a substitute in 1904. Civil service careers were very much to be desired, as they were among the most secure jobs available, with paid vacations and other benefits which were hard to find in those days. He worked very hard, as he always had at anything he did. Whenever his work was evaluated he was given extremely high ratings, several times 100%. On May 10, 1909, he was appointed carrier.

He delivered parcel post with a horse-drawn truck. One icy winter day when the horse was having trouble, Walter got out to see what was the matter. Just at that moment the horse fell down on the ice and threw Walter down too. He saw the horse's body falling toward his legs and realized that they would be crushed. Quickly he threw his legs out of the way. The horse recovered, and always afterward shied away from that spot.

Walter bought a bicycle to get to work more quickly. He enjoyed his new machine, and delighted in his agility with it. To his father's ethic of hard work Walter had added his own ethic of efficiency. A bicycle was certainly a more efficient way to get around.

Bicycles in those days had no brakes. Once when he was riding in the country, coasting down a long hill with his feet off the pedals, he met a hay wagon on a narrow bridge. There was nothing to do but continue. He braced himself to keep his balance as he brushed past the wagon, taking a sizeable portion of the overflowing hay with him.

While working at the post office, he attended night classes at the Williamsport Commercial College. He was thirsty for knowledge, and earned high grades. He graduated May 15, 1912. It was there that he met Dale Crum and Hope Braine, two men who were his friends all their lives.

Dale was the son of a prosperous storekeeper from Sinnamahoning, Pennsylvania. As early as 1907 Dale had a car. He and his friend Walt enjoyed riding in the wonderful machine, alerting those they passed with the horn which was mounted on the side of the car and sounded by squeezing a rubber bulb. If rain threatened, they would hop out of the car to roll isinglass over the window openings. They would often be soaked before they could get the windows covered.

Walter was devoted to his sister Ella, and she to him. She was intelligent and wanted to become a teacher, but if William Freed had been against formal education for his son, he was more opposed to wasting

money educating his daughter. Tuition at Bucknell University was seventy-five dollars a semester, which represented nearly three months' salary for Walter. Nonetheless Walter wanted his sister to fulfill her dream, and undertook to pay her expenses. Through great frugality he managed to pay her college expenses and to save some money to invest for his own future as well. William was proud to see this demonstration of the ethic he had wanted to impart to his son. Walter had grown to manhood and earned his father's esteem.

Although his formal education consisted of only eight years of grammar school and two years at the Commercial College, Walter was very well read. His father had certainly passed to both his children his great love of books and reading, and they devoured the many volumes which covered the shelves at home.

Probably his favorite person in history, perhaps in some ways his idol, was Benjamin Franklin. He was devoted to the Horatio Alger myth -- determined to live it and make it come true for him. He was intelligent and ambitious, determined to make his mark in the world.

Dorothy was the youngest of the three daughters of James and Ella Youngman. Having been born about the time her father gave up his law practice, Dorothy's whole life at home was colored by the family's shaky financial condition.

She started first grade when she was five years old. One day when she was a second grader, a boy named Walt pulled her pigtails. When she told her mother about the incident, young Dorothy said she would never marry a man named Walter. In later years she often told this story, ending by repeating the advice her own mother had given her that day -- that one should never make vain promises about such silly things. From that day on Dorothy prayed for a good husband, and promised God that she would love him and raise good children who would become responsible citizens.

She was concerned for her parents. Their inability to manage money made life more than a little uneasy. Her mother worried about what they would live on. She made Dorothy's dresses from those of her older sisters or those of her cousin in New York City. Dorothy helped her bake cookies to sell to contribute extra money to the household. In later years, Dorothy told her own children, "Whatever mistakes you see in your parental home, improve them for your own children. Try to understand your parents." She felt that the biggest mistake her parents made was their failure to provide financial security for the family.



Nonetheless, she loved her parents deeply and was devoted to her father. James often read to her from his own books or books from the public library. The whole family loved their Sunday afternoon walks up Fifth Avenue hill, or up Newberry Hill to visit relatives. There were lots of cousins to play with and jolly uncles with fascinating stories, especially Uncle Lon with his tales of the Civil War and of fighting the Indians in the northwest.

Dorothy graduated from grammar school in 1907. The class trip was to attend the dedication of the new stone arch railroad bridge across the Susquehanna River north of Harrisburg, the longest stone arch bridge in existence at that time. The trip was led by Harvey E. Stabler.[1]

She graduated from high school in 1911. Among those in her graduating class were her cousin, Irene Youngman, Ella Freed, Errol Doeblner, and Verna Wilcox.[2]

Dorothy went on to West Chester State Normal School to prepare to be a grammar school teacher, beginning her studies in September of 1911. Her older sister Florence had graduated from the same two-year course there in 1905.

She had a wonderful two years at West Chester. Later she recalled "I'm a kind of queer duck. I always liked everything in college -- except when History of Education was dry as punk and the Professor was inexorable on every tiny detail.[3] She took 13 courses each year and had a 91 average, with grades of 100 in Nature Study. Her subjects include Cicero and Virgil; Civics, Agriculture, and Physics; Domestic Science and "Physiology and school sanitation" as well as material and methods appropriate for an aspiring elementary school teacher.[4]

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1. Mr. Stabler later became principal of the Thaddeus Stevens Junior High School that all Dorothy's children attended.

2. Irene Youngman married Penman. Errol Doeblner was Walter Freed's cousin. Verna Wilcox was the aunt of Harry Wilcox who later married June Freed.

3. DEY (Williamsport) to Ella Freed (Bucknell), 4 May 1916.

4. Report cards from Dorothy Youngman's West Chester Notebook.

She was elected Class Collector, and was Associate Editor of the Class Book. When she graduated in May 1913, she went with her class to Washington, D.C., where they met President Woodrow Wilson, Vice-President Thomas Marshall, and Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan.

Her favorite professor, Dr. S. C. Schumucker, offered her an assistantship in Botany if she would stay at West Chester. Much as she loved the college life, she decided she should go home where she could be of help to her family. She did return for her first class reunion, and was one of the speakers at the banquet. Years later when her own children were grown, she and her husband returned for many happy reunions.

Many of Dorothy's closest lifelong friends were classmates from West Chester. Her roommate "Chum", Helen Elouis Eachus, married Omar C. Williams. Her friend Eva Latch married Baker Pyle, a dairy farmer outside Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Anne married Alvah E. Slack, a postal clerk in Wallingford. And her dearest friend of all, Helen Suiter of York, married Robert Taylor and moved to Moorestown, New Jersey. Determined to keep their friendship alive across the miles, they began a "Round Robin" correspondence which lasted many years.

She returned to Williamsport and took a position as a third grade teacher at the Thaddeus Stevens Elementary School on Memorial Avenue, and stayed there three years. She often took her students on nature walks and shared with them her love of botany. The following is her description, probably of a walk from the home of her cousin Frederick Antes up Lycoming Creek road.

After dinner we all went up the Hollow ... It was dark and dense with hemlock trees and at the foot flowed a beautiful big run winding in every conceivable way. ... We found anemone, hepatica, sweet white violets, swamp buttercups, dog tooth violets, and lots of beautiful arbutus. ... The whole world is full of the beauty of the Spring and it simply fills, overflows and permeates me -- mind, body and spirit. I love and appreciate every tiniest thing and love them more every year. ... But aren't the fruit trees one grand mass of bloom? On Saturday I dug in the garden, planting, transplanting, pruning and glorying in it generally." [5]

Dorothy and her sister Florence often attended the free lectures in the basement of the James V. Brown Library on Fourth Street. One evening Ella Freed was there, and came over to greet Dorothy. Dorothy introduced her sister Florence, and Ella presented her brother Walter. Walter and Dorothy were quickly attracted to each other. Their friendship grew on long walks in the company of sisters, cousins, and friends. Occasionally Dorothy's parents even gave permission for her to go boating with Walter and his friend Hope Braine in a canoe they called "Laff-a-Lot" on the Susquehanna River.

Occasionally Walter had a hard time keeping up with his social life because he worked such long, hard hours. One night he rode his bicycle home from the post office for supper, went to take a short nap, and asked his mother to call him in time for his date with Dorothy. He woke up hours later, having completely missed his date. When he asked his mother why she hadn't called him, she said that her "dear boy" was so very tired that she felt he needed his sleep more. In those days before telephones, there was no way to let Dorothy know, but she would understand -- especially since it wouldn't happen a second time.

Friendship grew into love and engagement. They wanted to be married soon, but Walter felt that his commitment to his sister's education should be taken care of first. Three years was a long time to wait, and in later years they felt that the long engagement had been a mistake. But during this time they planned and dreamed together. They had a savings program that included the purchase of a house and its furnishings before their marriage. In May 1916 they purchased the property at 1236-38 Isabella Street for \$1800.[6]

Throughout the summer they readied the house, dividing the back bedroom to make a bathroom and small bedroom, and furnishing it completely. By the time of their wedding they had no debt for house or furniture.

Their love for one another was always clear to those around them. It was a love full of respect and a willingness to strive together.

At Home, 10 p.m., Friday

Beloved of Mine,  
You asked me a question the other night.  
It stumped me a bit at first, for I had

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5. DEY to Ella Freed, 4 May 1916.



Dorothy E. Youngman at her graduation from West Chester State Normal School, 1913.



Walter C. Freed, ca. 1916.



On the Susquehanna. Left to right: Hope Braine, Walter C. Freed, Dorothy Youngman.

thought nothing about it. I expected you to do just what you wanted to, and I didn't quite like to help you that way to make your decision.

But today I've not quite known what you would think. I looked for you but Luck was not with me that time. And now I am so sleepy that I don't know whether I can write to you or not.

You asked me "Would you be disappointed if I didn't send you something for Valentine's Day?" Of course you know any gift of yours I always anticipate and enjoy heaps. But I never gave you any inkling in reply to your quiz. I suppose you thought "Silence means consent." And so it did. Your rule worked well, for that's what it meant this time.

There are a couple of things I want. And I confess I will be mightily disappointed if I don't get them.

I want You -- my real, live Valentine. I want your best love, your best Thoughts, your best of Living. I want you ever strong, good, true, pure, high, sweet and loving.

As my Valentine to you, I shall give myself, my best, and my all into your keeping. I give too my every best effort into having us grow always as your three Loves[7] and You would have us grow.

Now since you know something of my Valentine to you, why don't you reckon your gift to me by that?

Can the Valentine I give to you be repaid by a box of Whitman's or Huylers'? Would the bargain make you feel comfortable? If mere stuff like that never won my little early love, do you think that it can win the wondrous precious Love my heart bears now? Do you think that candy will do instead of you?

Or do you think that the sweetness of the roses, of jonquils and narcissus or violets and lilies-of-the-valley can so overpower my senses to make the Everpresent Sweet Dream of Our Home of Happiness and Love fade from my heart and mind? I have been almost

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6. In the same contract was an option to buy the two-family houses at 1940-42, 1944-46, and 1948-50 by March 1920 for a total of \$5200. They did purchase these additional houses.

7. Love of God, of each other, and of family.

impatiently longing for the \$350 milestone to bring us nearer "Home". If my Valentine Love Gift is the thing that disappoints me in that, can even the perfume and the perfect beauty of the flowers I so love satisfy me?

People would call me a fool for saying anything to you. They would have me let you think whatever you would. They will say too, "If he doesn't do it now, he never will." If he "never will," then I want it now. But then "he" isn't my Ideal of You. He will give me now the sweetest things I want that he can give -- and always so.

Through all my rambling understand this well. Candy will not do instead of you. Flowers will not do instead of our Milestone. After that, use your own sweet will. But that is what my silence meant. A sweet, sweet "Good night,"

Your Dottie Girl.[8]

It is easy to see that such a reply, in addition to being so very obviously full of love, would appeal to a frugal young man. And it is certain that his very frugality appealed to a girl whose childhood had been somewhat unsettled due to her father's lack of sound money management. They reached their Milestone, bought and furnished their home. Ella graduated from Bucknell in June 1916, and Walter and Dorothy were married that fall.

Their wedding was a simple ceremony early in the morning of Saturday, September 2, her father's birthday. At 5:00 a.m. the Reverend John J. Mortimer, pastor of Grace Methodist Church, leaned out of his bedroom window and rang a bell to awaken the Youngmans next door. The wedding took place in front of the fireplace in the sitting room at 6:30. The newlyweds walked two blocks north to the railroad station and caught the 7:15 train to Watkins Glen, New York, for their Labor Day Honeymoon weekend.

It is the Man and Woman united that makes the complete Human Being. Separate she wants his force of body and Strength of Reason; he her Softness, Sensibility and acute Discernment. Together they are most likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the

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8. DEY (316 Campbell Street) to WCF (c/o the Post office, where he was probably working that night or early the next day and would receive it quickly), 13 February 1915.

Value he would have in that State of Union. He is an incomplete Animal. He resembles the odd Half of a Pair of Scissors. If you get a prudent, healthy wife, your Industry in your Profession, with her Economy, will be a Fortune sufficient.[9]

As unto the bow, the arrow, so is man to woman. Though she leads him yet she follows, useless one without the other.[10]



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9. Benjamin Franklin. Found copied in Walter Freed's handwriting.

10. GUIDEPOSTS, July 1968. Found copied in Dorothy Freed's handwriting.

By this time Walter was thirty-one, and a family of six children was yet to be born. In later years he regretted that they had waited those three years to be married because, as he said, they would have managed, and he would have been that much younger for the younger sons.

It was nine and a half months after their marriage that the following message went out to Dorothy's college friends:

From Williamsport Hospital, 6-14-17  
Round Robin Girls:

Dottie is asking me to take her place and be one of you this trip. Robin was full of good news and so are we.

The little girl we expected the last of this month arrived at six o'clock June 12th. Her name is Dorothy June. Mother and Baby are well and both so happy. The writer also belongs to that class.

Dottie is at the Williamsport Hospital and is well pleased with her room and the care they give her. Because Dot has taken such good care of herself she had such an easy time giving birth to Baby, it was one of the easiest the Doctor ever saw.

After Mother leaves the Hospital, also Baby, Helen Suiter is going to come and look us over and see that we get the proper nourishment for the next couple of months or more maybe.

Dottie and family send their best wishes to everybody.

Pop.[11]

The hospital bill came to \$37.16 for 1 week and 6 days.

Walter Jr. was born in the Williamsport Hospital too. There was some complication during his birth in which the umbilical cord was caught around his neck and he nearly died. Walter was unhappy with the way the hospital had handled the situation, and decided it would be better to have the next child born at home with the doctor coming to the house. Mrs. Bower, a farmer's wife was engaged to take care of the other children and the home activities.

Dorothy's babies came quickly and easily, and there was not much time to summon the doctor. Walter arranged



to use the telephone at the night watchman's room of the nearby United States Rubber Company so that he would not have far to go. Nonetheless, Marian arrived while her father was sprinting to the telephone. Seventeen months later when Dale arrived Dr. Charles W. Youngman, Dorothy's uncle, was there to help.

On the rare occasions that Dorothy took a trip without Walter after their marriage, it was to visit Helen Suiter. In 1921 she took Marian and June on the train to York, leaving Walter and Walter Jr. at home in Williamsport.

The letters Walter and Dorothy exchanged during that separation are full of love and of pride in their children. Walter wrote:

Little Walter is still sleeping. He didn't get awake until 8:30 a.m. Thursday. I suppose he will sleep as long today because he must have been just as tired last night. I kept him pretty busy yesterday. He said yesterday morning when we were eating breakfast, "Daddy, after breakfast let's you and I go to work." And I said "alright". So I took him up to 1248 Isabella and gave him one or two pieces of wood to carry down to 1236 and he certainly was a happy child. He made a good many trips. I have some very large holes in the kitchen. Fred Huggman told me that a Mr. Payne was a good plasterer and was very reasonable. I am going to see him before our Son gets awake this morning. On that trip I will mail this letter.

... I hope all this early morning thinking of my dearest lover didn't disturb her sleep. I love you more and more every day, dearest. Be sure and get enough sleep. All the love in the world from Hubby and Father and Walter Jr. to our loved ones.

Hubby and Walter Jr.[12]

And Dorothy responded:

... It does seem so lonesome without you. But we are having a splendid time and a real vacation.

But oh! you are the Wonder Man. Every one I see makes me know it better.[13]

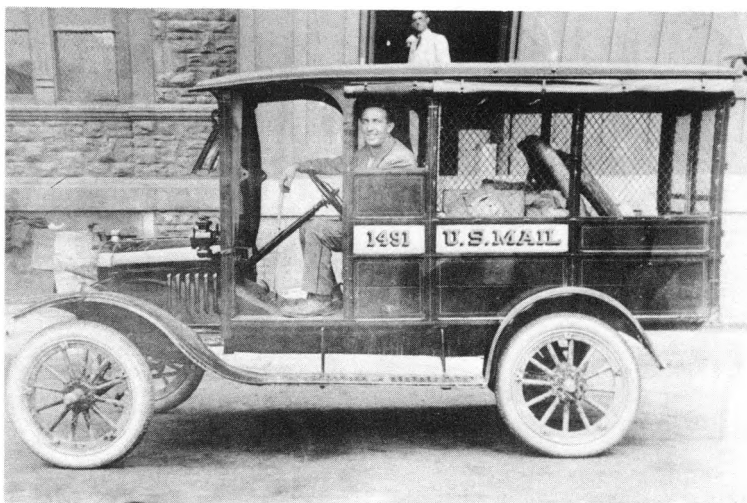
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12. WCF (Williamsport) to DEYF (York), 19 August 1921, 5:30 A.M.

13. DYF to WCF, 18 August 1921.



1919: Dorothy Youngman Freed holding Walter Jr.,  
Walter Curtin Freed holding June.



First parcel post truck in Williamsport, about  
1919. Truck operated by W. C. Freed.

Walter and Dorothy continued their saving ways and fulfilled the option to buy three additional two-family houses on Isabella Street in the next few years. The income from renting those units gave them more money to invest, and Walter was always on the lookout for a good investment, usually real estate. Not only was he eager to make money and fulfill his ambitions, he had determined to send all of his children to college. He knew that this would cost a great deal of money, but his own experience and those of his sister Ella and wife Dorothy had convinced him that intelligent children should be able to go to college and expand their horizons.

Walter always admired good cars. Ever practical first, he suppressed his desire to buy a luxury car and decided instead to invest in a Reo truck for \$2100, more than he had paid for many of his houses, which he used for mail delivery. The first horseless mail delivery trucks were owned by the mailmen. Once when he took June with him to Sawyer Park she nearly fell out of the open side of the truck as he was going around a sharp curve. Walter managed to snatch her by the leg. His hand slipped down her leg until he was holding her by the ankle when he was finally able to stop the truck. He often reminded her of this, and repeated how glad he was he had been able to hold on.

The first government-owned truck in Williamsport was #1491, which was assigned to Walter Freed. Now that the Reo was no longer needed, he bought a black Model T Ford coupe. A little folding stool could be added to squeeze in another passenger.

No driver's licenses were required in those days. One day while Walter was eating lunch near a Post Office window, he spotted Dorothy driving the Model T with her three children. Fearing for the safety of the children, he agreed to drive her wherever she wanted to go, whenever she wanted to go, much preferring to do the driving himself, and believing it was the duty of the head of the family. The Model T was sold before Dale was born. For several years the family walked or used the city bus.

Walter was promoted to postal clerk in February 1922. He was extraordinarily efficient and received very high service ratings. Seventeen months later he was promoted to Special Clerk.

1236 Isabella Street proved to be quite an expandable house. When they first bought it, it

consisted of a parlor, dining room and kitchen, one behind the other, with three bedrooms upstairs, a full basement, and an outhouse in the back. Before they moved into it, they divided the back bedroom to make a bathroom and a small bedroom.

Children and kiddie cars made the parlor seem small. In March 1922, Walter contracted with William and F.A. Snook for additions, alterations, and repairs to 1936-38 Isabella Street for \$1434.50. They built a 16 x 22 ft. addition consisting of cellar, living room, and two bedrooms. Walter did the concrete work himself to save part of the expense. The entire house was shingled with cedar shingles, and the electrical wiring was improved.

Looking ahead to the future, Walter wanted to make sure that the living room floor would be sturdy enough to withstand the girls' tap dancing and the boys' wrestling matches. He asked these contractors to brace the living room floor by installing a steel bridge girder diagonally underneath. The amused workmen inquired if he was "raising elephants".

June and Marian moved into the south bedroom over the new living room, and Walt into the north one. Dale was born in September, and moved in with Walt the following spring.

The family was remarkably healthy, with only occasional bouts of disease. The worst of it was during June's first year of school. Early in the fall June came home with the measles. The house was quarantined, and her room was darkened completely. Shades, draperies, curtains and shutters were closed to prevent damage to her eyes. Walt sneaked in to say hello, contracting measles himself and carrying them to everyone else.

Three Health Department signs placarded the house, warning people not to enter. All the children were quarantined in the house until the last one was completely well, at which point June returned to school. Within weeks she was home again, this time with the mumps, which made the rounds in the same manner, with the house quarantined for the duration. Two weeks after she returned to school again she brought chicken pox for another round of illness.

Donald was born early on a Sunday morning in 1924. The older children announced his birth to the neighbors on their way to church. Some people exclaimed, "Another baby?"

Dorothy's doctor this time was Dr. Louis Langley and his wife, a nurse. They lived four houses east and went to St. John's Lutheran Church. Dorothy and Walter, both of whom were raised as Methodists, chose to worship at St. John's so that their children would not have to cross the railroad tracks or any main streets to get to Sunday School. Some months later the Langleys' only child, their son Louie, was born. Don and Louie grew to be close friends.

The next winter when Don was only months old he came down with whooping cough and nearly died. Again the house was quarantined. Dorothy had learned her lesson, and was much more strict with the other children and careful to keep Don isolated. Fortunately none of the other children got it.

One of the most memorable events was the "mass tonsilectomy" of about 1926. It was determined that Mother, Walt, Marian, Dale and Don needed their tonsils removed. In the interest of both efficiency and economy, Dad and Mother decided to get the whole thing over with at once. Mother had her tonsils out in the doctor's office with a local anesthetic, came home in a taxi, and went to bed. Cousin Charles Youngman and nurse Edith Lunquist (Mrs. Benjamin Lunquist) came to the house to take care of the children. An operating room was set up in the small back bedroom on the second floor, near the bathroom, using an enamel top kitchen table for an operating table.

Walter took the day off to help out, and Aunt Flo came over to read stories to the children as they came out of the anesthesia after the operation. The children had not been briefed on what was to happen, however, and therefore were not at all cooperative. Each in turn was subjected to an enema, ether, and the operation in turn. Dorothy remembered the helpless feeling she had as she listened to each child go under the anesthesia, calling for her in a weaker and weaker voice until the cry faded away. When the children woke up, Aunt Flo was there to read to them. The words meant little, but it was good to have some company. There were chewing gum and ice cream for the patients, both rare treats. They enjoyed being fed ice cream, but the chewing gum hurt.

The next morning the children had already begun to recover and requested oatmeal for breakfast, but Dorothy said the very thought of it scratched her throat. Her throat was much more sore than theirs and her recuperation longer. While the children recovered in about two days, she was uncomfortable for two weeks. After this, the children had almost perfect attendance

at school until 1934, June's senior year in high school, when Dale got scarlet fever.

During the family's Thanksgiving visit to Maple Shade, New Jersey, Walter took the children to Wanamaker's in Philadelphia to see the Christmas displays. While there Dale complained that he didn't feel well. When Walter saw that Dale had quite a fever, he packed everyone into the car immediately and took off for Williamsport.

Dale was very ill for quite a while. Dorothy maintained aseptic conditions in the house to try to keep Don and Bruce from getting it. She hung a sheet dipped in an antiseptic solution over his bedroom door, and changed her clothes every time she went in or out of the room. June, Walt, and Marian were sent to stay with friends so that they could continue to attend school. On January first the older children came to call hello through the windows to their little brothers.

Walter was reluctant to buy "just things," but he was always ready to buy Dorothy work-saving appliances. There was no telephone nor radio in the house until 1929, but they always had the latest improved washing machines. There were wooden and metal tubs, rubber wringers, spin dryers. Also there was an early gas ironing machine called a "mangle", about seventy inches wide, which was kept in the basement. A long roller covered like an ironing board rolled the clothes under a heated plate to press them flat. Two or three people could iron at one time. Sometimes Dad, June and Marian would do straight things and Mother "mangled" dresses and shirts. When a smaller electric mangle which could be kept in the kitchen replaced this one, the gas one was given to the Home for the Friendless (now called the Williamsport Home).

A fireless cooker which was also kept in the cellar was used to cook prunes and barley, oatmeal, corn meal mush, or baked beans. Boiling hot foods sealed with a tight lid were placed in one of the three sections of this insulated box to continue cooking throughout the night, or from morning until supper.

Telephone and radio were considered frills not necessary to the daily living of those who had six children to raise and educate. Walter did not believe in being "the first nor the last to accept the new." They regularly listened to Lowell Thomas' news and the Amos and Andy Show on the radio next door at the Hammers'. The family went to Grandmother Youngman's to listen to Admiral Richard E. Byrd's thrilling radio

broadcast from Antarctica in 1928 and 1929. By the time of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition, from 1933 to 1935, there was a radio in the Freed home.

On rare occasions when Dorothy needed to use the telephone she went two houses east to the Sanders' and always slipped a dime under the telephone. Word came to her of the death of her father by way of the Sanders' telephone. She went to the piano and quietly sang a few hymns. She felt she had to control her grief so that baby Bruce's milk would not be affected.

Sunday afternoons in the Twenties were spent visiting Grandparents. The family strolled along with some children on tricycles and one in the buggy. Dad and Grandpa Freed always played chess, for they enjoyed the game enormously. William was glad to have a challenging opponent -- it was too easy to beat Melie. During chess games Dorothy and the children stayed in the kitchen with Grandmother and played in front of the warm kitchen stove or drew pictures on the brown paper that had wrapped items from the grocery store. The round kitchen table was covered with a red checkered tablecloth, and held salt, pepper, sugar, and a crock of homemade applebutter covered with a linen napkin, ready for the next meal.

During one such visit, the sound of the front door-bell interrupted the chess game. Walter went to the door. It was Lee Lunger, his good friend from the post office, with news that Walter had been promoted to Foreman. Everyone spent the rest of the day in celebration. The front parlor, which was only used on the most special occasions, was opened up and filled with people.

After Grandfather Freed died in 1928 there was further renovation at 1236. The little back bedroom was more than tripled in size to make a nice room for Grandmother Freed which would be large enough to hold enough of her things to help her feel at home: her old parlor rug with the big roses on it, a coal oil floor heater to keep her warm, all her own furniture and her kitchen clock. The children's memories of Grandmother include the headphones with which she listened to the radio. Her hearing got so bad that they had to speak to her through a "speaking tube" that would direct the sound to her ear. She had a little weather-predictor verse for all occasions, gleaned from the LANCASTER FARMERS' ALMANAC. There was great love and family feeling between her and her children, strengthened by admiration and pride for her son and his family.



She stayed at 1236 until 1929, when Aunt Ella was expecting Ruth. Grandmother then went to Maple Shade, New Jersey, to be with her daughter. She stayed there the rest of her life except for one visit to Williamsport during the summer of 1933 when Walter drove to Maple Shade to bring his mother, Ella, Ruth and Richard back for the summer. The Freeds fixed up one of the rental units at 611 Eighth Avenue for them, an easy walk away.

Bruce was born on Thursday evening, July 23, 1929, in the big back bedroom which had been Grandmother's room. The children remember Bruce's birth most clearly because he was the youngest. June was told to put the other children to bed. Excitement was high, and "to bed" did not mean "to sleep." Walter went to get Cousin Charles Youngman, the doctor.

June and Marian whispered together in their room until they heard the cry of their new baby brother. They tiptoed in to say hello to Mother, taking rattles and other little gifts for the new baby. They saw Bruce being bathed by Mrs. Bower, and happily went back to bed. Walt and Dale trooped along, but Don was too sleepy. It was a memorable occasion.

Many children of that day were told that babies came from cabbage heads or doctor's bags, but the Freed children were told that babies in this family came because they were "loved and wanted." Nonetheless there was certainly no sexual education for the children.

With such a large family they decided that they needed a car again. Walter bought a seven-passenger Hudson that heated up constantly. It was soon traded in on a 1928 dark green Packard, bought in 1932, with a box trunk in the back and a wide running board. Suitcases were packed on the driver's side and covered with a tarp to guard against inclement weather. June took her driver's test in this car. She pulled up and backed about eight times to be sure not to touch the curbs. The policeman quipped that he could put his car in the back of this one and take it for a ride. One postal employee referred to it as a "box car".

Between the Sanders house and the Freed house lived Jake and Maggie Hammer at 1234 whom the children called "Grandma" and "Grandpa." The children loved the Hammers. The little boys were impressed with his teeth, that could be taken out and put back. Jake had a Model T Ford which he drove only on Sunday afternoons. In the winter he put it up on large wooden blocks in the garage "to save the tires". In the early Thirties he would argue with the boys and boast that his car could beat



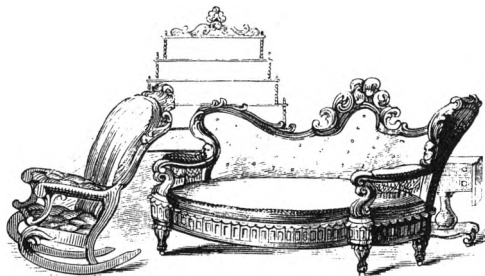
Walter's. He would point to the radiator thermometer on the hood to show the boys how fast the car was going. Once on the Lycoming Creek Road Walter reduced his speed to about five miles an hour so Jake could finally pass him.

The kitchen and living room were the two most important rooms in the daily life of this active family. The living room was furnished with sturdy dark oak "mission" furniture and a few wicker chairs. There was a glass-topped game table where chess and checkers were played.

A tall Edison phonograph stood along the wall. The children loved to wind it up and listen to nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and rousing marches. Later they enjoyed piano and violin selections as well. There was also a very sturdy old red rocking chair made of round shaved logs. One or two of the children would sit backwards in that rocker with their legs out behind it and rock so vigorously that the rocker would "walk" across the room.

In one corner there was a large roll-top desk and a typewriter. Every Sunday afternoon Walter sat at his typewriter and wrote to his mother and sister. The children were encouraged to write regularly too.

Between the parlor and the dining room was a large round register for the central heating, the earliest model of "pipeless furnace" -- a single vertical shaft from the firepit in the cellar. Cold air returns bordered the register. It heated the house, blew skirts, and was sometimes used to dry clothes or dishes. It was fired with anthracite coal, stove coal size, and banked at night with pea size coal. A ton per room would heat the house well all winter long, so each July five tons of stove coal and one ton of pea coal were put in the coal bins in the cellar through the special coal window.





1236 Isabella Street, 1916.



The Freed family, ca. 1930. Left to right seated: Dorothy, Don, Walter Sr. with Bruce, Dale; standing: Marian, June, Walter Jr.

The addition had doubled the size of the kitchen. Three enamel top tables were placed side by side to make eight places, three children on each side with Dad at the head and Mother at the foot of the table. There was a cabinet with baking supplies and a flour bin. Pans were stored in the bottom and there was a special tin-lined drawer for fresh bread. A fourth enamel top table served as a work table. There were also a marble-top storage cabinet, a gas stove, and a walnut ice box. An electric stove and refrigerator were purchased in the Thirties. A long pipe spanning half the length of the west wall served as a coat rack. It held all the coats needed for a family of eight, and some that were waiting for someone to grow into.

The family drank six to eight quarts of milk daily and often more. The dairy was glad to sell them milk wholesale since the Freed's' order was larger than that of the neighborhood restaurant.

Walter's barber training came in handy for all the heads in the household. The "customer" would sit on the old red wooden adjustable stool and be draped with a piece of old floral material. Walter declared that with haircuts going up to twenty-five cents he'd be in the poorhouse if his troop went to the barber. "I built my trade on satisfied customers," he'd say, to which Dale would wryly retort, "Name one!" Summer haircuts lasted the season. For a few summers there were "baldies." Dorothy influenced the substitution of short haircuts instead. Everyone had straight hair except Donald, whose hair lay in ringlets even when he was a baby.

The children were full of life and mischief. It took a lot of organization to keep the household from being total mayhem. Mother was concerned that the noise level not be overbearing for a hard-working man to come home to. The children were kept busy with homework and chores.

Dad and the oldest child at home often did the wash early in the morning and hung it on the lines before Dad went to work and the children to school. Sometimes there were frozen fingers. On wet and very cold days the clothes were hung at night in the dining room on parallel lines and then with extra items hung between the lines. One day June got her little hand caught in the wringer. Even though her hand was alright, it frightened Walter. Soon after, the spin-dryer replaced the wringer.

The children helped in other ways too. Each was responsible for his own room and for a part of the downstairs. Everyone took turns with doing the dishes

and setting the table. Girls helped with "mangling" and hand ironing and boys helped with jobs that Dad supervised such as painting, concreting, yard work, etc. However there was naturally a lot of work and a lot of clutter connected with a household of eight busy people. When unexpected company arrived, everyone pitched in to "blitz" the house, hiding any clutter quickly behind the coats on the coat rack in the kitchen or on the steps "going up", or behind the davenport.

Dorothy liked to keep the sewing machine near where the children played, so for many years it was in the living room. Later it went to the kitchen along with a pile of things that were waiting to be mended or altered. She devised many ways to keep an item "in service," but with so much to do, a mending chore sometimes stayed in the pile until its owner outgrew it. Dorothy prided herself on being able to manage her large family without outside help, so the growing sew pile was a constant reminder to her of tasks postponed.

Walter believed in getting his money's worth out of everything. This was especially true of his clothes. He practically never wanted to part with a piece of clothing, no matter how old or worn out it got. When something was so threadbare that Dorothy could patch it and darn it no more, she would say, "Walter, I think it's time to get rid of that." He would reply, "Oh, I couldn't do that! That's my old friend!"

One of his favorites was a very heavy sweater that he often put on when he first came in, "to cool off slowly." His sister had bought it for herself and it was originally blue. Years later when it no longer fit her and the World War I dye had changed to purple she gave it to Walter. He dubbed it "The Royal Purple", and wore it another 40 years, until it was only threads.

Walter was interested in buying quality clothes for reasonable prices so he almost always took his sons to visit his friend Mr. Sykes, who sold good second-hand clothing. Mr. Sykes was one of the shop keepers along his parcel post route with whom he joked daily.

Walter prepared for these buying expeditions by donning a worn jacket and tucking one and five dollar bills into various pockets, and fifty cents into his vest pocket. Walter and Sykes enjoyed the game of bargaining for a price. After a length of good-natured haggling, Walter would bring out the necessary money from his various pockets, one bill or coin at a time.

Walter and Dorothy found great joy in their children, as later in their grandchildren. The children never doubted that they were wanted and loved. Mother and Dad delighted in all offerings from children, even half-dead weeds, and had a way of making children feel important. Rearing their children to be good citizens was part of their obligation to God, and one of the ways they worshipped Him.

God meant that we should kneel to do  
The things that make Life good,  
To bathe the baby in his tub,  
To polish fragrant wood,  
To light a fire on the hearth,  
To tend a flower-bed ...  
God didn't make us reach for these --  
He made us kneel instead.[14]

Mother was sweet and gentle. She almost never raised her voice, but when you misbehaved it was clear that she disapproved, and you were not inclined to cross her lightly. She always looked for the sweet, kind thing to say, and expected her children to do the same.

Lord, give me a heart that often sings,  
And finds great joys in little things;  
The song of a bird, the smell of a rose;  
A gentle breeze that playfully blows;  
A savory meal with loved ones dear;  
The sound of a church bell sweet and clear;  
A mother's love, a child's caress;  
These are the things that truly bless.[15]

Dad used maxims to stress qualities to be learned -- among them "Consistency, thou art a jewel;" "A penny saved is a penny earned;" "Develop habits that work for you, not against you;" and "Know thyself." "Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance." [16] For these reasons and others they were against drinking and smoking and wasting time, and in favor of reading, thrift, and skill-building. He had a maxim for every occasion, most often chosen from POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS or Chesterfield's LETTERS TO HIS SON, the READER'S DIGEST, or a work of Benjamin Franklin.

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14. Carolyn Jerrold, GUIDEPOSTS, October 1967. Clipping from the papers of Dorothy Y. Freed.

15. Mildred Kirkland, Charleston, S.C., GUIDEPOSTS, May 1965. Clipping from the papers of Dorothy Y. Freed.

16. Samuel Johnson. Found copied in Walter Freed's handwriting.

Walter and Dorothy worked for better schools for Williamsport. Walter was on the school committee and chose the site of the new Thaddeus Stevens Junior High School. The Charles Lose School was built to replace the older Thaddeus Stevens Elementary School with its outdoor bathroom facilities, where Dorothy had taught.

Walter was anxious to attract better teachers to Williamsport, and was convinced that the best way to do that was to improve salaries. He felt that teachers should "stimulate thinking and inspire learning that can develop the abilities of children and increase their future earning power." An annual teaching salary of \$500 or \$600 just would not get the job done.

Walter would make an annual pilgrimage to visit the school principal to make sure that his children were assigned to only the best teachers. All the children had good homework habits. Everyone sat at the dining room table after supper until all the assignments from teachers were done to their parents' satisfaction. Questions and answers or extra problems from their parents reinforced the assignments, and the children were always encouraged to do the extra credit assignments teachers suggested.

There were always mental math games to play. The house was full of "educational" games such as anagrams, Muggins played with Flinch cards or homemade ones, and geography games. At bedtime Walter would invent stories in which one of the children was the protagonist. He often fell asleep in the middle of the story.

The children invented games. One boy would crouch at each end of the hall between the bedrooms "in the new part" over the living room, with a protective blanket over his head, pitching clothespins at another. Sometimes it was a team game, two against two. In the summer the children erected a playhouse in the back yard made of old crates, wooden boxes, old pieces of carpet, blankets and bedspreads. It would last most of the summer with additional refinements. The children almost always played at home, with most of the neighborhood children joining in. There were quoits under the grape arbor and a cherry tree to climb. Later a city playground was built behind the house and the Freed children often used it.

Softball, "hide-y-go", and other outdoor games were summer favorites. The children enjoyed walking to the cemetery where they rolled down the steep banks and chased the ice delivery truck to get a piece of ice to suck on a hot day. They also enjoyed jacks, marbles, and jump rope.

The boys rigged a pulley from the Tenth Avenue side of the house to the third floor. It took a good swing to clear the windowsill. In this way they could lift almost anything. They called it "the fire escape." One day they used it to take their clean laundry up, using much more time than the conventional way, much to Dad's displeasure.

Donald was particularly agile. Among other feats he was particularly good at balancing a long walnut clothesline pole or a broom or yardstick on his nose, chin, forehead, or finger. He could even walk around with something poised like this in the air.

Dale had an engineering interest. His bedroom looked more like a laboratory where electrical, mechanical, and chemical experiments could be done. One of his tricks was to use the vacuum cleaner hose as a listening tube by dropping it down through the heating shaft from his room into the living room. Thus he could eavesdrop on those in the living room. One of his favorite targets was sister June and her date Harry Wilcox.

While in high school Dale and a small group of friends formed an informal science club whose principal activity was to visit local factories. They saw Piper Cubs made in Lock Haven; glass products made in Corning, New York; fire hydrants, wire rope and a wide variety of other products made in Williamsport.

One day Bruce saw Walt push Don out of his way at the sink, saying, "One side, small change!" Bruce thought this a wonderful feat and tried to pull the same thing on Don. Don was furious at the presumptuous little tyke, and Walter separated them. "One side, small change!" became one of the family's favorite standing jokes.

One year the boys felt there were so many gifts to give that the wholesale purchase of a dozen tie and cuff link sets was in order. They were given and received many times over in the same attractive little boxes, with the suggested retail price prominently displayed.

Walter had learned sharing from the Doeblner family system of having one child cut, and another get first choice of the pieces. "You cut -- I choose!" In Amelia's family of twelve and in this family of six children, this was an important rule for preventing disputes over the size of portions. The children quickly learned this practical application of fractions,



and became astonishingly good at cutting things into ninths or elevenths without leaving a crumb of difference among the pieces.

Williamsport was badly hit by the Depression because of the closing of the United States Rubber Company plant. Some employees were given the option of going to the plants at Naugatuck, Connecticut, or Mishawaka, Indiana, but most of them became unemployed, as did the employees of many other plants. The Freed's were fortunate that Walter's federal job gave him regular work. It became necessary, however, for him to assist many of his tenants. A lived-in house was better than an empty house, even if the tenants could not pay the rents, which ranged from \$6 to \$30 per month. The wife of one tenant, who had five children and a sick husband, helped with some housework at 1236 in return for free housing. It was the only hired household help Dorothy ever had. With the rental income reduced it was even more important for the Freed's to do any repairs themselves.

The children were kept busy doing various projects around 1236 and the other houses the Freed's owned. Like his father, Walter believed that children should know the value of work and should be able to perform necessary house maintenance. Walt Jr.'s best friend Harry Wilcox, who was often at the Freed home, was drafted into helping in many of these projects, including cleaning the basement, laying concrete steps, and digging holes for trees in the garden. In 1934 when Richard Storck came to Williamsport for the summer, the boys worked him long and hard. They enjoyed deviling the girls' boyfriends, too. One favorite trick was to seat Franklin Hege next to the water pitcher, and then keep him busy pouring throughout most of the meal. "While you have your arm bent, Franklin ..."

Entertainment was one thing for which little money was spent in the Freed household. June and Walter were taken to see their first movie, PETER PAN, in 1925. In the Thirties sometimes Walter was given free passes by theater owners to thank him for helping to get their films delivered on time, so the children occasionally saw some of the better movies of which their parents approved. Many of their friends went every Saturday afternoon, but not the Freed children.

The family had plenty of entertainment at home, and they planned outings of one sort or another. In the winter there were ice skating and sledding. Many people, including Grandfather Youngman, skated on the river from Williamsport to Jersey Shore. But the Freed's



feared thin ice and chose safer places for their outings. The children were never allowed to skate on the river, and rarely on the creeks. They skated on Luppert's private lake, the lily pond at Eck's, and later on the flooded municipal tennis courts.

Sledding down the cemetery hill was another favorite sport. It was a long walk up -- several city blocks -- but a good ride down. One time Don was on the back of a bobsled when the plank broke. The children were bumped and bruised, but no one ever broke a bone.

The swimming trips were better than skating for many reasons. It was warm and sunny and no school interfered. The days were longer too, so the trips lasted longer. Dad would go to work about five A.M. so that he could be home by two-thirty in the afternoon. Meanwhile the family would prepare an enormous picnic supper. Lebanon bologna, other cold cuts, butter, homemade jelly, and peanut butter were packed into sandwiches by several helpers; then the sandwiches were carefully packed back into the bread wrappers. A gallon thermos was filled with lemon and orangeade.

The whole family plus their friends then piled into the car -- a seven-passenger which usually held at least a dozen people -- and off they went to Slabtown (Loyalsockville) for an afternoon swim in the cool Loyalsock Creek. Harry Wilcox would frequently go along. Aunt Flo often joined the group, wearing her familiar long-skirted navy blue wool swim suit, white rubber swimming shoes, and white cap.

After everyone was out and drying off, the boys would hold contests to see who could make a stone "skip" the most times in succession across the water. Walt and Dale were especially skillful at skipping stones.

In later years the Pennsylvania Game Commission took over the farm at the swimming area and installed turkey and pheasant raising pens and started a free mini-zoo, complete with a bear or two, and native Pennsylvania animals and birds. After swimming the family would sometimes visit there, then head up to the schoolhouse near Warrensville for a picnic supper. The sun, air, and exercise created such appetites that the loaves of sandwiches disappeared in an astonishing hurry. They sometimes stayed until sunset came with cool evening breezes. Then they drove back to Williamsport, passing by the Stroehman's bakery on the way and smelling the heady aroma of fermenting yeast and fresh-baked bread in the air.

Whenever the family went on an outing or a trip, someone had to keep tabs on all the kids and see that they were entertained. This job usually fell to June. She organized activities to keep them out of trouble, including counting things, collecting stones, special hunts, and games. Often each older child was assigned a younger child.

At home, one of June's games was "hide the button," in which hints of "warm" or "cold" were given to keep the little ones interested. The button was often hidden in the Edison phonograph, but sometimes it would not be found until the annual cleaning of the furnace register.

On Sundays there were long walks, often to visit the new houses under construction to get new ideas or to learn by observation. Sometimes there was a special Sunday treat of ice cream from Steinbacher, a heavenly rich, homemade kind with pieces of vanilla bean. Sometimes they made ice cream at home in their six-quart freezer.

And there was music! The family sang around the piano and in the car. Walt, Dale, and Donald sang with the Boys and Men Choir of Trinity Episcopal Church. Walt and Harry Wilcox were the choir librarians. June and Marian sang with the Girls' choir at Trinity, and with their own church choir at St. John's Lutheran. The children had piano lessons, some for more years than others. During her senior year in high school June sang some novelty numbers with Weston Stryker. In their more than seventy-performances they helped to introduce "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" and "The Easter Parade".

Walt Jr. excelled in piano and later organ. During his senior year in high school he had his own regular piano program on the local radio station, WRAC. With the Rev. Dr. Hannen he did a little composing. Donald started violin lessons at the age of eight and has played almost daily since.

Often there were short trips to visit relatives, interesting places, and college campuses. Walter always drove, with Dorothy and the baby beside him, and the rest of the children rotating jumpseats and back seats. After there were no babies in arms, one child had to sit on a pillow over the crack between the jump seats. There was a scramble to avoid this position. Not only was it an uncomfortable seat, but it was away from the open windows where the breezes were.

A couple of times a summer the family would visit the John Franklin Bowers. Anna Antes Bower, was a cousin of Dorothy's. The Bowers were farmers living in

a beautiful old stone house owned by Anna's brother, Philip C. Antes. Their potato farm was one of the largest and best in the state. The house was built in 1806 with walls eighteen inches thick. A huge fireplace extended from the cellar to the second floor and had two openings on the second floor. With the seven Bower children -- John Antes, Sara, Philip, Donald, Martha, Dale, and Mary Ann -- and six Freed children, visits with the Bowers were always lots of fun.

One of the day trips they often took was to Eagles Mere, where they loved to hike the path all around the lake. They often swam from the little beach and enjoyed driving around to look at the beautiful resort hotels, some of which dated from 1850.

Walter complained that as soon as he stopped the car the family scattered in at least six different directions. Therefore he had a whistle which was used to rally the crew. Everyone had to come running when he heard it.

One summer Marian and June went to a Y.W.C.A. summer camp near Canton. The family drove the girls up. After the car had pulled away, the girls discovered that Bruce had been left behind. They played with him awhile, and sure enough the car soon reappeared up the narrow road to pick him up.

About 1933 the family went on a trip to New England. In addition to the sandwich lunches, they sometimes bought a bucket of fried clams as a special treat. They visited Franconia Notch, Plymouth Rock, the Peabody Museum, and the Harvard collection of glass botanical models of flowers in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The children covered this last museum in ten minutes, while Dorothy was still on the first aisle. One morning in Maine Bruce got left at a gas station. A few minutes down the road he was missed, and they returned to find him crying beside the gas pump. After that Walter always insisted on a head count before they started out.

In New York City they visited the Statue of Liberty in the harbor. Many of the children ran up and down the statue steps two or three times while the others were walking up once.

In 1936 the family went to Rochelle, Illinois, where they visited Dorothy's distant cousin, Isabelle Klewin, her husband Walter, and their five children. Isabelle's grandmother was a sister of George Washington Youngman, Louisa Sheadle. Walter Klewin worked on the local newspaper. It was pea-picking time and the Freeds enjoyed watching the picking and touring a canning factory there. That night they had new potatoes and

fresh peas for supper. They all enjoyed the Klewin family.

Along the way they visited Dorothy's college roommate "Chum" Williams and her family. They had a farm with a cyclone cellar which intrigued the children. Then they visited with Harry Wilcox and his family, who were then living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Harry was studying at the University of Michigan. On the way home they stopped for a swim from a beach on Lake Erie. They spent a night at a tourist home, a large house that advertised hot water. Only cold water came out of the faucets. When they inquired the next morning they were told that the hot water tank was on the roof, heated by the sun. Since this was a rainy day there was no hot water.

At least once a year there was a visit to Maple Shade, New Jersey, to visit Aunt Ella and her family. After completing her degree at Bucknell University, Ella had taught several years before her marriage to Adolph Storck, a widower with one daughter, Bertha. Ella and Adolph were married at a small family service in the parlor at 1507 Scott Street, using a square table as an altar. Just after the service began, Aunt Ella stopped the minister and asked that her mother be allowed to stand right next to him so that she could hear better.

The newlyweds went to live in Adolph's bungalow in Maple Shade. The house had a living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms, bathroom, a large porch across the front of the house, with yards to play in, some flowers, fruit trees, a large vegetable garden, and chicken houses. Adolph raised chickens, kept a fine garden, and wove throw rugs on his loom in the basement.

June's first trip to Maple Shade was with her father by train, crossing the Delaware River by ferry before the suspension bridge was built. Sometimes Walter would go alone for a short visit in mid-February to celebrate his mother's birthday. But most often the whole family went by car.

The trip took about nine hours. Walter and Dorothy got up about 1:30 A.M. and worked about an hour before they got the children out of bed. On the Packard Walter would pack the one side of the car from the running board up so that it was only possible to get in on the other side. The kids were instructed to eat a hearty breakfast because there would be no unplanned stops. Walter would check the spark plugs before they left, and they started out about two or three so that they would beat the coal trucks. Once stuck behind a coal truck on a hilly road, there was no passing it.

Along the way you could see the night beacons for the aircraft. It was eerie -- almost like being in a foreign country. You saw the miners going to work with their lights on their hats. It was often foggy. Dale and Marian usually watched the road. Dale was the map-reader. Usually the other children slept. June always battled car-sickness.

As it began to dawn there were women sweeping sidewalks and streets, Pennsylvania Dutch style, in the small towns near Philadelphia. Farther on there were more and more horses and wagons and lots of traffic.

Uncle Adolph, who worked nights, was usually working or sleeping when they arrived, but Aunt Ella and Grandma Freed would be waiting at the dining room window, and would greet them with some of Aunt Ella's fabulous cinnamon buns.

Aunt Ella's Cinnamon Buns  
[in her own words]

two eggs  
one cup sugar  
five level tbsp. butter or Crisco [vegetable  
shortening] or lard  
two level tsp. salt  
flour (about 3 quarts) [or 12 cups]  
one yeast cake  
two cups milk, or milk and water, or just water  
[raisins, optional]

Method: Break the two eggs into a bowl. Beat up with egg-beater. Add salt, sugar, shortening and sift into the mixture about a quart of flour. Beat thoroughly. Gradually add enough flour to make a very soft dough. Be careful not to add too much flour. Let rise overnight. Roll out in the morning. Spread with butter, sugar, and cinnamon. Let the buns rise in the pans till they have doubled in size. It will take several hours depending on the warmth of the room. When light, bake in a slow oven. [350°] Bake about an hour. If baked too fast they will be done on the outside but not on the inside. Before you put them in the oven add brown sugar and molasses on the top. The whole sugar and molasses will melt through and form the sticky layer at the bottom. This makes 32 buns. The whole secret is not to put in too much flour -- very little kneading.

This amount makes four bread pans with eight in each pan. This dough can be used in making quite a variety of things. When I make the buns I add raisins, although you don't need to if you don't like raisins. With this recipe you can also make hot-cross buns, also dutch cakes, [peach cake,] etc. For the peach cake I roll the dough just as you would for pie dough. then put it in a pie dish and put the peaches and sugar in the pie dish. You stir about a tbsp. of minute tapioca with the peaches and some sugar and let stand about 15 minutes before you put them in the pie shell. This is so that the juice can be absorbed. Tapioca is much better for this than flour.[17]

The Storck house was too small to house eight extra people, so half the family -- Mother, June, Marian, and Bruce -- stayed overnight with "Aunt" Helen and "Uncle" Bob Taylor, who lived in nearby Moorestown. Uncle Bob was a science teacher at the Friends' School and taught his own children there. Their children -- Katharine, Robert, Alfred, and Lois -- were near in age to the Freed children. Kathie Taylor later recalled:

I can think back to countless times when he [Walter] drove up to our house in that big car. Out of the car would pop a dozen (or so it seemed) adopted "cousins", this loving Auntie Dot, and jolly Uncle Walt. It was like a big picnic or holiday with you folks around. I knew Uncle Walt far better than I knew most of my real uncles.[18]

Things were a little different at the Storcks'. Aunt Ella was very loving and devoted to her big brother. Uncle Adolph was a typical German father, a bit of a tyrant, or so it seemed. The household was rather Spartan by comparison. There was a walnut ice box with a brass spigot that drained clear, cold water from the block of ice in the top of the box. The children were to use it most sparingly. Because there was only a Sears catalog to use as bathroom paper, the Freeds sometimes brought their own toilet tissue. The usual practice was two meals a day -- breakfast and a supper in the afternoon before Uncle Adolph went to work. By 6 the growing boys often felt they were starving, so they would be given a snack of cereal.

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17. From a letter to June Freed Wilcox.

18. Kathie Taylor to DEYF, 23 April 1972.

Walter was a financial advisor for the Storcks too. The Depression found them behind in their taxes. He advised that they let the house go up for auction for delinquent taxes, then helped them buy it back. Taxes due were \$1800, auction price \$1500. He recommended that Adolph seek employment as a night clerk at the post office. Their situation steadily improved from that time forward.

Then there were the trips back to Williamsport. They didn't leave quite as early on the return trip but always avoided the rush-hour traffic in Philadelphia. Walter, true to his efficiency-trained character, would try new routes to better his driving time or provide new educational experiences for the children. One of his favorite routes took them down a mountain in Quarryville. It was a steep descent around a curve and over a double railroad track, the two tracks separated by steep terracing. Walter would "free-wheel" down the mountain, turning off the ignition to save gas, and would hit that railroad track at a speed of about seventy miles an hour. The bump was so bad that nearly everyone hit the ceiling. The taller boys got "goose-eggs". One time they got a flat tire. Walter declared he would remember that spot, and when he did everyone was delighted.

With six children in the car, they seemed to be no sooner out of town than someone said he needed to go to the bathroom, or needed a drink. Walter was not interested in stopping unless there was a real emergency. A complaint of thirst was met with a suggestion to use your imagination and make a chocolate shake out of that "good saliva," which really didn't work too well. If someone spotted a good-looking restaurant, or a nice berry or fruit stand, Walter would drive right on and say, "Too late! We'll see a better one ahead."

Sometimes lunches were eaten at parks or schoolyards, but sometimes they were eaten "on the fly." Before they had a car ice box they used a large cooking pan, insulated with newspaper, for cold meats. One time they punched air holes in bean cans and secured them next to the engine to warm. The girls would sit in the back seat and make sandwiches. As was typical of Walter, he had things "down to a science."

Aunt Ella had had a bad heart, which was supposed to have been a "leakage of the heart" and a heart murmur resulting from a bout of rheumatic fever when she was a child. She died at the age of fifty-nine in 1951.



Dorothy's two sisters, Florence and Adalene, lived in Williamsport. Aunt Flo had always lived at home and contributed to the support of her parents. Sometime in the Thirties she and Grandmother Youngman took a woodworking course at the high school. Each of them made a cedar chest for her bedroom, to store extra blankets.

Even after Ella Youngman's death in 1950, Florence continued to live at 316 Campbell Street. During the school months, Miss Florence Laubscher, an English teacher at Williamsport High School who later became Mrs. Clinton Baver, lived with Florence at 316 during the week and commuted home to Lockport on the weekends. Miss Laubscher had had most of the Freed children in class. In her last years Aunt Flo had Parkinson's disease and lived in a nursing home on Campbell and Rural streets. She died in 1962.

Aunt Flo was a "typical old-maid schoolteacher." When she retired in 1951 she had taught for more than forty years in the Henry Clay Elementary School on West Third Street across from the High School. She was fond of taking trips, and even more fond of telling about them. Probably her biggest trip was a train excursion across the country to the San Francisco World Exposition in 1915, but she went somewhere almost every summer, usually with one or more of "the girls."

Dad loved to tease Aunt Flo, who was his age. His quick wit could easily leave her far behind. If there was a loud noise, he would quickly say, "Did you drop your watch, Flo?" Not making the connection, she would look at her wrist with a questioning expression and the children would dissolve in peals of laughter. She was often included in Freed family activities.

Aunt Adalene married L. Stuart Young while he was serving in the Army during World War I. They had three children, George, Charles, and Eleanor, who were about the same ages as Marian, Dale, and Donald. They lived in rented houses on Funston Avenue, then west on West Fourth Street, and later on Rural Avenue. Uncle Stuart worked for the Reading Railroad in Newberry and later at the foot of Pine Street. He always had "railroad time," the absolutely correct time. He had a large toy train platform at Christmas and played Santa Claus annually at churches and schools for many years. The Freeds enjoyed visits to their home and to their cabin in the woods near Danville.

On March 17, 1936, it was predicted that the Susquehanna River would swell from its banks again. It



had been 47 years since the terrible flood of 1889. The Youngmans were still at 316 Campbell Street.

From the notes that Aunt Florence kept we learn that at 8:15 p.m. the radio announced high water. "We carried things upstairs. Walter Sr., Walter Jr., Marian, Dale and Donald helped us until after midnight. Freeds left at 12:45 a.m." [19] Then the Freeds went to do the same thing for a friend of Walt's on East Third Street until 2:30 a.m., and then went home and moved their own furniture upstairs.

Aunt Florence's piano was lashed with clothesline rope to the south parlor wall, through the doors and around the north hall door. It fell over in the high water and was never the same again. Grandmother tied her steps and outside cellar door to the house. She was one of the few people in the block that still had hers when the waters receded. She took the insides of the Grandfather clock to her bedroom and tied the case to the banisters of the front steps. Even after it was refinished the waterlines from all floods remained on the inside of the door. Ella dated each line as a record of the history of the house.

Florence Youngman and her mother "stayed up until 3:30 a.m., rested half hours to watch. No water until March 18. Third Street [the first intersecting street to the south] sewer backed up at 7:30 a.m. On grass of yard at 8:15 a.m. At 8:30 a.m. water poured into cellar from back yard. Soon it came in front yard. Filled fast. At 10:00 a.m. water came on first floor. It rose quickly to fourth step between front stair landing [about ten steps from the first floor]. It crested at 2 p.m. This was to the center rod of the dining room windows. [First floor had fourteen foot ceilings.] Mr. Chambers had taken oil burner out and put it on top of the old sideboard but it was wet. Water held steady until 11:00 p.m. Wednesday when it began to recede slowly. I slept until 1:00 p.m. Scrubbed step when free of water. Thursday at 10:30 a.m. water was off Taggart's porch across the street. We still had three steps covered. At 12:30 cleaned next to bottom step. Water lowered. Last step clear about 3:30 p.m. Thursday, Mother and Jack started to wash things about 4:00 p.m. About five inches still on first floor. Piano, bookcase, and a table were all upset. Dining room door off hinges. Freeds sent boat for us but we preferred to stay." Ella felt that sweeping the mud out as the waters receded was far better than allowing it to dry first. The only communication was by radio.

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19. Handwritten notes of Florence Antes Youngman, March 1936.

A flood meant no heat, no gas, no electricity, damp, cold, wet mud and dirty water. It took long days to shovel the mud and hose the floor to get the initial dirt out. In some places the floors buckled, the walls mildewed. Water-swollen doors had to be adjusted to fit again. The mud, either slimy, smelly, wet, or powdery dry, covered and ground into everything it touched. But how fortunate they were to have most things moved to the second floor -- rugs, furniture, draperies -- so their loss was not as drastic as many. Some houses had water on two floors, and some floated away.

The stench of wet plaster walls and musty floors and woodwork remained for months. People who redecorated before the walls were thoroughly dry experienced mildewed walls again and further painting and papering. It took the next winter's heat to help the wall drying process and prevent the mud coming through the tiny cracks between the floor boards.

During the Second World War, all the young men in the immediate family including cousins George and Charles Young and Richard Storck, were in the service, except Bruce who was too young.

George Young became a captain with a Negro anti-aircraft battery that served in Africa and then Europe. Charles Young served with the army in England.

Dale Freed, who was in the Navy V-7 program, graduated in three years instead of four from Lehigh University. He decided it was best to go to war with no romantic attachments, and went to Ann Arbor to visit June and Harry Wilcox, who were married in 1941, before beginning active duty. At a picnic there he met a student of Harry's from the University of Michigan Biological Station who quickly changed his mind. Dale and Mimi Sieg were married in January 1944. Mimi went to New York and the west coast with him when he had land assignments. When he "shipped out" she returned to the University of Michigan to complete her senior year of college. Dale became skipper of a net tender near Eniwetok, a Pacific atoll which has since been destroyed by atomic testing.

Donald Freed was an Air Force pilot who trained in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, and then flew the "Hump" from India to China. He took his violin with him overseas.

Harry Wilcox was in the army in the Philippines, and went as a staff sergeant in technical intelligence

with General Douglas McArthur to Tokyo. Before he came home he met Richard Storck, a soldier in the army. While he was overseas he and June left their belongings in storage in Ann Arbor, Michigan, with his mother, and June, who was expecting their second child, went with baby Joyce to live with her parents in Williamsport, where Peggy was born in 1945.

Franklin Hege was assigned duty with the army band stationed at New Rochelle, New York. Marian had an apartment in New Rochelle and took a job nearby. Ann was born there in January 1945. That winter Franklin was mustered out. He had a job in Northumberland, but there was no apartment to be had, so they moved home to Williamsport. After their son Don was born there in 1946, they moved to an apartment in Northumberland.

Mimi arrived in Williamsport for her first visit at 3:30 in the morning. She found Dorothy in the living room, serenely darning socks, as though it was a perfectly conventional time to receive guests. With all



Freed reunion, July 1945. Standing: Charles Young, Adalene Young, Gertrude Young, Eleanor Young, Bruce Freed, Ella May Youngman, Dorothy Freed, Franklin Hege, Florence Youngman, Walter C. Freed Sr. Sitting: Mimi Freed, Marian Hege holding Ann, June Wilcox holding Joyce.

the women in the house, the various cooks took turns getting delicious suppers.

In 1946 the Susquehanna flooded once again. Bruce was hired to move stock downtown. In Japan, Harry saw a picture of the Williamsport Market Square inundated before he received letters telling him about the flood. June went to help her Grandmother and Aunt Florence. Grandmother had warned the new neighbors on the block to move their cellar and first floor items to the second floor. Most of them felt the old lady was doing needless worry and ignored her advice, to their sorrow. Once again all moveable items at 316 were taken upstairs. When the water came over the curb June made her way home to 1236 Isabella Street.

Wearing Harry's hip boots, June took bread and milk to the flooded house the next day. Unable to cross an intersection because of the current, she crossed a fallen tree to reach the house. Later that afternoon Uncle Stuart brought ice to keep the perishables. The marks of another flood were etched into the lives, the house, the furniture at 316 Campbell Street. In the 1950's, through the efforts of John C. Youngman, adequate dykes were finally built to contain the waters of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River even during flooding.

Nearly every American family had most of its young men in the war, which was a strain on all concerned. This family was no exception. Prayers of thanksgiving were in order as the men came safely home. St. John's Lutheran Church had four dinners for returning service men, the last of which was 26 September, 1946, Peggy Wilcox's first birthday. Harry arrived in Williamsport that afternoon, just back from Japan. Richard Storck landed in the United States that day too. At last all the boys so dear to the Freeds were safely back in the States. That night at the church dinner Dorothy Freed was the main speaker. Her words were full of patriotism, of gratitude to God that the boys were home, and of sincere concern for the families whose sons would not be coming back. She said that the families were glad to have given the service to God and country, but most happy that the men were back home at last.

Thanksgiving 1948 the family was reunited for the first time in seven years. Everyone was thankful to have lived through the World War and to be together once again.

As the children grew up and went away to colleges and marriages, life became less hectic for Dorothy and Walter. Dorothy got involved more in church work, the

choir, and the post office auxiliary. She loved reunions with her friends and was often in on the planning for reunions of her Williamsport High School Class of 1911 and of her West Chester Class of 1913.

Walter's obsession with efficiency was well applied in his work. He studied the postal delivery routes and replanned them all for greatest efficiency. He was a most valuable planner of time and motion. In April 1947 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Mails, which position he held until his retirement. After a mild heart attack, he decided that he wanted to enjoy life for a few years, so he began to plan his retirement. He was exhausted, but not really sick.

Walter retired in January 1950 after forty-one years in the government service. Postmaster Frank E. Plankenhorn retired about the same time. In an editorial, Paul Gilmore said,

"Each man has a long and excellent record with the postal service. ... Mr. Freed started as a carrier in 1909 and advanced through the ranks to the assistant superintendency. He held that post from April, 1947, until retiring.

They have grown up with their jobs.

The Williamsport Post Office today has a staff of one hundred forty-one persons. It handles more than eight hundred thousand dollars worth of postal business annually.

But when Mr. Freed entered the service in 1909, the annual receipts were one hundred fifty-five thousand dollars. ...

As these men go into retirement, then, they do so with records of excellent public service through years of steadily expanding business." [20]

Walter and Dorothy built their retirement home at 2525 Four Mile Drive in 1950 and moved into it in January 1951. Walter was anxious that the work be done properly, and overtaxed his strength on more than one occasion trying to pitch in, or simply by worrying that the workmen were working too slowly or incorrectly. At last the house was completed, and it was beautiful.

It was their dream house, perched half way up the hill overlooking the valley and the mountains beyond. One wall of the living room was a vast picture window opening onto the beautiful view for miles east, south,

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20. Paul G. Gilmore, editorial in the WILLIAMSPORT SUN, February 2, 1950.

and west. The dining room was adjacent to the living room. For family reunions the dining room table could be extended and added to, and could go on into the living room. The kitchen was a large, well-planned room which had efficiently designed eating, cooking, baking, and utility areas which included a built-in ironing board and flour sifter. Also on the first floor were two bedrooms. After Bruce was married, his bedroom became a den. Upstairs were two large bedrooms and a bath, designed and furnished for two families of visiting children and grandchildren.

The full basement had a play area, work area for Dad, furnace, space for the car, and lots of storage space for frozen and canned foods. When the snows got too deep for safe driving, they had food enough to last all winter. Grandchildren often enjoyed playing records and games there, and playing thick old records on the windup Edison phonograph.

Two things of which Walter was particularly proud were the good water from his deep well and his mailbox post. The road curved in front of the house, and he wanted to make sure that the mailbox would not be knocked down by a careless motorist on the road, so he got what was literally half a telephone pole and had



2525 Four Mile Drive, Montoursville



Harry, Dale, and Bruce plant it securely in the ground, more under than above the ground. The boys teased that they pitied any car foolish enough to wrangle with that post. Altogether the house was of very sound construction. Harrison Witmer, a friend from the post office, was the contractor. All the trim was solid birch and each nail hole had to be drilled. The stairs were much more solid than most.

Dorothy and Walter settled down for twenty-two years of retirement on Four Mile Drive. They had a vast garden in back of their property, the largest since their World War I garden, where they raised many different vegetables to be canned or frozen or prepared fresh. Dorothy truly enjoyed the gardening, and Walter was happy to please her. On hot summer days they would weed and cultivate "before the sun got up". "Sleeping late" meant getting up at seven. Always one to relish a contest, Walter enjoyed hanging the clothes on the line before the neighbor, Effie Jones, could get hers up. They enjoyed the Jones and all their neighbors.

In addition to their gardening, they gained a great deal of satisfaction from visiting the children's families, reading, writing letters, having the children and grandchildren visit them, and watching a few television shows. They took a number of interesting trips by themselves or with family and friends. Walter last drove a car in December 1971 when he was 86 years old.

The oldest grandchildren remember them well -- Grandma with her broad lap and warm, gentle smile preparing meals in the big bright kitchen. Girls were reminded always to be "ladies", not to raise their voices or get angry or cross, and everyone had to be quiet during Grandpa's naps.

Grandpa was lively and witty, even at eighty. He was always "just approaching middle age." For him, "Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul." [21] He would get down on all fours and chase small children around under the dining table, and tell the little girls stories about when he "was a little girl," which always evoked great squeals of giggly protest. After lunch he would quickly drift "into the arms of Morpheus," signaled by long, deep snores.

Grandpa was anxious that all the grandchildren learn to manage their time wisely. Even on summer vacation they were coached in making schedules and

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21. Quote cited as by S. Ulman, 22 June 1965. Source not given. Papers of Walter C. Freed.





This picture was taken during an early celebration of the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Freed, Sr., on Sunday, June 26, 1966, at the northeast corner of their house at 2525 Four Mile Drive, Montoursville, R.D. #2, Pennsylvania. The actual date of the anniversary is September 2, 1966. Those in the picture are:

Kneeling: Star (Barbara Starr) Freed, daughter of Dale; James Hammond Wilcox; Christopher James Freed, son of Walter Jr.; David Alan Freed, son of Donald; Karen Ann Freed, daughter of Bruce; Linda Jean Freed, daughter of Bruce.

Sitting: Marian Louise Freed Hege, Mrs. Franklin B. Hege; Dale Youngman Freed; (Dorothy) June Freed Wilcox, Mrs. Harry H. Wilcox Jr.; Miss Mildred Fleming, cousin of Mrs. Freed Sr.; Dorothy Eulalie Youngman Freed, Mrs. Walter C. Freed Sr.; Walter Curtin Freed Sr.; Walter Curtin Freed Jr.; Donald Wayne Freed; Bruce James Starr Freed holding his son Steven Carl Freed.

Standing: David Walter Hege; Ann Louise Hege; Franklin Bushey Hege; Richard Dale Freed, son of Dale; "Mimi", Helene Jenny Sieg Freed, Mrs. Dale Y. Freed; Harry Hammond Wilcox Jr.; Frank Warren Graff; Susan Amelia Freed, daughter of Dale; Joyce Louise Wilcox Graff, Mrs. Frank W. Graff; Margaret June Wilcox; John Custin Freed, son of Walter Jr.; Bruce Edward Freed, son of Walter Jr.; Wayne Starr Freed, son of Donald; Phyllis Anne Frey Freed, Mrs. Donald W. Freed; Nancy Alice Freed, daughter of Donald; (Margaret) Naomi Geiser Freed, Mrs. Bruce J. S. Freed; Kenneth James Freed, son of Bruce.

Absent from picture: Donald Franklin Hege; Walter Curtin Freed III, son of Walter Jr.; Catherine Anne Freed, daughter of Walter Jr.

keeping to them. The simplest task would be turned into a lecture on efficiency. By arranging your work surface differently, potato peeling could be made more efficient, and you could save this much motion and that much time. And always there were quotes and clippings.

Dorothy and Walter would read to one another during chores and share their thoughts about articles and books they read. They were also great "clippers" of newspaper and magazine articles and quotes to send to their children and grandchildren or just to use themselves, sometimes in the Sunday-school classes Dorothy taught for years.

Among their effects were stacks of small clippings which point up their philosophy of life and of death. In many cases they seemed to be there more to be found by their children, to comfort their children after their death. They are full of advice for living -- thoughts on Character, Fame, Life, and Death, thoughts about God's role in our daily lives. They advise, as Walter so often advised, planning for tomorrow, self-reliance, wisdom, perseverance. "One's character is best known by the number of things he can uncomplainingly do without." "You must learn to compare yourself frankly and fairly and honestly with other people." "The only way a man can attain perfection is to follow the advice he gives to others." "If you must make mistakes, it will be more to your credit if you make a new one each time." "Waste and disorder in material things make a profligate mind." "Financial prosperity, either public or private, begins with economy." "Nothing makes people so critically conspicuous as living beyond their means." [22]

In June 1966, Dorothy and Walter celebrated their Golden Anniversary. It was a three-day celebration in and around Williamsport. There was a great picnic and swimming and playing at World's End State Park in Sullivan County. That evening the grandchildren played at Phyl and Don's house and the older folks conversed at Four Mile Drive. The group worshipped together at St. John's Lutheran Church (now the Church of the Savior). Dinner was served at the Airport Dining Room where June offered prayer and Dale presented the gifts from the families. A gold tie tac was given to Walter. Dorothy received a golden bracelet with seven charms. The first charm had her wedding date on one side and her golden date on the reverse. Each of the other charms had the name of her child and spouse on one side, and the names of their children on the other.

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22. Most of these were without identifying marks, or give the author but not the source. All available information is copied here.

Dorothy and Walter Freed lived remarkably long and healthy lives and were blessed with fifty-six years of happily married life. They had a few health problems, but were hearty and vital all their lives. Ever one for efficiency, in 1935 when Walter had a hernia repaired he decided to have his teeth pulled at the same time so he could recuperate from both on the same sick leave. He later admitted that he would not have made that decision a second time.

When Dorothy was seventy-four she had a hysterectomy. There was a good bit of concern because of her advanced age. In the waiting room during the operation, Walter turned to Marian and said, "You know what this means, Marian -- you won't be having any more sisters and brothers." Dorothy recovered remarkably quickly and well.

In 1972 Walter's health began to fail more rapidly, beginning with a cold, some disorientation and confusion caused by his poor circulation and hardening of the arteries, then some heart complications. He died April 7, 1972, at the age of 86. Dorothy was stalwart and calm as ever, relying on her faith in God and in eternity.

Dorothy had recently had a hernia operation herself and she knew she was not recuperating as she should. When Don and Bruce took her for her doctor's appointment in early May, it was found that she had cancer of the pancreas. She was admitted to the hospital. There, as always, she was sweet and solicitous toward her roommates and the hospital staff. She asked her visiting minister to include all her roommates in his prayers. The pastor was moved by this and often mentioned how much Christian service she had rendered daily in her life.

She had the inner strength to manage pain. A few days before her death she went to the lobby in a wheelchair to see her great-grandson Damon. She talked with her children and grandchildren, and remained constant in her purpose and never-failing devotion and faith in God. God was truly for her a very "Mighty Fortress".

And the "Mighty Fortress" became the theme of her funeral service. Their wish, not to be parted for long, had been granted. Dorothy and Walter Freed lived together for fifty-six years and died within ten weeks of each other. The legacy they have passed to their children and descendants is one not only of material things but of devotion to God, of love, and of joy in living.

### ETERNITY

You will be waiting at the gate  
When I come home,  
A smile upon your lips,  
Within my heart a song;  
And oh, the wonder  
Of that swift and gentle flight,  
For where love is  
The way is neither strange nor long.

You will be calm and beautiful  
And very tender  
Holding my hand in yours  
The way you used to do.  
Then from the shadows  
Into the clear morning light,  
You'll lead the way.  
And I, dear heart, will follow you.

--Mary Aldrich Beechner  
a clipping found  
among the Freed's' effects

WALTER CURTIN FREED, SR.

BORN 2 October 1885 at Danville, Pennsylvania. Died 7 April 1972 at Williamsport. Buried in Wildwood Cemetery, Williamsport.

MARRIED Dorothy Eulalie Youngman 2 September 1916.

Dorothy Eulalie Youngman was born 18 May 1893 at Williamsport and died there 24 June 1972. She too is buried at Wildwood Cemetery.

CHILDREN:

Dorothy June, born 12 June 1917, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Her education includes: Williamsport High School, 1935; B.S., Elementary Education, Lock Haven State College, Lock Haven, Penna, 1939; M.Ed., Elementary Education and English, Pennsylvania State University, 1940.

June married Harry Hammond Wilcox, Jr., 21 June 1941, St. John's Luthern Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Harry Wilcox was born 31 May 1918, in Canton, Ohio, the son of Harry Hammond Wilcox Sr. and Hattie Estelle Richner Wilcox. His education includes Williamsport High School, 1935; B.S., Zoology, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1939; M.S., Zoology, University of Michigan, 1940; Ph.D., Zoology, University of Michigan, 1948; University of Michigan Biological Station, 1936-1942. He served in the U.S. ARMY as a Staff Sergeant, 5250th Technical Intelligence, attached to General Headquarters, Philippines and Japan. He earned the Army Commendation ribbon. June and Harry live in Memphis, Tennessee.

June taught one year in Mount Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, before her marriage. In Ann Arbor, Michigan, she substituted in the public schools, then worked in the Placement Service and later in the Health Service of the University of Michigan. When Harry went to the Army in World War II Joyce and June lived with the Freeds to await the birth of Margaret June. Harry returned on Peggy's first birthday.

Harry finished his doctoral work while they lived for another year in Ann Arbor. During the summer of 1947 they moved to Sioux City, Iowa, with their own truck. There Harry taught in Morningside College and the truck became the down payment for the house they bought just off campus. The next

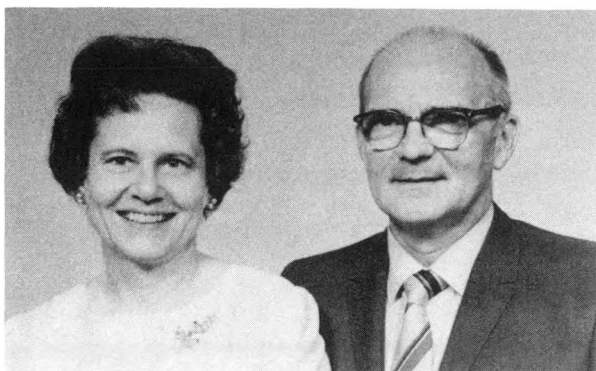
summer, 1948, they moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Harry joined the University of Pennsylvania, College of Medicine, as an associate professor of anatomy. June was Director of Religious Education at the Church of the Saviour and was a substitute teacher in the public schools.

In 1952 Harry joined the anatomy faculty of the University of Tennessee Center for the Health Sciences in Memphis, Tennessee. Jim was born five months later. They have been active members of St. John's Episcopal Church, enjoyed Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, and lots of band, school, and sports activities.

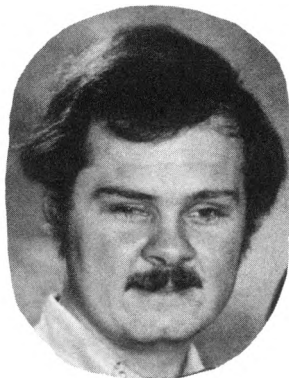
Harry's mother moved to Memphis in March 1962. Following a fall two days before Margaret's wedding in 1962, she made her home with them until her death June 23, 1977.

Harry is Goodman Professor of Anatomy, a respected teacher, winner of the Golden Apple teaching awards given by students at the University. He has been associate editor of the ANATOMICAL RECORD since 1968, and has served as President of the Faculty Senate.

June taught first grade at St. Mary's Episcopal School 1958-1960. She taught grades two, three, and five and later reading improvement in the Memphis City Schools. She served as president of the Memphis Branch of the Association for Childhood Education International and of her chapter of the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International, an honorary teaching society. She has held state offices and been a leader in professional groups. Her faculty and friends honored her when she retired in June 1980.



June Freed Wilcox and Harry H. Wilcox



Frank W. Graff  
1943-1977

## Their children:

Joyce Louise Wilcox, born 11 February 1944, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Her education includes: Overton High School, salutatorian, 1962; A.B., French language and literature, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, 1966; M.A., Romance studies, Cornell University, 1967; M.B.A., Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts (1984).

Joyce married Frank Warren Graff, 9 May 1963, Cortland, New York. Frank was born 4 October 1943, Providence, Rhode Island, and died 30 December 1977, Boston, Massachusetts. He was the son of Frank Anthony Graff and Florence Jane Hamblet Graff. His education included: A.B., History, Cornell University, 1967; M.A., University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1969; Ph.D., American Diplomatic History, University of Michigan, 1971.

Joyce taught French for five years at Ann Arbor High School and twice took student groups on educational trips to Paris.

Frank said that he felt his loss of sight in 1964 was "a challenge rather than a handicap". He completed his doctorate and joined the history faculty of Boston College in 1972. Frank died in 1977 after a long illness.

Joyce became an administrator of Volunteer Services for the Massachusetts Association for the Blind and served that organization for six years. She was also a member of the Board of Directors of the National Braille Association 1976-1980, and a founding director of the Massachusetts Alliance of Information and Referral Services.

In 1980 she became a Systems Analyst for Digital Equipment Corporation, where she is a specialist in Documentation and Training. Joyce's hobbies include beautiful needlework, often of her own design, as well as writing, music, and computer systems development. She is pursuing a Master's degree in Business Administration on a part-time basis at Boston University.

Joyce lives with her son Damon in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Damon Erik Graff, born 21 July 1971, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Damon is a very good student who enjoys piano and cello. He was a member of the Six City String Festival 1980-81 as a cellist. He enjoys baseball and many other sports. He is in enrichment classes for the Gifted and Talented in the Brookline Public Schools.

Margaret June Wilcox, born 26 September 1945, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Her education includes: Overton High School, Memphis, Tennessee 1963; Lambuth College, Jackson, Tennessee, 1963-65; B.S., Early Childhood and Elementary Education, Memphis State University, 1970

Margaret married Grayson Steele Smith, 10 July 1969, St. John's Episcopal Church, Memphis, Tennessee. Grayson was born 2 March 1947, Memphis, Tennessee, the son of Stanley James Smith and Grayson Dyer Steele Smith. His education includes: White Station High School, Memphis, Tennessee, 1966. He served in the U.S. Army in Vietnam, 1967-68; Honorably discharged February 1970 as Specialist 5th Class.

Margaret and Grayson and their family live in Memphis, Tennessee, where Grayson owns and operates the Grayson Smith Carpet Cleaning Service. He also is a licensed real estate agent working with investors. He and Margaret are enlarging their real estate holdings. He is a member of the Vestry at St. John's Episcopal Church.

Margaret teaches Junior kindergarten (four-year-olds) at Grace-St. Luke's Episcopal Church, the school which Curtis and Jennifer attend. She also teaches needlework classes in smocking, tatting, needlepoint, pulled thread, knitting, Danish finishing techniques, and clothing construction. In addition to making most of her children's clothes which are works of art, she has won many ribbons and awards for a wide variety of needle arts.

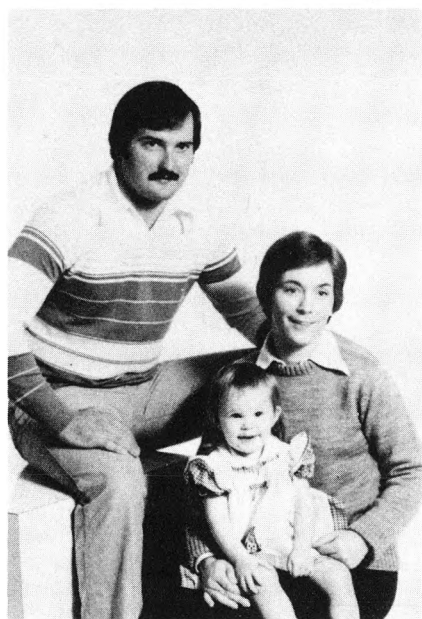
Curtis Grayson Smith, born 29 August 1972, Memphis

Curtis is an avid baseball player. When he was one year old Curtis was an ardent





Curtis, Grayson, Jennifer and Margaret Smith, 1981.



James H. Wilcox, Diane Mullins Wilcox, Jaclyn Diane Wilcox.



Damon Erik Graff and Joyce Wilcox Graff.

fan, watching his father play softball on a church team. He enjoys going with his grandfather to watch the Memphis Chicks team play. He also enjoys playing soccer and gaigle and is a cub scout and member of the Orff Choir at church. He has won several reading contests.

Jennifer Starr Smith, born 7 May 1974, Memphis

Jennifer is enjoying piano lessons and ballet lessons. She loves to sing and is a member of the Orff Choir at church.

James Hammond Wilcox, born 20 January 1953, Memphis, Tennessee. His education includes: Overton High School, Memphis, Tennessee, 1971; University of Tennessee, Martin, Tennessee, 1971-74; Memphis Police Academy, commissioned 1974.

Jim married Frances Diane Mullins, 29 November 1974, Central Church, Memphis, Tennessee. Diane was born 5 March, 1954, Memphis, Tennessee, the daughter of Ben Gordon Mullins and Wilma Hamilton Mullins. Her education includes: White Station High School, Memphis, 1972; University of Tennessee, Martin, 1972-74.

Throughout his growing up years sports were a major part of Jim's life. He swam competitively for eleven years until he graduated from high school in 1971. He lettered in swimming, baseball, and cross-country track.

He attended the University of Tennessee at Martin, where he majored in criminal justice and was a member of the wrestling team. He has been a police officer for the City of Memphis since 1974. Before the arrival of their daughter, Diane was a secretary for Holiday Inns.

Jim enjoys woodworking and has designed and built several pieces of furniture including their bedroom suite for their home. Another hobby is building model ships, at which he is a master artisan. Several of his ships have won awards at the Tri-State Fair.

CHILD:

Jaclyn Diane Wilcox, born 28 March 1979, Memphis

*~~~~~*

Walter Curtin Freed, Jr., born 22 February 1919, Williamsport. Died 23 February 1978, Wilmette, Illinois, following a stroke. Buried in Skokie, Illinois.

Walter's education includes: Williamsport High School, 1936; Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey; Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; B.A., M.A., Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, 1950. He served in the U.S. Army during some of the World War II years.

Walter married

1. Kathleen Murray, 2 August 1943. Divorced. No children.

2. Shirley Anne Peacock, 4 September 1948, Evanston, Illinois. Shirley Peacock was born 28 November 1923, La Crescenta, California, and died 26 April 1964, Evanston, Illinois, of cancer. She is buried in Skokie, Illinois. She was the daughter of Frank Edward Peacock, Rockford, Illinois, and Florida; and Catherine Custin, La Jolla, California. Her education includes: Evanston High School, 1941; B.S., Home Economics, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, 1945; M.S., Dietetics, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

3. Adele C. Nicol, 15 July 1971, Wilmette, Illinois. Adele was born 15 December 1923.

Walter Jr. was a very bright student throughout his grammar school and high school years. He was a member of the Junior Executive Board that governed his class activities and a member of the CHERRY AND WHITE staff, a prize-winning high school magazine. It was an honor that he was chosen to usher at his sister June's graduation. As a high school senior he had a radio program on which he played the piano one or two times each week. He had been a soprano and a librarian in the Boys and Men's Choir of Trinity Episcopal Church, where he met his friend and future brother-in-law Harry Wilcox.

He and Shirley were married by the Rev. Harold Lunger, son of Dad's Post Office friend Lee Lunger. Brother Bruce served as Walter's best man. Walt and Shirley lived first in Evanston and later in Wilmette, Illinois. Shirley was a special person who made a beautiful home. Walt was president of Peacock-Freed Advertising Agency until it was dissolved a few years after Shirley's death.



Curt, Walter C. Jr.,  
Bruce, Shirley  
Peacock Freed,  
Cathie, John, and  
Chris Freed, 1963.



Back row: Chris, Cathie, and John Freed, Mrs. Earl  
Custin their grandmother, Bruce and Curt Freed.  
Front row: Peter Brown, Joan, Donna Freed. July  
1979.

Walt's daughter Cathie adds: "At the time of his death he was president of Walt Freed and Associates, an advertising firm in Mount Prospect, Illinois. The firm represented several magazines and sold advertising space in them. He had a different relationship with each of his children and was loved most of all because he responded out of genuine concern and not merely out of protocol."

#### CHILDREN of Walter and Shirley Freed:

Walter Curtin Freed III, born 10 November 1949, Evanston. His education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois, 1967; University of Texas, Austin, Texas. He served in the U.S. AIR FORCE, 1970-74, E4, Sergeant.

Curt married Donna Lane Pickens, 25 November 1978, Austin, Texas. Donna was born 23 July 1953, Chincateague, Virginia.

Curt and Donna live in Inglewood, California, where Curt works for Informatics, Inc., a software firm, as a systems engineer. Donna works at Hughes Aircraft Company as a management systems analyst. They are members of the University Christian Church of Los Angeles.

Bruce Edward Freed, born 21 February 1952, Evanston, Illinois. His education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois, 1970; B.A., Mathematics, Occidental College, Los Angeles, 1974; M.A., Mathematics, University of California at Los Angeles, 1977.

Bruce married Joan Susan Gould, 8 December 1973, Los Angeles, California. Joan was born 18 April 1952, Los Angeles, California, the daughter of Mitchell and Eva Gould. Her education includes: B.S., Mathematics, Occidental College, Los Angeles, 1974; M.A., Mathematics, U.C.L.A., 1977.

Joan's schooling and Bruce's schooling have been the same from college on. They have had similar educations and have worked in similar jobs. They are both consulting actuaries with the same firm in Lake Oswego, Oregon.

John Custin Freed, born 8 March 1955, Evanston, Illinois. His education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois,

1973; B.S., Mathematical Sciences, Stanford University, 1977; M.S., Journalism, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, 1978.

John's long interest in math and journalism continued in college where he was editor of THE STANFORD DAILY and majored in computer science. Currently he is responsible for the implementation of the first full-scale pagination system at any newspaper, a job blending both newspaper and computer work. He lives in Los Angeles, California.

Catherine Anne Freed, born 2 August 1956, Evanston, Illinois. Her education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois, 1974; B.A., Philosophy, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1981.

Cathie married Peter McKay Brown, 19 December 1976, Evanston, Illinois. Peter was born 19 February 1956, Evanston, Illinois, the son of Ralph Gordon Brown, M.D., and Rhoda Mary Grupe Brown. His education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois, 1974; B.S., Geology, University of California, Santa Cruz, 1978; M.S., Geology, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1981.

Cathie and Peter live in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where Peter is working on his Ph.D. in Paleomagnetic Geology. He is aspiring to be a college professor. Cathie may continue with either Law School or a Master's program. They also hope to start a house refurbishing project or a furniture building company sometime in the future.

Christopher James Freed, born 2 March 1959, Evanston, Illinois. His education includes: New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois, 1976; B.A., Psychology and Geography, University of Illinois, 1981.

Chris lives in Urbana, Illinois. He plans to travel in Europe, especially Germany, with perhaps graduate studies there. He has a strong interest in travel and tourism as a possible profession. "I also have a strong desire to promote the world uniting teachings of the Baha'i Faith."

~\*~

Marian Louise Freed, born 8 April 1921, Williamsport. Her education includes: Williamsport High School, 1939; B.S., Home Economics, Mansfield State College, 1943.

Marian married Franklin Bushey Hege, 30 January 1943, St. John's Lutheran Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Franklin was born 29 September 1920, Dover, Pennsylvania. He died 24 May 1975, and is buried in Boalsburg Cemetery, Boalsburg, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Rev. John Hervey Hege and Grace Elmira Bushey Hege. His education includes: Dover High School, 1938; B.S., Music Education, Mansfield State College, 1942; M.Ed., Music Education, Pennsylvania State University, 1947.

As a little girl Marian was a "tomboy", playing baseball and "holding her own" with her brothers. After Bruce was born she began to be interested in "girl things" and even majored in Home Economics in college. She was an honor student in both high school and college. At Mansfield State College she met Franklin Hege, a music major and cornet soloist. They were married shortly after graduation. Marian enjoys her homemaking duties and does a lot of volunteer work.

During World War II Franklin was in the army band, stationed at New Rochelle, New York. The band played for radio broadcasts and the making of films. Both before and after his army service he was the Music Supervisor at Northumberland High School, Northumberland, Pennsylvania. In September 1947, he became the Director of Instrumental Music, State College, Pennsylvania. They built a large home in State College and ran a Music Day School during the summers at their home. After a time they purchased a tract of land outside Centre Hall, Pennsylvania, where they built a cabin and later a house. It is within commuting distance of State College and yet is an enjoyable woodland home. There are now two cabins on the property which are rented to skiers and other vacationers.

In 1973 Franklin became ill. He was diagnosed as having multiple myeloma. He died in 1975 and is buried in nearby Boalsburg. Marian says, "We had a great marriage and a wonderfully happy life together!" Franklin was a very special person who loved life and everyone he met. He had great enthusiasm for everything he did and could pass that enthusiasm on to his pupils. He was an



excellent cornet soloist and a fine band director. His 250-piece band garnered many awards and honors, including an invitation to participate in an Olympic Tour of Germany and the Netherlands in 1972. He loved his family, his home in the woods, his work, and his pupils.

Marian lives in her woodland home near Centre Hall, Pennsylvania.

#### CHILDREN:

Ann Louise Hege, born 29 January 1945, New Rochelle, New York. Her education includes: State College High School, 1962; B.S., Liberal Arts and English, Pennsylvania State University, 1966.

Ann married William Adrian Favand, 1 July 1967, Grace Lutheran Church, State College, Pennsylvania. Bill was born 31 August 1942, Sturgeon, Pennsylvania, the son of Jules Favand Sr. and Melanie Verlst. His education includes: B.S., Landscape Architecture, Pennsylvania State University, 1967. They were divorced in 1977. Bill is currently a landscape designer for the city of Baltimore.

Ann is the Sales and Production Director of Gateway Press, a subsidy publisher of family and local history books. She works with people who have been compiling genealogical information, taking them through the preparation process and finally producing a finished book. She is assisting in the publishing and marketing of THE FREED FAMILY HISTORY partly to find out first hand the problems and rewards that her Gateway authors encounter.

Ann's interests include the Arts, particularly music. She has done choral singing for many years and played clarinet and recorder during school years. She is an expert knitter and also enjoys travel, gardening, hiking, and whitewater canoeing. She lives with her daughters in Baltimore, Maryland.

#### CHILDREN:

Monica Jane Favand, born 1 October 1970, York, Pennsylvania

Renee Louise Favand, born 28 February 1973, York, Pennsylvania.



Franklin B. Hege  
1920 - 1975



Back row: Joanne, Don, Marian Hege, Ann Favand, Bill Hughes. Front row: Lisa Hege, Monica Favand, David holding Darren, Sharon Hege, Renee Favand. November 1980.

Donald Franklin Hege, born 1 June 1946, Williamsport, Pennsylvania. His education includes: State College High School, 1964; B.S., Electrical Electronic Technology, Pennsylvania State University, 1966; B.S., Electrical Engineering, Union College, Schenectady, New York, 1974.

Don married Joanne Lavery, 7 June 1969, East Northport, Long Island, New York. Joanne was born 8 May 1945, Brooklyn, New York, the daughter of James Brendan Lavery and Mary McGuirk Lavery. Her education includes: East Northport High School, 1962; B.A., Liberal Arts and Psychology, New York State University at Oneonta, 1966; Russell Sage College, Albany, New York; Elementary Education, College of St. Rose, Albany, New York.

Don has worked for General Electric Terminet since 1977. They produce computer terminals and Don is the Quality Engineer on several product lines. He has been employed by General Electric since 1966 in several electronic oriented groups in Schenectady, New York. He has worked on electronic displays, data terminals, and the instrumentation for nuclear submarines.

Don says, "I am a project-oriented person with a love of nature, family, and machines. I feel strongly about being independent economically. I enjoy seeing nature's beauty and capturing it on film as an amateur photographer. I have interests in woodworking, computers, music, solar heat, and electric power. I have had experience with auto repairing and refinishing, plumbing, heating, appliance repairing, carpentry, and home remodeling. We are enjoying the mountain scenery and good climate of Waynesboro."

Don and Joanne and family live in Waynesboro, Virginia.

#### CHILDREN:

Lisa Marie, born 2 February 1974, Schenectady, New York

Darren Michael, born 13 October 1976, Schenectady

David Walter Hege, born 14 October 1955, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. His education includes: Penns Valley Area High School, 1973.

David married Sharon Ann Aukerman, 4 September 1976, Grace Lutheran Church, State College, Pennsylvania. Sharon was born 7 April 1957, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, the daughter of Howard Aukerman and Marian Wyland Aukerman. Her education includes: Penns Valley Area High School, 1975.

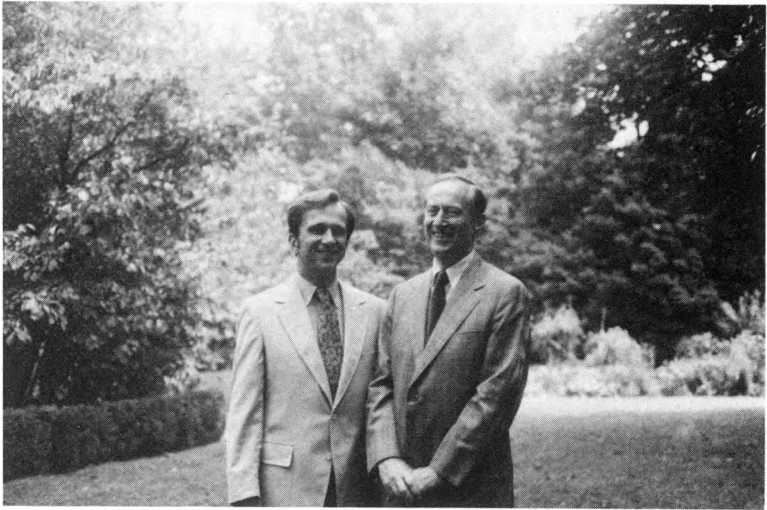
David lived in State College as a child. In 1966 he moved with his family to Colyer, where he now lives. Both David and Sharon graduated from Penns Valley Area High School in Spring Mills, Pennsylvania. Sharon is 4'11" and weighs 98 pounds; David is 6'3" and weighs 200 pounds. His mother thinks that David looks just like his Dad.

Both Sharon and David are employed in the financial field. They enjoy first aid work and are on the First Aid Squad at the Pennsylvania State University. They have many hobbies, including taking part in the local Volunteer Fire Company and driving the ambulance. David and Sharon are trained in C.P.R. and advanced First Aid.



Dale Youngman Freed, born 16 September 1922, Williamsport. His education includes: Williamsport High School, 1940; B.S. with honors, Finance, Lehigh University, 1943; M.B.A., Money and Banking, New York University, 1950; Credit Management, Dartmouth University, 1958-60; Advanced Management Program, Harvard University, 1973. He served in the U.S. NAVY 1943-46, as a Lieutenant, J.G. He was Engineering officer and later Commanding Officer of the U.S.S. SUNCOCK (net tender), Eniwetok, Guam.

Dale married Helene Jenny "Mimi" Sieg, 22 January 1944, West Englewood, New Jersey. Mimi was born 27 December 1921, New York, New York, the daughter of Ferdinand Emile Sieg and Sophie Melina Victoria Gigon Sieg. She was raised by her grandparents, Joseph Armand Gigon and Sophie Neuhaus Gigon, and by her aunt, Georgette Helene "Tantine" Gigon. Her education includes: Teaneck High School, 1940; University of Michigan Biological Station; B.A., Botany, University of Michigan, 1946.



Richard D. Freed and Dale Y. Freed.



Back row: Mike Randolph, Susan holding Stephanie; Star and Mimi Freed. Front row: Elizabeth and Katie Randolph. August 1980.

Dale has worked for Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company in New York City since 1946 as a credit and lending officer. His outside activities include teaching at the American Institute of Banking and the Stonier Graduate School of Banking at Rutgers University. He has also spent many years with the Robert Morris Associates, the association of commercial bank loan officers, as President of the New York Chapter, National Director and Chairman of the National Accounting Policy Committee.

Mimi speaks fluent French and creates indoor and outdoor gardens. Since 1973 she has been teaching "Houseplants for Pleasure" at the Madison-Chatham Adult School.

Dale and Mimi's favorite hobbies are traveling and gardening. Mimi's skills and enjoyment of cooking come largely from her Swiss grandmother and her French "Aunt" Kate Duvalet, Mrs. Maurice Duvalet.

Dale and Mimi live in Madison, New Jersey.

CHILDREN (born while the family lived in Dumont, New Jersey):

Susan Amelia Freed, born 10 January 1948, Teaneck, New Jersey. Her education includes: Madison High School, Madison, New Jersey, 1966; Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, 1966-68; Universite de Neuchatel, Switzerland; University of Michigan Biological Station; B.S. with honors, Botany, University of Michigan, 1970.

Susan married Michael Scott Randolph, 22 August 1970, Madison Presbyterian Church, Madison, New Jersey. Mike was born 3 September 1948, Rochester, New York, the son of Walter J. Randolph and Shirley Alice Scott Randolph. He served in the U.S. Air Force as a Captain, Helicopter pilot, continental United States and Guam. His education includes: Bernardsville High School, 1966; B.S., Physics, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, 1966; M.S., Optical Sciences, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona, 1979.

Mike is a Systems Engineer currently developing advanced helicopter cockpit displays at General Electric, Johnson City, New York. The whole family is glad to be back in the Northeast, nearer to family and green mountains. Susan is enjoying passing on to

her three girls the love of nature she received from her mother. She and Mike often take their daughters camping, swimming, sailing, and skiing. They all share her enthusiasm for the out-of-doors.

Mike and Susan and family live in Endwell, New York.

#### CHILDREN:

Kathryn Heather Randolph, born 22 August 1973,  
Fort Collins, Colorado

Katie enjoys camping, swimming, and roller skating.

Elizabeth Lynne Randolph, born 12 May 1976,  
Tucson, Arizona

Elizabeth spends hours reading and baking and also enjoys swimming.

Stephanie April Randolph, born 16 April 1979,  
Tucson, Arizona.

Stephanie wants to be included and manages to get into everything!

James Walter Freed, born 1 April 1950, Teaneck.  
Died 4 April 1950.

Richard Dale Freed, born 13 February 1952, Teaneck.  
His education includes: The Pingry School, Hillside, New Jersey, 1970; Lancaster University, Lancaster, England; B.A., English, Case Western Reserve, Cleveland, Ohio, 1974; University of Wisconsin.

Dick lives in Kyoto, Japan, where he is teaching English in Japanese universities. He has had several small books published. Through the study of Noh Drama and travel he is furthering his interest in Japanese culture. "I frequently walk across the cities and over the mountains here. I also play baseball with university and publishing company teams."

Barbara Starr Freed, born 7 May 1954, Teaneck, New Jersey. Her education includes: Madison High School, Madison, New Jersey, 1972; A.B., French, Lafayette College, 1976; Centre Universitaire d'Avignon, France; M.Ed., Tufts

University, 1977; Crewe and Alsanger College, England; University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona.

After spending two years traveling to various colleges in the United States and a private high school in Vienna, Austria, to teach reading and study skills, "Star" is now a Methods Analyst for Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Boston. Her hobbies are music, swimming, and traveling.



Donald Wayne Freed, born 31 August 1924, Williamsport. His education includes: Williamsport High School, 1942; B.S., West Chester State College, 1949; M.Ed., Pennsylvania State University, 1953; Ph.D., Pennsylvania State University, 1968. He served in the U.S. AIR FORCE 1943-46. He was a pilot in the China-Burma-India Theatre, where he received the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

Don married Phyllis Anne Frey 17 June 1948, St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Long Island, New York. Phyllis was born 29 December 1925, the daughter of H. Purcell Frey and Mary Livingston Frey. Her education includes: York High School, York, Pennsylvania, 1943; B.S., West Chester State College, 1947.

Don is a part-time member of the faculties of Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, and Bucknell University, Lewisburg, where he teaches violin and performs in faculty chamber music groups.

From the age of eight the violin has been an important part of Don's life. His college degrees are in music education and his doctorate is in instructional media and music. He served as Supervisor of Music and later as Instructional Media Coordinator and Supervisor of Libraries in the Williamsport Area School District for twenty-eight years. He played violin with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra for one season. He was violinist for a composition by William Clifford Heilman commissioned to celebrate the Greater Williamsport Bicentennial. A recording is available through the Lycoming County Historical Society.

He has served as concertmaster of the Williamsport Civic Orchestra, the Susquehanna Valley Orchestra, and the Susquehanna Valley Corale Orchestra in



L to R: David, Phyllis, Nancy, Don, and Wayne Freed.



addition to playing in area string quartets and other chamber music groups. Both he and Phyllis teach privately.

Phyllis, also a violinist and daughter of prominent musicians, majored in music education in college. While a Music Specialist at the Charles Lose Elementary School she directed both the Lose Melodia Choir and the Lose Bell Choir. She too is a violinist in area orchestras.

Don and Phyllis live in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. They are members of Church of the Savior Lutheran church, where Don has always been a member.

#### CHILDREN:

Wayne Starr Freed, born 25 August 1951, Williamsport. His education includes: Williamsport High School, 1969; B.S., Mansfield State College, 1973; M.S., Indiana University, 1974.

Wayne lives in Utica, New York, where he is Assistant Professor and Instructional Media Director, Mohawk Valley Community College. He produces many instructional video tapes as only one of his many duties.

Some of his favorite activities are traveling, photography, snow skiing. He is a railroad buff, and enjoys collecting old railroad films, photos, and memorabilia.

Nancy Alice Freed, born 26 August 1954, Williamsport. Her education includes: Williamsport High School, 1972; Bachelor of Music, Westminster Choir College, Princeton, New Jersey, 1976.

Nancy's instruments are pipe organ and piano. She was an organist and choir director for a church in Westfield, New Jersey, for four years. She is currently living and working in New York City for Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co. Her many hobbies include sewing, cooking and skiing.

David Alan Freed, born 22 August 1959, Williamsport. His education includes: Williamsport High School, 1977; Williamsport Area Community College, 1979.

David is a skilled electrician, living in Houston, Texas. His hobbies include hunting and fishing.



Bruce James Starr Freed, born 23 July 1929, Williamsport. His education includes: Williamsport High School, 1947; B.S.Ed., Mathematics, Physics, English, West Chester State College, 1951; M.S., Mathematics, Bucknell University, 1957; Ed.D., Mathematics, Pennsylvania State University, 1972. He served in the U.S. AIR FORCE: Basic Training, Sampson AFB, New York, 1951; Flight Operations Clerk, Craig AFB, Selma, Alabama, 1951-52; Basic Flight Training, Greenville, Mississippi, 1952; Advanced Flight Training, Graduated Pilot and 2nd Lieutenant, Reese AFB, Lubbock, Texas, 1953-56; Command Pilot C-119 and Copilot on other multi-engined ground training, and survival training officer for 1739th Ferrying Squadron; promoted to 1st lieutenant. Amarillo AFB, Texas, 1953-56.

Bruce married Margaret Naomi Geiser, 4 April 1953, Christ's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lewisburg. Naomi was born 20 August 1931, Liberty, Pennsylvania, the daughter of Carl Joseph Geiser and Lillian Krotzer Geiser. Her education includes: Lewisburg High School, 1949; A.B. and Graduate study, Psychology and Art, Bucknell University, 1952.

Bruce and Naomi live in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where Bruce is the Registrar at Bucknell University and is an Assistant Professor of Mathematics. Naomi is a kindergarten and Head Start teacher. They have a summer home to which they plan to retire some day on a fifty acre wooded lot in southern Tioga County. Multi-talented Naomi excels in culinary and needlework arts. Bruce enjoys carpentry and the construction work on their homes. Both are active in their church and in community affairs. The family has enjoyed interesting trips with the travel trailer.

#### CHILDREN:

Kenneth James Freed, born 21 May 1954, Amarillo Air Force Base, Potter County, Texas. His education includes: Lewisburg Area High School, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, 1972; B.S., Nuclear and Metallurgical Engineering, Purdue University, 1976.

Ken married Lynn Louise Mentzer, 5 June 1976, West Lafayette, Indiana. Lynn was born 15 October 1953, Minneapolis, Minnesota, the daughter of William Gilbert Mentzer and the late Jo-Ann Elaine Peterson Mentzer. She was raised by her father and her step-mother, Irene Mary Catherine Staunton Mentzer. Her education includes: West Lafayette High School, West Lafayette, Indiana, 1971; B.S., Nursing, Purdue University, 1976.

Ken works as a welding and metallurgical engineer for Pullman Power which produces piping for power and other plants. Ken and Lynn own a five-unit apartment building, an old West Fourth Street mansion, near the neighborhood where Walter Freed owned property. Like him, they hope to buy more. They live in Newberry with seven and a half acres of land, one side joining the George Washington Youngman property. They are members of the Church of the Savior where the Walter Freed family worshipped.

Lynn was a Nursing Instructor at the Williamsport Hospital School of Nursing until the birth of Elizabeth, a little strawberry blonde. "We enjoy gardening, try to use organic methods to carve a plot out of shale and clay, and are blessed with fruits and flowers. I enjoy hand carving hardwoods, a good tennis match, piney woods and hilltop views. But most of all, we enjoy our family," says Ken.

CHILD:

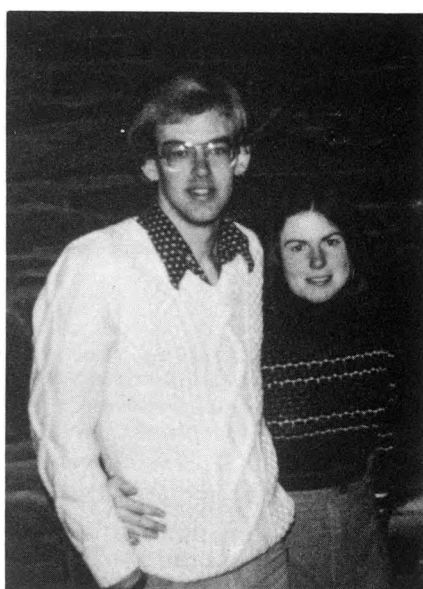
Elizabeth Joann Freed, born 18 March 1980, Williamsport

Linda Jean Freed, born 19 March 1956, Amarillo Air Force Base, Potter County, Texas. Her education includes: Lewisburg Area High School, 1974; B.A., Japanese Language and History, University of Michigan, 1978; M.A., International Affairs, Columbia University School of International Affairs, 1981.

Linda married David John Lund, 9 August 1980, Christ's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. David was born 3 June 1957, Tokyo, Japan, the son of The Rev. Norman Edward Lund and Wenona Strandlie Lund. His education includes: The American School,



Kenneth, Bruce, Linda,  
Naomi, Karen, and  
Steven Freed, 1973.



David and Linda Lund,  
1980.



L to R: Kenneth, Elizabeth,  
and Lynn Freed, 1981.



L to R: Elizabeth, Steven,  
Lynn, Karen, and Kenneth  
Freed, 1980.

Tokyo, Japan, 1975; B.A., Political Science, University of Michigan, 1979; M.A., International Affairs, Columbia University School of International Affairs, 1981.

David and Linda live in New York City, where they both graduating with Master's degrees from Columbia University's School of International Affairs in 1981.

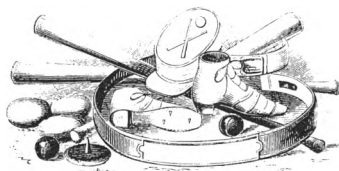
They share an interest in music. David was a clarinetist in high school and Linda played the flute. They plan to revive their instruments once they complete their studies.

Karen Ann Freed, born 28 September 1960, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Her education includes: Lewisburg Area High School, 1978, Salutatorian; International Swedish University of the University of Lund, Lund, Sweden, 1980-81; B.A., Economics, International Relations, Bucknell University, 1982.

Karen is at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, where she is an outstanding student. She sings with the Bucknell University chorus and plays clarinet with the Symphony orchestra on the campus. She loves traveling.

Steven Carl Freed, born 5 August 1964, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He is currently attending Lewisburg Area High School, 1981.

Steven is a good student. He sings with his High School Chorus, plays on the varsity basketball and track teams, and is an avid bicyclist and sports fan.





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